



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

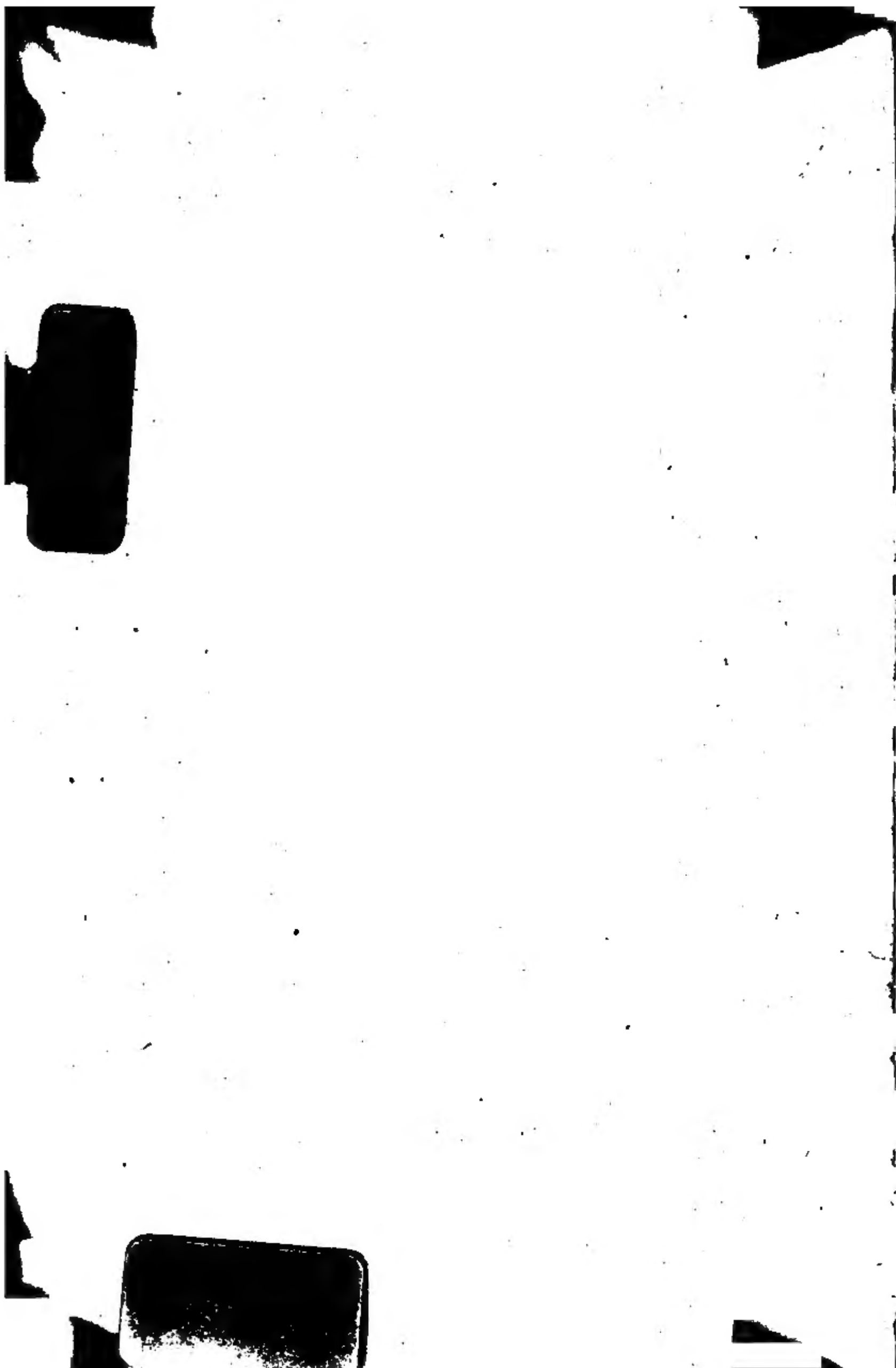
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

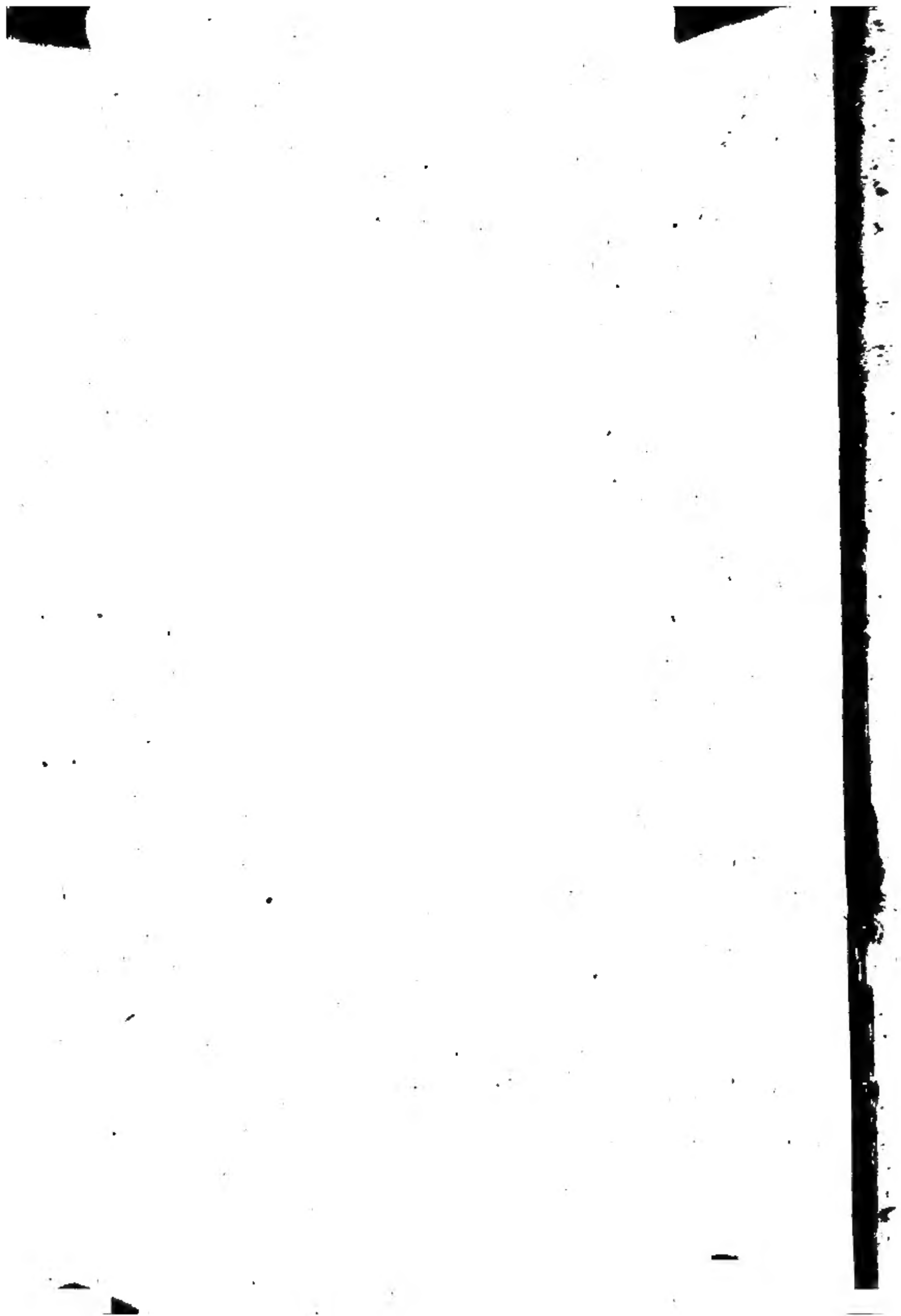


Indexed 2-20-20

C
AP

4

.517



Indexed 2-20-20

C
AP

4

517

ST. PETERSBURG

ENGLISH REVIEW.

ST. PETERSBURG

WELFARE OF THE

UNDER THE PATRONAGE
OF
Her most Gracious Majesty the Empress.

THE ST. PETERSBURG
ENGLISH REVIEW,

OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND SCIENCES.

EDITED BY

S. WARRAND,

Teacher of the English Language and Literature to THEIR IMPERIAL HIGHNESSES;
Lecturer at the Imperial University and the Imperial Law-College of St. Petersburg;
Knight of the Orders of St. Anne, St. Stanislaus, and St. Vladimir,

AND

THOMAS B. SHAW,

B. A. of the University of Cambridge.

VOLUME IV.—FIRST YEAR.

ST. PETERSBURG,
Published by HAUER and C^o, Nevsky Perspective, № 3,
Petiliat's House.

1842.

PERMITTED TO BE PRINTED;

**On condition of furnishing the necessary number of copies
to the committee of Censorship.**

St. Petersburg, December 15th, 1842.

KORSAKOFF, CENSOR.

Reg. Spec. H.
Canner
5-7-42
45500

DIARY AND LETTERS OF M^{me} D'ARBLAY,

AUTHOR OF 'EVELINA,' 'CECILIA,' &c.

Edited by her Niece. Vols. I., II., III. London. 1842.

When we reviewed, ten years ago, that strange display of egotism which Madame D'Arblay was pleased to call *Memoirs of her Father*, we expressed a wish that she would 'condense and simplify into a couple of interesting (and interesting they would be) volumes her own story and her contemporaneous notes and *bond fide* recollections of that brilliant society in which she moved from 1777 to 1794. We lay some stress on the words *bond fide*—not as imputing to Madame D'Arblay the slightest intention to deceive, but because we think that we see in almost every page abundant proof that the habit of *novel-writing* has led her to colour, and, as she may suppose, embellish, *her anecdotes with sonorous epithets and factitious details*, which however, we venture to assure her, not only blunt their effect, but discredit their authority.'—*Quart. Rev.* vol. xlix. p. 125.

We were not then in the secret of Madame D'Arblay's having from her earliest youth kept the diary now presented to us; but we *guessed*, from many passages in the 'Memoirs of Dr. Burney,' that she was in possession of copious contemporaneous materials for her own, and we candidly forewarned

her of the kind of errors into which she was likely to fall in preparing her notes for publication. Our conjectures are now too fully verified: the interest is indeed much less than we anticipated, but in all the rest—the diffuseness—the pomposity—the prolixity—the false colouring—the factitious details—and, above all, the personal affectation and vanity of the author, this book exceeds our worst apprehensions.

At first sight the Diary seems a minute record of all that she saw, did, or heard, and we find the pages crowded with names and teeming with matters of the greatest apparent interest—with details of the social habits and familiar conversation of the most fashionable, most intellectual, and, in every sense, most illustrious personages of the last age. No book that we ever opened, not even Boswell's 'Johnson,' promised at the first glance more of all that species of entertainment and information which memoir-writing can convey, and the position and respectability of the author, with her supposed power of delineating character, all tended to heighten our expectation; but never, we regret to say, has there been a more vexatious disappointment. We have indeed brought before us not merely the minor notabilities of the day, but a great many persons whose station and talents assure them an historic celebrity—King George III., Queen Charlotte, and their family—Johnson, Burke, Sir Joshua, and their society—Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Thrale, Mrs. Delany, and their circles—in short, the whole court and literary world; and all in their easiest and most familiar moods:—their words—their looks—their manners—and even their movements about the room—pencilled, as it would seem, with the most minute and scrupulous accuracy:—but when we come a little closer, and see and hear what all these eminent and illustrious personages are saying and doing, we are not a little surprised and vexed to find them a wearisome congregation of monotonous and featureless prozers, brought together for one single object, in which they, one and all, seem occupied, as if it were the main business of human life—namely, the *glorification of Miss Fanny Burney*—her talents—her taste—her sagacity—her wit—her manners—her temper—her delicacy—even her beauty—and, above all, her *modesty*!

We really have never met anything more curious, nor, if it were not repeated *ad nauseam*, more comical, than the elaborate ingenuity with which—as the ancients used to say that *all roads led to Rome*—every topic, from whatsoever quarter it may start, is ultimately brought home to Miss Burney. There can be, of course, no autobiography without egotism; and though the best works of this class are those in which *self* is the most successfully disguised, it must always be the main ingredient. We therefore expected, and, indeed, were very willing, that Miss Burney should tell us a great deal about herself; but what we did not expect, and what wearies, and, we must candidly add, disgusts us, is to find that she sees nothing beyond the tips of her own fingers, and considers all the rest of man and womankind as mere satellites of that great luminary of the age, the *author of 'Evelina.'* In fact, the first sentence of her '*Diary,*' though no doubt meant to pass for a *modest irony*, turns out to be a mere matter-of-fact expression of her true sentiments:—

'*Part. I. 1778.* This year was ushered in by a grand and most important event! At the latter end of January, the literary world was favoured with the first publication of the ingenious, learned, and most profound Fanny Burney! I doubt not but this memorable affair will, in future times, mark the period whence chronologers will date the zenith of the polite arts in this island!

'This admirable authoress has named her most elaborate performance, "*EVELINA; or, a Young Lady's Entrance into the World.*"' — vol. i. p. 37.

This assumed pleasantry is her own real view of the case, and affords indeed the *text*, as it were, on which the rest of the work is a most illustrative commentary.

We insist thus early, and thus strongly, on this extravagant egotism, not merely because it is the chief feature of the book, but for the higher and more important purpose of doing justice to the eminent persons who make a very mean and very foolish figure when thus dragged at the wheels of the triumphant car of Miss Burney, — for so we must call her, while the '*Diary*' is written in that name. We know that ingenious and sensible people, from not adverting to her real

and sole object—namely, *herself*—have been led to consider those eminent personages as responsible for all the nonsense and twaddle which she has chosen to put into their mouths. A weekly critic (¹), for instance, who very shrewdly detected, and very adroitly exposed, the mock humility and inordinate vanity of the ‘diarist,’ is nevertheless so far inattentive to the consequences they produce as to assume her reports to be a true representation of the manners and conversation which she describes, and to flatter himself that society now-a-days would not tolerate the ‘*commonplace mediocrity and twaddle of Johnson and Burke*,’ or ‘*the enormous pretensions and vulgarity of Mrs. Montague, Miss Carter, and Hannah More*.’ We do not deny the existence of the ‘mediocrity’ and ‘vulgarity’ attributed to those eminent persons by Miss Burney; they stare us out of countenance in every page: but we very much wonder that any attentive reader, and above all one whose appreciation of the author is otherwise so just, should not see that ‘*the twaddle*’ and ‘*vulgarity*’ are Miss Burney’s own; and that her natural propensity to those defects (of which there are innumerable other proofs) is mainly assisted by her affecting, in the true jog-trot of a novel-writer, to give, *verbatim*, all the details of long conversations—sometimes many days old—which the readiest pen and the quickest apprehension could not have done even on the instant.

In truth nothing can be so vapid as that mode of reporting conversation must inevitably be, *even in the cleverest hands*. Boswell, the best and most graphic of narrators, never attempts so hopeless a task for above two or three consecutive paragraphs, but more commonly contents himself with preserving the general spirit of the discourse—catching here and there the most striking expressions, and now and then venturing to mark an emphasis or an attitude. A clever artist may *sketch* a very lively likeness of a countenance which he has only seen *en passant*, but if he were to attempt—in the ab-

(¹) *Athenæum*, 23rd April, 1842. The description of Miss Burney’s style and character in that article is very clever and very just.

sence of the object—to fill up the outline with all the little details of form and colour, he would find that his efforts only diminished the spirit and impaired the resemblance. So it is of reporting public *speeches*—and so still more of reporting *conversations*. But even if Miss Burney had had more of Boswell's happy knack, it would not have much mended the matter, for her sole and exclusive object was—not to relate what Burke, or Johnson, or anybody else should say on general subjects; but what flattering things they said about *Fanny Burney*. The result is, that we have little amusement and less faith in the details of those elaborate dialogues, which occupy, we believe, more than half her volumes—their very minuteness and elaboration sufficiently prove that they cannot be authentic; and they are, moreover, trivial and wearisome beyond all patience. How—we will not say, the author of 'Evelina' and 'Cecilia,' but—how any person of the most ordinary degree of taste and talents could have wasted time and paper in making such a *much ado about nothing* we cannot conceive; nor did we—till we had read this book—imagine that *real life and proper names* could by any *maladresse* of a narrator be made so insufferably flat, stale, and unprofitable. The severity of this judgment obliges us to justify it by some examples. We are well aware, that they will appear tedious and fulsome, and that our readers may wish that we had spared them such wearisome extracts: but there is really no other way of giving them a tolerable idea of the book; and when we have the misfortune to think unfavourably of a work, we are anxious to allow it, as much as possible, to *speak for itself*.

'*Wednesday (at Streatham).*—At breakfast, Dr. Johnson asked me if I had been reading his 'Life of Cowley?'

'O yes,' said I.

'And what do you think of it?'

'I am delighted with it,' cried I: 'and if I was somebody, instead of nobody, I should not have read it without telling you sooner what I think of it, and unasked.'

'Again, when I took up Cowley's Life, he made me put it away to talk. I could not help remarking how very like Dr. Johnson is to his writing; and how much the same thing it was to hear or to

read him; but that nobody could tell that without coming to Streatham, for his language was generally imagined to be laboured and studied, instead of the mere common flow of his thoughts.

‘Very true,’ said Mrs. Thrale, ‘he writes and talks with the same ease, and in the same manner: but, Sir (to him), if this rogue is like her book, how will she trim all of us by and by! Now she dainties us up with all the meekness in the world; but when we are away, I suppose she pays us off finely.’

‘My paying off,’ cried I, ‘is like the Latin of Hudibras,—

‘———— who never scanted

His learning unto such as wanted;’

for I can figure like anything when I am with those who can’t figure at all.’

‘Mrs. T.—Oh, if you have any mag in you, we’ll draw it out!

‘Dr. J.—A rogue! she told me that, if she was somebody instead of nobody, she would praise my book!

‘F. B.—Why, Sir, I am sure you would scoff my praise.

‘Dr. J.—If you think that, you think very ill of me: but you don’t think it.

‘Mrs. T.—We have told her what you said to Miss More, and I believe that makes her afraid.

‘Dr. J.—Well, and if she was to serve me as Miss More did, I should say the same thing to her. But I think she will not. Hannah More has very good intellects, too; but she has *by no means the elegance of Miss Burney*.

‘Well,’ cried I, ‘there are folks that are to be spoilt, and folks that are not to be spoilt, as well in the world as in the nursery: but what will become of me I know not.’

‘Mrs. T.—Well, if you are spoilt, we can only say, nothing in the world is so pleasant as being spoilt.

‘Dr. J.—No, no; Burney will not be spoilt: she *knows too well what praise she has a claim to*, and what not, to be in any danger of spoiling.

‘F. B.—I do, indeed, believe I shall never be spoilt at Streatham, for it is the last place where I can feel of any consequence.

‘Mrs. T.—Well, Sir, she is *our* Miss Burney, however; we were the first to catch her, and now we have got, we will keep her. And so she is all our own.

‘Dr. J.—Yes, I hope she is; I should be very sorry to lose Miss Burney.

‘F. B.—Oh dear! how can two such people sit and talk such—

‘Mrs. T.—Such stuff, you think? but Dr. Johnson’s love——

‘Dr. J.—Love? no, I don’t entirely love her yet; I must see more of her first; I have much too high an opinion of her to flatter her. I have, indeed, seen nothing of her but what is fit to be loved, but I must know her more. *I admire her, and greatly too.*

'F. B.—Well, this is a very new style to me! I have long enough had reason to think myself loved, but admiration is perfectly new to me.

'Dr. J.—I admire her for her observation, for her good sense, for her humour, for her discernment, for her manner of expressing them, and for all her writing talents.'—vol. i. pp. 120—122.

No less than *nine* pages are expended in an account of her reception at one of Sir Joshua's evening parties, in which a lively lady of the day, Mrs. Cholmondeley, is introduced as bearing a prominent part, but—like everybody else—all to the ultimate honour of Fanny Burney. We select, as a further specimen, *two* pages out of the *nine*:—

'Mrs. Chol.—I have been very ill; monstrous ill indeed! or else I should have been at your house long ago. Sir Joshua, pray how do you do? You know, I suppose, that I don't come to see you?

'Sir Joshua could only laugh; though this was her first address to him.

'Mrs. Chol.—Pray, miss, what's your name?

'F. B.—Frances, ma'am.

'Mrs. Chol.—Fanny? Well, all the Fannys are excellent! and yet, —my name is Mary! Pray, Miss Palmer, (Sir Joshua's niece) how are you?—though I hardly know if I shall speak to you to-night. I thought I should never have got here! I have been so out of humour with the people for keeping me. «If you but knew,» cried I, «to whom I am going to-night (*i. e.* Fanny Burney), you would not dare keep me muzzing here!»

'During all these pointed speeches her penetrating eyes were fixed upon me; and what could I do?—what, indeed, could anybody do but colour and simper? all the company watching us, though all very delicately avoided joining the *confab.*

'Mr. Chol.—My Lord Palmerston, I was told to-night that nobody could see your lordship for me, for that you supped at my house every night? «Dear, bless me, no!» cried I, «not every night!» and I looked as confused as I was able; but I am afraid I did not blush, though I tried hard for it!

'Then, again, turning to me, (F. B.)

'«That Mr. What d'ye-call-him, in Fleet-street, is a mighty silly fellow;—perhaps you don't know who I mean?—one T. Lowndes, (*the printer of 'Evelina'*);—but maybe you don't know such a person?»

'F. B.—No, indeed, I do not!—that, I can safely say.

'Mrs. Chol.—I could get nothing from him: but I told him I hoped he gave a good price; and he answered me, that he always did things genteel. What trouble and tagging we had! Mr. ———

(I cannot recollect the name she mentioned) said *man*:—I said I was sure it was a *woman*: but now we are both out; for it's a *GIRL*!

'In this comical, queer, flighty, whimsical manner she ran on, till we were summoned to supper; for we were not allowed to break up before; and then, when Sir Joshua and almost everybody was gone down stairs, she changed her tone, and, with a face and voice both grave, said,

'«Well, Miss Burney, you must give me leave to say one thing to you; yet, perhaps you won't, neither, will you?»

'«What is it, ma'am?»

'«Why it is, that I *admire you more than any human being!* and that I can't help!»

'Then, suddenly rising, she hurried down stairs.'—vol. i. pp. 174—176.

If all this egotism had been, as it professes, intended for the confidential eye of a sister, it would have been in some degree excusable: but it was not so; and the pretence of its being so intended is but another of the shifts in which her exuberant vanity disguises itself. The journal went the round of her own domestic circle, and was then regularly transmitted to Mr. Crisp and his coterie at Chessington (¹)—and afterwards to Mr. and Mrs. Lock of Norbury Park, and to we know not whom else—and it seems, beyond all doubt, to have been prepared and left by her for ultimate publication. Strange blindness to imagine that anything like fame was to be gathered from this deplorable exhibition of mock-modesty, endeavouring to conceal, but only the more flagrantly exposing, the boldest, the most *horse-leech* egotism that literature or Bedlam has yet exhibited.

If indeed—which would be a charitable but hardly credible explanation—she was herself under a delusion as to her feelings and motives—if she really mistook the itchings of vanity for the tremors of diffidence—it would only remind us of what she herself said of poor mad Barry, the painter—that 'with an innocent belief that he was the *most modest of men*, he nourished the most *insatiable avidity* for applause.' In mentioning a Doctor Shepherd, one of the canons of Windsor, she says, «In no *farce* did a man ever *more floridly* open upon his own perfections,» vol. iii. p. 436; and we may

(¹) See Quarterly Review, vol. xlix. p. 101.

safely say that in no *farce* did man or woman ever so floridly open on their own perfections as Miss Burney; and assuredly neither Barry, nor Shepherd, nor any other glutton of flummery that we have ever heard of, could manage to feed themselves *with their own spoons* with such appetite and activity as 'the author of *Evelina*.' Dr. Johnson said of another celebrated novelist, 'Sir, that fellow Richardson, was not content to sail quietly down the stream of reputation, without longing to *taste the froth from every stroke of the oar*.' But Richardson never thought of the happy process by which Miss Burney conducted her system of self-adoration, and which we really think the cleverest trait in her whole history. It was no easy task to reconcile and carry on, *part passu*, the pretension of modesty and the cravings of vanity; but her device, if not successful, is at least ingenious—she never, in her own proper person, very directly or outrageously praises Fanny Burney—she never absolutely says '*I am the cleverest writer—I am the most amiable woman in the world*'—on the contrary, she humbles herself with all the genuine modesty of a newly-elected *Speaker*—but then, on the other hand, she thinks it her duty, as a mere historian and relater of facts, to record, in the most conscientious detail, all the panegyrics and compliments—however extravagant—which anybody and everybody might address to her. '*Dear Doctor Johnson pronounced that F. B. was the cleverest writer that ever lived*,'—'*Sweet Mrs. Thrale exclaimed that F. B. was the most charming girl in the world*;' and then, having sucked in all these sugared details with undisguisable relish, F. B. thinks it decent to blush—to stammer—to tremble—to fall into hysterics of wounded modesty, and to bewail to her confidants the intolerable torture—the eternal martyrdom of that universal admiration and worship to which she—poor victim—is thus reluctantly exposed. Even after what we have said, the following specimen of humility will, we think, startle our readers, and it is the more remarkable, because it forces into notice another feature of her vanity, which, we should have supposed, Miss Burney, instead

of recording, would have been equally anxious to obliterate from her own memory and from that of others:—

‘And now I cannot help telling you of a dispute which Dr. Johnson had with Mrs. Thrale, the next morning, concerning me, which that *sweet woman* had the *honesty and good sense* (!) to tell me. Dr. Johnson was talking to her and Sir Philip Jennings of the amazing progress made of late years in literature by the women. He said he was himself astonished at it, and told them he well remembered when a woman who could spell a common letter was regarded as all-accomplished; but now they vied with the men in everything.

‘I think, Sir,’ said my friend Sir Philip, ‘the young lady we have here is a very extraordinary proof of what you say.’

‘So extraordinary,’ answered he, ‘that I know none like her, --nor do I believe there is, or there ever was a man who could write such a book so young.’

‘They both stared—no wonder, I am sure!—and Sir Philip said,

‘What do you think of Pope, Sir? could not Pope have written such a one?’

‘Nay, nay,’ cried Mrs. Thrale, ‘there is no need to talk of Pope; a book may be a clever book, and an extraordinary book, and yet not want a Pope for its author. I suppose he was *no older than Miss Burney when he wrote ‘Windsor Forest’*;—(Pope is said to have written ‘Windsor Forest’ at 16,)—and I suppose ‘Windsor Forest’ is equal to ‘Evelina!’

‘Windsor Forest,’ repeated Dr. Johnson, ‘though so delightful a poem, by no means required the knowledge of life and manners, nor the accuracy of observation, nor the skill of penetration, necessary for composing such a work as ‘Evelina:’ he who could ever write ‘Windsor Forest’ might as well write it young as old. Poetical abilities require not age to mature them; but ‘Evelina’ seems a work that should result from long experience, and deep and intimate knowledge of the world; yet it has been written without either. Miss Burney is a real wonder. What she is, she is intuitively. Dr. Burney told me she had the fewest advantages of any of his daughters, from some peculiar circumstances. And such has been her timidity, that he himself had not any suspicion of her powers.’

‘Her modesty,’ said Mrs. Thrale (as she told me), ‘is really beyond bounds. (!!!) It quite provokes me. And, in fact, I can never make out how the mind that could write that book could be ignorant of its value.’

‘That, madam, is another wonder,’ answered my dear, dear Dr. Johnson, ‘for modesty with her is neither pretence nor decorum; ’tis an ingredient of her nature: for she who could part with such a work for twenty pounds, could know so little of its worth, or of her own, as to leave no possible doubt of her humility.’—vol. i. pp. 235—236.

The 'good sense' of that 'sweet woman' in repeating these hyperboles is nearly on a par with the 'modesty and humility' of the writer, who, let it never be forgotten, not only circulated them amongst her friends at the time, but bequeathed them to the wonder of posterity; though conscious, all the while, that the main point of Dr. Johnson's admiration—namely, the *extreme youth of the author*—was an elaborate *deception* on the part of herself and her friends. We beg leave to refer to our former article on Madame D'Arblay's 'Memoirs of her Father,' (1) for the details of this manoeuvring; suffice it here to repeat that it was at the outset represented that *Evelina* was the work of a *girl of seventeen*—very shy—remarkably backward—and hardly yet emerged from the school-room;—that it was written and printed by stealth, as a mere *childish frolic*—unknown to her father, and even *unseen by herself*, until, after, the lapse of six months, its immense success forced it upon their notice. All this was very surprising, but it was so confidently asserted, that no one, we believe, doubted its truth, till Madame D'Arblay began her career of self-adulation, in the 'Memoirs of her Father.' Here it was observed that, while repeating, with many heightening circumstances, the previous story of her *extreme youth* when 'Evelina' was published, she involved in studied obscurity not merely the time of her own birth, but every other date and circumstance which could directly or indirectly tend to ascertain it. This strange silence on the most remarkable peculiarity of her whole story excited, at first curiosity, and afterwards suspicion, and at length it was with some difficulty ascertained by the parish register of Lynn, in Norfolk, that Frances, the second daughter of Charles Burney, was born in the summer of 1752 (2); and that consequently she was at the time of the publication of 'Evelina' (1778)—*not seventeen*, but—*between twenty-five*

(1) Quarterly Review, vol. xxlix p. 107.

(2) See Quarterly Review, vol. xlix. p. 110, where it is stated from the parish register that she was *baptized in July, 1752*. In the introduction to the Memoirs her age is (for the first time by her or her friends) stated, and it appears that she was born on the 13th June, 1752.

and *twenty-six* years old. This, it is obvious, changes the whole aspect of the affair—the miracle is reduced to a very ordinary fact. Whatever be the merit of the novel, it would not, as the work of a *woman of five-and-twenty*, have excited the wonder and enthusiasm that it did, when supposed to be written, in the circumstances stated, by a *girl of seventeen*: the foregoing dialogue, for instance, between Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale never could have happened.

But whatever may have been the motive or excuse for the original deviation from truth, it was followed up by such immediate and important consequences, that neither Miss Burney nor her family could ever extricate themselves from it: it was, as we have said, the main cause of the kind of enthusiasm excited by the book and for its author: it was, as we have just seen, the prominent topic of Johnson's admiration, and of that of the literary world. It was one of the alleged motives of the royal favour subsequently shown to her: in short, it was the foundation of her fame and her fortune; and it must be admitted, in excuse for her perseverance in this false position, that a retreat would have required an exertion of nerve and spirit from which even the sturdiest moralist might have shrunk.

We are convinced that this unlucky secret caused her many awkward embarrassments and many anxious moments, and had an injurious effect both on her own personal manners and the style of her subsequent works. It is impossible in reading her journals not to be struck by the everlasting conflict between her inordinate appetite for praise and her professed uneasiness at any mention of her works. Much of this uneasiness was no doubt mere affectation, put on as a kind of cloak, under which she might enjoy her vanity more decently; but there was also probably some real trepidation at bottom. We cannot conceive a more painful catastrophe, than if, on one of those numerous occasions where a crowd of eminent admirers were celebrating her precocious talents, the truth had by any accident transpired, and it had appeared that this *artless girl* and her *amiable family* had been guilty of so enormous a deception on the public as the subtraction of *one-third* from

her real years. We can therefore very well imagine the mixture of fright and vanity with which she must have heard the bold and voluble Mrs. Cholmondeley, descanting on her *youth*, and pronouncing her with such marked emphasis 'not a *woman*, but a *GIRL*'—a *girl* of 27!

But though it is possible that this deception began in accident or thoughtlessness, we cannot doubt that the natural predisposition of her mind was towards artifice and manœuvring. It was early remarked as a prominent defect in her novels that all her heroines were exhibited as the victims of trifling annoyances and imaginary difficulties, from which two words of candour and common-sense would have extricated them. The same error runs through her own memoirs. She represents herself as thrown into confusions, embarrassments, terrors, miseries, and so forth, by the most ordinary occurrences of common-life. If she is spoken to, she is in a flutter of modest agitation: if not spoken to, she is still more alarmed at such ominous silence. If complimented, she is inclined to *creep under the chair*: if not attended to, she retreats into indignant seclusion. She is afraid to make tea at an evening party, lest she should appear too obtrusive; and if she does not, she is in still worse agonies, lest she should be thought supercilious.

The utter inanity and worthlessness of the greater portion of the dialogues, with which Miss Burney expands her volumes, have a tendency to render us, at first sight, indifferent to what is nevertheless a very serious offence,—the unpardonable breach of confidence, in thus stealthily treasuring up for publication every idle word which was uttered in the unsuspecting freedom of private society. She anticipated in her youth faults that more usually accompany a gossiping 'widowhood.' She was '*idle, wandering about from house to house; and not only idle, but a tatler also, and a busybody, speaking things which she ought not.*' We need not here discuss under what peculiar circumstances, or to what limited extent, such a practice might be justifiable, because there are in Miss Burney's case no extenuating circumstances whatsoever. The parties are all chatting in private intercourse,

sometimes on personal subjects, always in the confidence that there is no tale-bearer by to repeat elsewhere anything that may have been said to the annoyance or disparagement of other parties, still less that there is a deliberate spy, who writes it all down, first for the amusement of her own friends, and eventually for publication to all the world. We can call this by no softer name than *treachery*; and the editor who has thought fit to publish this insipid, yet sometimes, we fear, malicious trash, not only injures the author's character, but, we think, compromises her own. She will probably say in her defence that Madame D'Arblay intended—perhaps directed—that it should be published; but even if that be so, her *niece* should have had more tenderness for her memory than to have obeyed such an injunction.

This we say on general principles, and feel ourselves bound not to permit such a breach of good faith to pass uncensured; but we admit that individually there is not much harm done. Miss Burney is in general so absorbed in the merits of Miss Burney, that the faults or foibles of her acquaintance occupy a very secondary place in her thoughts or pages, and her little malice is generally so obscure in its object, and so tedious in its process that, though a few surviving friends of certain parties may be offended, there are but two or three instances in which we think it worth while to enter a specific protest. These occur chiefly during the period of Miss Burney's domestication in Queen Charlotte's family, to which we shall beg our reader's attention.

Miss Burney was in the summer of 1786 appointed second Keeper of the Robes to the Queen. This appointment she owed partly, it is said, to her literary reputation, but much more, we believe, to the friendship of the venerable Mrs. Delany, with whom, after Mrs. Thrale's miserable *mésalliance* with Piozzi, Miss Burney had become very intimate. This good old lady, born in 1700, and the widow of the celebrated Dr. Delany, lived in great intimacy with the old Duchess of Portland (grand-daughter of Lord Treasurer Oxford, and Prior's '*Lovely, noble, little Peggy*'), and through her had become known to their Majesties, who, when the Duchess's

death deprived Mrs. Delany of her usual country visit to Bulstrode, fitted up and appropriated to her use, as a summer residence, a small house belonging to the King, close to the gate of Windsor Castle, where they often made her morning visits, and whence she was frequently invited to the domestic evenings of the royal family. The elegant and considerate benevolence of their Majesties to this venerable relique of the days of Addison, Pope, and Swift, was made more generally known about twenty years ago by the publication of Mrs. Delany's letters; and the best part of the present work is its minute corroboration of the amiable feelings and unaffected urbanity and condescension of those illustrious personages and their whole family, not merely to Mrs. Delany, but indeed to every one who entered or approached their domestic circle;—but more of this hereafter. At Mrs. Delany's their Majesties saw Miss Burney, and on a vacancy in the office of Keeper of the Robes, caused by the retirement to her own country of a Mrs. Haggerdorn, who had originally accompanied the Queen to England, Miss Burney was appointed assistant, or, as she would have had it, *colleague* of Mrs. *Schwelkenberg*—a name preserved in that lively satire, the 'Heroic Epistle,' and bespattered in the filthy and forgotten libels of Peter Pindar. The main object of the selection of Miss Burney for the place—the satisfaction of Mrs. Delany, and the facilitating her intercourse with her royal friends—was no doubt accomplished, but in all other respects the choice seems not to have been very fortunate. 'Miss Burney thought herself above her business, though we rather suspect that she was really below it, and, whether from vanity, or ignorance, or shyness, seems to have done it with a mixture of remissness and assumption which exercised all the indulgence of her gentle and tolerant mistress. These circumstances naturally occasioned her some petty distresses, which her peculiar propensity inflates and aggrandizes into such serious calamities, that a hasty reader would conclude from her evidence that a court life, even under the best of sovereigns, is one of intolerable mortification and misery. The fact may be so abstractedly; but assuredly Miss Burney's miseries were chiefly

of her own manufacture. This, to prevent misapprehension about what is called the *Court*, deserves some elucidation. First, Miss Burney had officially nothing to do with the *Court*, properly so called, and what she saw of the *Court* were the glimpses, through half-opened doors and down long passages, of a distant and humble spectator; her place was entirely domestic—in fact, *menial*; and, though in daily personal attendance, she never was admitted for a moment into the private *society* of the Sovereign—not even to stand in an outer room to listen to the evening music, nor, when Mrs. Siddons was once invited to the Castle to read a play, could Miss Burney find out ‘a convenient adjoining room’ where she might overhear the recital: though that favour was granted to Mrs. Schwellenberg (iii. 427). Her real position was that which in ordinary life would be called *lady’s-maid*; and, though such menial offices about the person of the Sovereign do not derogate from, but indeed rather confirm, the character of *gentility* in the holders, yet they exclude them from the royal circle, either in public or in private. There is a well-known instance in which a lady of rank, appointed by special favour to a very profitable sinecure of this class, found, to her great mortification, that she could no longer go to *Court*, as her birth entitled her, and as she had done during all her previous life.

This inferior position was evidently a great grievance to Miss Burney, who was marvellously discomposed at finding that there was a bell in her room by which the Queen could *ring for her*, and who represents herself as blushing when the Treasurer of the Household paid her her salary, the Treasurer himself, as Miss Burney fancied, blushing also at having to offer such an indignity to the ‘author of *Evelina*.’

One is, at first, somewhat surprised at finding that the Queen, having attached a literary lady to her service, appears to have talked so little to her on literary subjects. This, as we shall see presently, was a great disappointment to Miss Burney; but there are two evident reasons for it—first, her appointed station and duties were not easily reconcileable with literary topics, and the Queen’s good sense had a tendency

to keep every person and thing in their proper places—but, secondly, some little advances made by the Queen in that direction were discouraged by Miss Burney's own *maladresse*. It is remarkable how little of literature Miss Burney seems herself to have had—how little, at least, the memoirs show. She hardly ever alludes to a book except '*Evelina*' and '*Cecilia*.' Her taste for Shakspeare may be gathered from the following eulogy on Hamlet:—

'How noble a play it is, considered in parts; *how wild and how improbable taken as a whole!* But there are *speeches*, from time to time, of such exquisite beauty of language, sentiment, and pathos, that I could *wade* through the *most thorny of roads* to arrive at them, *especially* when, in meeting with them, I meet at the same time with a *sympathy* like Mrs. Delany's in feeling and enjoying them.'—vol. iii. p. 238.

To complain of the *wildness* and *improbability* of a romantic drama, of which two mad people and a ghost are the chief ingredients, seems somewhat hypercritical; and the '*thorny roads*' through which one is to '*wade*' (with the help of Mrs. Delany's *sympathy*) to certain *speeches* in Hamlet, look to us like a confusion of ideas as well as of metaphors.

In short her general literature seems to have been very slight; but she had been so *fêtée* and flattered as a first-rate author, that we are not at all surprised to find that she *expected* that the Queen intended to make her a kind of literary aide-de-camp:—

'Wednesday, August 17th.—From the time that the Queen condescended to desire to place me in immediate attendance upon her own person, I had always secretly concluded she meant me for her *English Reader*; since the real duties of my office would have had a far greater promise of being fulfilled by thousands of others than by myself. This idea had made the prospect of reading to her extremely awful to me: an exhibition, at any rate, is painful to me, but one in which I considered Her Majesty as a judge, interested for herself in the sentence she should pronounce, and gratified or disappointed according to its tenor—this was an exhibition formidable indeed, and must have been considered as such by anybody in similar circumstances.

'Not a book, not a pamphlet, not a newspaper, had I ever seen

near the Queen, for the first week, without feeling a panic: I always expected to be called upon. She frequently bid me give her the papers; I felt that they would be the worst reading I could have, because full of danger, in matter as well as manner: however, she always read them herself.

'To-day (17th Aug.) after she was dressed, Mrs. Schwellenberg went to her own room; and the Queen, instead of leaving me, as usual, to go to mine, desired me to follow her to her sitting dressing-room. She then employed me in helping her to arrange her work, which is chair-covers done in ribbon; and then told me to fetch her a volume of the Spectator. I obeyed with perfect tranquillity. She let me stand by her a little while without speaking, and then, suddenly, but very gently, said "Will you read a paper while I work?"

'I was quite "consternated!" I had not then the smallest expectation of such a request. I said nothing, and held the book unopened.

'She took it from me, and pointed out the place where I should begin. She is reading them regularly through, for the first time. I had no choice: I was forced to obey; but my voice was less obedient than my will, and it became so husky, and so unmanageable, that nothing more unpleasant could be heard. The paper was a curious one enough—all concerning a court favourite. I could hardly rejoice when my task was over, from my consciousness how ill it was performed. The Queen talked of the paper, but *forbore saying anything of any sort about the reader*. I am sorry, however, to have done so ill.'—vol. iii. p. 117-119.

The mortification of Miss Burney at the Queen's having 'forborne to say anything of *any sort about the reader*' is obvious; but we suspect that it had a more serious and permanent effect on her temper and prospects, by dissipating all the hopes in which she had indulged of being elevated from the menial service of keeper of the robes to the higher and more lady-like duty of *Reader*. When she found that she really was to be Mrs. Schwellenberg's deputy, and like all other deputies, in subordination to her principal—her vexation took a permanent shape and colour. She had not learned from honest Dogberry that, 'an two ride of a horse, one must ride behind,' and henceforward the struggle between her place and her pride made her, we have no doubt, exceedingly uncomfortable to herself and others.

At this period their Majesties' residence at Windsor was in

a plain barrack-looking house, called the *Queen's Lodge*, erected a little to the south-eastward of the Castle, by Sir William Chambers, for George III., but fortunately demolished in the recent improvements. It is due to the memory of the Sovereign and the architect to say, that this excrescence, of which both the style and the position were, with reference to the Castle, exceedingly incongruous, was never meant to be permanent; but the Castle was not habitable for the royal family, nor capable of being made so at any reasonable expense, nor within any reasonable time; and George III., designing to restore it gradually, and wishing in the mean while to have the pleasure of living at Windsor, ran up, as we have understood, this lodge for a temporary residence, with the obvious intention of removing it when the Castle should be completed. In this house, with very limited accommodation and very few attendants, it was the King's pleasure to live very much in the style of a *country gentleman*, riding a great deal, hunting, farming, superintending his workmen, &c. The royal ladies lived in the same unceremonious fashion: drove out and paid visits in the mornings, and read and worked round the tea-table in the evenings, while the King chatted, or played backgammon with the equerry in waiting, commonly his only attendant. There was also generally music, of which the audience was the royal family and their very small suite, now and then an occasional visitor, and a few persons like Mrs. Delany, who might be called private friends. Every now and then this domestic circle, but on a still smaller scale, was, for a little variety and change of air for the royal children, removed to Kew:—

'You will perceive the Kew life is different from the Windsor. As there are no early prayers, the Queen rises later; and as there is no form or ceremony here of any sort, her dress is plain, and the hour for the second toilette extremely uncertain. The Royal family are here always in so very retired a way, that they live as the simplest country gentle-folks. The King has not even an equerry with him, nor the Queen any lady to attend her when she goes her airings.'—vol. iii. p. 37.

Once or twice a-week the King, and less frequently the Queen, would come to London, either for public business or

for levees and drawing-rooms. To this regular and simple style of life their Majesties added early hours and strict punctuality; and living, as they did, in small houses and in so private a way, they received few visitors themselves, and expected—not unreasonably—that in this respect they should be imitated by their attendants. Miss Burney—(who, no doubt, regretted the gross flattery of other circles, and had been regaling herself with the idea of playing lioness in a royal den)—was very much disposed to infringe this rule, and it required some gentle hints from the Queen herself to bring her into discipline on this and some other points; for she had a wonderful alacrity at getting into petty scrapes partly from ignorance, and partly from presumption. Miss Burney's ordinary duties may be compressed into the following summary:

‘I rise at six o'clock, dress in a morning-gown and cap, and wait my first summons [to the Queen], which is at all times from seven to near eight, but commonly in the exact half-hour between them... The Queen never sends for me till her hair is dressed: this, in a morning, is always done by her wardrobe-woman, Mrs. Thielky, a German, but who speaks English perfectly well. Mrs. Schwelkenberg, since the first week, has never come down in a morning at all. The Queen's dress is finished by Mrs. Thielky: she hands the things to me, and I put them on. By eight o'clock, or a little after, for she is extremely expeditious, she is dressed. She then goes out to join the King, and be joined by the princesses, and they all proceed to the King's chapel in the castle, to prayers, attended by the governesses of the princesses and the King's equerry. Various others at times attend; but only these indispensably. I then return to my own room to breakfast: I make this meal the most pleasant part of the day; I have a book for my companion, and I allow myself an hour for it.... At nine o'clock I send off my breakfast-things, and relinquish my book, to make a serious and steady examination of everything I have upon my hands in the way of business—in which preparations for dress are always included, not for the present day alone, but for the court-days, which require a particular dress; for the next arriving birth-day of any of the Royal family, every one of which requires new apparel; for Kew, where the dress is plainest; and for going on here, where the dress is very pleasant to me, requiring no show nor finery, but merely to be neat, not inelegant, and moderately fashionable. That over, I have my time at my own disposal till a quarter before twelve, except on Wednesdays and

Saturdays, when I have it only to a quarter before eleven.... These times mentioned call me to the irksome and quick-returning labours of the toilette. The hour advanced on the Wednesday and Saturdays is for curling and craping the hair, which it now requires twice a-week. A quarter before one is the usual time for the Queen to begin dressing for the day. Mrs. Schwellenberg then constantly attends; so do I; Mrs. Thielky, of course, at all times. We help her off with her gown, and on with her powdering-things, and then the hair-dresser is admitted: she generally reads the newspapers during that operation. When she observes that I have *run to her but half-dressed*, she constantly gives me leave to return and finish as soon as she is seated. If she is grave, and reads steadily on, she dismisses me, whether I am dressed or not; but at all times she never forgets to send me away while she is powdering, with a consideration not to spoil my clothes *that one would not expect belonged to her high station*. Neither does she ever detain me without making a point of reading here and there some little paragraph aloud... Few minutes elapse ere I am again summoned. I find her then always removed to her state dressing-room, if any room in this private mansion can have the epithet of state; there, in a very short time, her dress is finished. She then says she won't detain me, and I hear and see no more of her till bed-time... At five we have dinner. Mrs. Schwellenberg and I meet in the eating-room... When we have dined we go upstairs to her apartment, which is directly over mine. Here we have coffee till the *terracing* is over: this is at about eight o'clock. Our *tête-à-tête* then finishes, and we come down again to the eating-room. There the equerry, whoever he is, comes to tea constantly, and with him any gentleman that the King or Queen may have invited for the evening; and when tea is over he conducts them, and goes himself to the concert-room. This is commonly about nine o'clock. From that time, if Mrs. Schwellenberg is alone, I never quit her for a minute till I come to my little supper at near eleven. Between eleven and twelve my last summons usually takes place, earlier and later occasionally. Twenty minutes is the customary time then spent with the Queen; half an hour, I believe, is seldom exceeded. I then come back, and after doing whatever I can to forward my dress for the next morning, I go to bed — and to sleep, too, believe me: the early rising and a long day's attention to new affairs and occupations, cause a fatigue so bodily that nothing mental stands against it, and to sleep I fall the moment I have put out my candle and laid down my head.' — vol. iii. pp. 27-31.

These are the materials out of which Miss Burney contrived to make herself—or at least says that she was made—exceedingly miserable; and we have little doubt that she did make

herself exceedingly ridiculous and disagreeable to her companions. Her grand grievance is the domineering spirit and tyrannical oppression of Mrs. Schwellenberg. We can easily believe that this good lady, the Queen's countrywoman and oldest friend and favourite—and now grown old, sickly, and probably peevish—was not particularly pleased at the introduction of a young English *authoress* in the place of her old German associate, Mrs. Haggerdorn; and particularly as the new-comer's awkwardness, ignorance, and dissatisfaction at her subordinate situation created additional trouble and a species of annoyance which had never before broken the even tenor of Mrs. Schwellenberg's life. But, on the other hand, we think it is clear that Miss Burney's personal pretensions *forced* Mrs. Schwellenberg into something of a hostile vindication of her own position and the etiquette of her office; take for instance—the most frequent and fruitful cause of dissatisfaction to Miss Burney—the supreme command exercised by Mrs. Schwellenberg at the *dinner and tea tables*. In those days no gentleman and very few ladies were ever invited to dine at the royal table—but there was a regular and well-appointed table kept *nominally* for Mrs. Schwellenberg, but in reality for her and her assistant, and such attendants and occasional visitors as their Majesties—and particularly the *Queen*—might invite or cause to be invited to it. A similar table for the equerries was more specially filled by the *King's* invitation; and the guests at both tables were in the habit of meeting at tea in Mrs. Schwellenberg's apartments, where his Majesty would often condescend to walk in, and invite some of the party (but never persons of Mrs. Schwellenberg's or Miss Burney's rank) to the music or drawing-room. In the Queen's first offer to Miss Burney her place at this table was clearly marked: —

‘Her Majesty proposed giving me apartments in the palace; making me belong to *the table of Mrs. Schwellenberg*, with *whom* all her own visitors—bishops, lords, or commons—always dine; keeping me a foot-man, and settling on me 200*l.* a-year.’—vol. ii. p. 418.

This is plain enough—the table was Mrs. Schwellenberg's, to which Miss Burney was to be added, together with Her

Majesty's occasional visitors. But Miss Burney attempted from the very first to alter the established form:

'When summoned to dinner [*the first day*] I was offered the seat of Mrs. Haggerdorn, which was at the head of the table; but that was an undertaking I could not bear. I begged leave to decline it; and, as Mrs. Schwellenberg left me at my own choice, I planted myself quietly at one side.'—vol. iii. p. 14.

The reason of this move, we presume, was that the seat of Mrs. Haggerdorn was not the post of honour; but it is certain that Miss Burney, whether from shyness or pride, chose to depart from the practice of her predecessor. At tea she repeated a similar pretension, under a similar guise of humility:—

'I find it has always belonged to Mrs. Schwellenberg and Mrs. Haggerdorn to receive at tea whatever company the King or Queen invite to the Lodge, as it is only a very select few that can eat with their Majesties, and those few are only ladies; no men, of what rank soever, being permitted to sit in the queen's presence. *I mean and hope to leave this business wholly to Mrs. Schwellenberg, and only to succeed Mrs. Haggendorn in personal attendance upon the Queen.*'—vol. iii. p. 17.

And she had previously, on this the very first evening of her residence, attempted a still higher stretch of independence—instead of accompanying Mrs. Schwellenberg into the tea-room, as her predecessor had always done and as all the rest of the company did, she ordered tea in her *own room* for *herself and a visitor*, who had called to congratulate her on her appointment.

Thus we find her, at the very outset, taking upon herself to innovate on the established order, by declining duties or honours, whichever they may have been, that belonged to her predecessor, by entertaining her own visitors in the King's house, and by acting in a way which she confesses must have been so 'offensive' to Mrs. Schwellenberg, 'who had begun very civilly and attentively.' Yet, before she had completed seven full days in office we find her writing,—

'We [Mrs. S. and Miss B.] are commonly *tête-à-tête* at dinner: when there is anybody added, it is from her invitation only. What-

ever right my place might afford me of *also* inviting my friends to to the table I have now totally lost, by want of courage and spirit to claim it.'—vol. iii. pp. 30, 31.

She forgets that she had just before told us that it was *Mrs. Schwollenberg's table*—she forgets that she had refused to take Mrs. Haggerdorn's place—she forgets her offensive separation from the tea-party on the first day; and then she complains that she has lost prerogatives enjoyed by Mrs. Haggerdorn, through Mrs. Schwollenberg's encroachment and her own meekness and *want of spirit*; and all this within the first week!

It would be insufferably tedious to wade through a tithe of the blunders, squabbles, complaints, and miseries in which Miss Burney contrived by her own vanity and vulgarity to involve herself—but there is one transaction of so peculiar and prominent an aspect, that we cannot pass it over with the contempt that its intrinsic absurdity would deserve.

Amongst the Queen's attendants—a frequent guest at *the table* and companion in *the coach*—was a gentleman whom Miss Burney chooses to call Mr. *Turbulent*, but whose real designation was the Reverend Charles Giffardier,⁽¹⁾ French reader to the Queen and Princesses, and very much in the favour and confidence of all those illustrious ladies. With him Miss Burney managed very early in their acquaintance to get into a series of most extraordinary discussions and perplexities, amounting to passionate transports on his part and awkward indecision and embarrassment on hers. If we gave implicit credit to her statements we must believe that Mr. Giffardier, though a beneficed clergyman, and in the highest confidence of Queen Charlotte, was lax in his moral views and unsteady in his religious principles, and, though a married man, violently enamoured of Miss Fanny, who represents herself as so astonished and awed by the *turbulence* of the man's language and deportment, that she had not courage to disentangle herself from his visits. We need hardly remark,

(1) So he was commonly called, but his name correctly was, we believe, *De Guiffardière*. He had a prebendal stall at Salisbury, and was vicar of Newington and rector of Berkhampstead.

that if her wishes to do so had been sincere, a single word, a single look—situated as the parties were—would have sufficed to silence any Mr. Tubulent that ever lived. Nor can we understand on what principles of good faith or good taste she should have thought herself justified in thus elaborately recording for circulation and publication so much idle, and, as she affects to have thought it, offensive trash. But idle and dull as, in her representation, it certainly is, it clearly was not to her—whatever she may say—offensive: it flattered her *amour-propre* more than it alarmed her prudery—she received it with a sentimental flutter as a homage to her attractions, and she was delighted—at the opportunity of exhibiting herself—even at the sacrifice of a little accuracy—as a heroine of romance who touched the heart or turned the head of every man who approached her. Her innate propensity was to *make mountains of mole-hills*. That is a leading defect in her novels, and is still more prominent in these memoirs; and though we do not accuse her of downright fabrication, we see that she frequently inflates and discolours her anecdotes into something very like falsehood;—and this observation—true as it is of the whole work—applies with peculiar force to this individual story of Mr. Giffardier, for we have here positive proof from her own pen of serious inaccuracy on her part. She professes—be it observed—to write a *diary* in letters to her sister—which are despatched as soon as the sheet is full: such a diary, we need hardly say, can tell the story only of *to-day* or *yesterday*, but never of *to-morrow*. Now the first distinct mention of *Mr. Tubulent* is on the 4th November, 1786, when he dined as a *new-comer*, and by the Queen's command, at *the* table, and then she adds—

"Shall I introduce to you this gentleman such as I now think him at once? or wait to let his character open itself to you by degrees, and in the same manner that it *did* to me? I wish I could hear your answer! So capital a part as you will find him *destined to play* *hereafter* in my concerns, I mean; *sooner or later*, to the best of my power, to make you fully acquainted with him."—vol. iii. p. 207.

Here is manifest inaccuracy and self-contradiction. She con-

founds 'now' and 'hereafter,' and betrays, clumsily enough, that the pretended 'Diary' was—in this instance at least—*dressed up* at a subsequent period, when the novelist chose to metamorphose poor Mr. Giffardier into a hero, '*destined to play so capital a part in her concerns.*'

And such a part! We know not how to describe it; for Miss Burney's style of narrative unites the contradictory qualities of being too diffuse to be extracted, and too obscure to be abridged. In fact, we can very seldom make out what her squabbles with Mr. Turbulent were about. The two main points seem to have been his anxiety that Miss Burney (Mrs. Schwellenberg being absent) should invite Colonel Greville, the equerry in waiting and a particular favourite of his own, to the tea-table, and that he himself wished for more of the enchanting conversation and company of Miss Burney than it seems she chose to allow him. These very ordinary matters are discussed between the parties in a style of passion on one side and prudery on the other, of which one or two passages—the shortest and least unintelligible we can find—will give our readers a more than sufficient specimen:—

'Mr. Turbulent became now every journey more and more violent in his behaviour. He no longer sued for leave to bring in his Colonel [Greville], who constantly sent in his own name to ask it, and invariably preserved that delicacy, good-breeding, and earnestness to oblige, which could not but secure the welcome he requested.'—vol. iii. p. 347.

Then why did she make such difficulties about it, if not to keep up her discussions with Mr. Turbulent? She proceeds:—

'We were travelling to Windsor.—Mr. Turbulent, Miss Planta, and myself—the former in the highest spirits, and extremely entertaining, relating various anecdotes of his former life, and gallantly protesting he was content to close the scene by devoting himself to the service of the ladies then present. All this for a while did mighty well, and I was foremost to enter into the spirit of his rhodomontading; but I drew a little back when he said we did not live half enough together during these journeys, and desired he might come to breakfast with me. "Why should we not," he cried, "all live together? I hate to breakfast alone. What time do you rise?"

"At six o'clock," cried I.

"Well, I shall wait upon you then—call you, no doubt, for you

can never be really up then. Shall I call you? Will you give me leave?»,

‘No, neither the leave nor the trouble.’

‘Why not? I used to go to Miss Planta's room before she rose, and wander about as quiet as a lamb.’

‘Miss Planta was quite scandalized, and exclaimed and denied with great earnestness. He did not mind her, but went on:—

‘I shall certainly be punctual to six o'clock. If I should rap at your door to-morrow morning early, should you be very angry?—*can you be very angry?*’

‘An unfortunate idea this, both for him and for me, and somewhat resembling poor Mrs. Vesey's, which she expressed once in the opening of a letter to me in these words:—*You look as if you could forgive a liberty!*’ I fear Mr. Turbulent thought so too.

‘His vehemence, upon the eternal subject of his colonel, lasted during the whole journey; and when we arrived at Windsor he followed me to my room, uttering such high-flown compliments, mixed with such bitter reproaches, that sometimes I was almost tempted to be quite serious with him, especially as *that manner which had already so little pleased me returned, and with double force*, so as to rise at times to a pitch of gallantry in his professions of devotion and complaints of ill-usage that would have called for some very effectual exertion to subdue and crush, had I not considered all the circumstances of his situation, and the impossibility of his meaning to give me cause for grave anxiety.

‘All his murmurs at the weariness of these winter journeys, and all his misanthropical humours, were now vanished. He protested he longed for the return of the Windsor days; and when he got into my room upon our arrival, he detained me in a sort of conversation hard to describe, of good-humoured raillery and sport, mixed with flighty praise and protestations, till I was regularly obliged to force him away, by assurances that he would disgrace me, by making me inevitably too late to be dressed for the Queen. Nevertheless, till this evening, to which I am now coming, I was altogether much amused with him, and, though sometimes for a moment startled, it was only for a moment, and I felt afterwards constantly ashamed I had been startled at all.

‘I must now, rather reluctantly I own, come to recite a quarrel, a very serious quarrel, in which I have been involved with my most extraordinary fellow-traveller. One evening at Windsor Miss Planta left the room while I was winding some silk. I was content to stay and finish the skein, though my remaining companion was in a humour too flighty to induce me to continue with him a moment longer. Indeed I had avoided pretty successfully all *tête-à-têtes* with him, since the time when his eccentric genius led to such eccentric conduct in our long conference in the last month. This time, how-

ever, when I had done my work, he protested I should stay and chat with him. I pleaded business—letters—hurry—all in vain; he would listen to nothing, and, when I offered to move, was so tumultuous in his opposition that I was obliged to re-seat myself to appease him. A flow of compliments followed, every one of which I liked less and less; but his spirits seemed uncontrollable, and, I suppose, ran away with all that ought to check them. I laughed and rallied as long as I possibly could, and tried to keep him in order, by not seeming to suppose he wanted aid for that purpose; yet still, every time I tried to rise, he stopped me, and uttered at last such expressions of homage—so like what Shakspeare says of the schoolboy ⁽¹⁾ who makes «a sonnet on his mistress' eyebrow», which is always his favourite theme—that I told him his real compliment was all to my *temper*, in imagining it could brook such mockery. This brought him once more on his knees, with such a volley of asseverations of his sincerity, uttered with such fervour and violence, that I really felt uneasy, and used every possible means to get away from him, however, all the time, disguising the consciousness I felt of my inability to quit him. More and more vehement, however, he grew, till I could be no longer passive, but forcibly rising, protested I would not stay another minute. But you may easily imagine my astonishment and provocation, when, hastily rising himself, he violently seized hold of me, and compelled me to return to my chair, with a force and a freedom that gave me as much surprise as offence.

‘All now became serious. Raillery, good-humour, and even pretended ease and unconcern, were at an end. The positive displeasure I felt I made positively known; and the voice, manner, and looks with which I insisted upon an immediate release were so changed from what he had ever heard or observed in me before, that I saw him quite thunderstruck with the alteration; and, all his own violence subsiding, he begged my pardon with the mildest humility. He had made me too angry to grant it, and I only desired him to let me instantly go to my own room. He ceased all personal opposition; but, going to the door, planted himself before it, and said, «Not in wrath! I cannot let you go away in wrath!» «You *must*, Sir,» cried I, «for I *am* in wrath!» He began a thousand apologies, and as many promises of the most submissive behaviour in future; but I stopped them all, with a peremptory declaration that every minute he detained me made me but the more seriously angry. His vehemence now was all changed into strong alarm, and he opened the door, profoundly bowing, but not speaking as I passed him.

I am sure I need not dwell upon the uncomfortable sensations I felt in a check so rude and violent to the gaiety and entertainment

(1). Shakspeare talks no such nonsense.

of an acquaintance, which had promised me my best amusement during our winter campaigns. I was now to begin upon quite a new system, and instead of encouraging, as *hitherto I had done*, everything that could lead to vivacity and spirit, I was fain to determine upon the most distant and even forbidding demeanour with the only life of our parties, that he might not again forget himself.' — vol. iii. pp. 347-361.

And this is the *shortest* specimen we can give! Nothing, indeed, can equal the stupid and prolix solemnity with which she labours all the details of this affair, except the incredible blindness which prevented her seeing the explanation of the enigma,—*Mr. Giffardier was all the while only laughing at her*. The truth is, that he was a very worthy man, and as incapable, from temper and principle, of indulging, as Miss Burney was of exciting, any irregular transports. But he was somewhat of a humorist—a kind of Yorick—fond of fun—a ready manufacturer of practical jokes and ridiculous stories, with which, 'within the limits of becoming mirth,' even the queen and princesses would sometimes condescend to be amused; and it is quite clear that he soon saw and seized the opportunity of entertaining himself with the affectations, assumptions, and absurdities of this foolish little woman, who persisted in taking it all *au grand sérieux*—though she herself records many similar instances of Mr. Giffardier's style of pleasantry, particularly a scene played by him before the Princess Augusta (vol. iii. p. 339), which must have opened any eyes but those of so incorrigible an egotist. Twenty times she seems to have suspected what every one else saw, that it was all a *mauvaise plaisanterie*; but the delight of being worshipped soon overcame these gleams of common sense, and she gladly relapsed into the flattering conviction that she had inspired a passion! In short, this grand affair, which so tormented her and so wearied her readers, was from beginning to end a mere *mystification*—the occasional amusement of the gentleman, but an obstinate and cherished self-delusion on the part of the lady.

Some readers may be disposed to think that we have given more space to the exposure of Miss Burney's vanity and absurdity than so trivial a subject deserves; but he it recollect-

ted that the work is of considerable pretension, and that if it be not *now* reduced to its proper value, it may become hereafter a kind of authority in the history of manners, and may injuriously affect the reputation of persons whose talents it depreciates, and whose conduct it misrepresents. Is it, for example, not our duty to show that a clergyman honoured with the intimate confidence of good Queen Charlotte, and employed by her in the education of her royal daughters, was not such a profligate madman as Miss Burney's Mr. Turbulent? There is, indeed, as we have already admitted, no great harm done. She generally deals in very trivial concerns, and the tomb has closed over most of those that are mentioned; but we have still amongst us a few amiable and honoured survivors, who, as well as the friends and relatives of the departed, have too much reason to complain of these foolish gossipings. As the succeeding volumes reach later times, this inconvenience is likely to become more serious; we therefore hasten to enter our protest against it, and to warn the editor of a difficulty—we might almost call it a danger—which she does not appear sufficiently to appreciate.

But though the larger portion of the work, as far as it has gone, is of this worthless and vexatious character, we readily admit that there are some few episodes of a better description. In the short—alas, very short!—intervals in which Miss Burney's *amour-propre* is permitted to slumber, we pick up some amusing details of the state of society sixty years ago, and some interesting anecdotes of remarkable persons. But even these passages are written so much in the style of the '*Précieuses Ridicules*,' and are spun out with such incompressible prolixity, that we confess ourselves utterly unable to separate, within any reasonable space, the grains of wheat from the bushels of chaff. We shall endeavour, however, to find room for some sketches of the most interesting subject of the work, and that which is, on the whole, the best executed,—the domestic life of George III., Queen Charlotte, and the Princesses. The Princes rarely came under Miss Burney's observation.

It is really—whatever *hypercritics* may think—a pleasure

to praise. It has been a most reluctant and painful duty to expose, as we have done, the style and temper of Miss Burney, and we are glad, whenever we can with any colour of truth, to say something favourable of her memoirs, and this we can venture to do in the very few passages in which her personal vanity has permitted her to see clearly and to breathe freely. Amongst her equals or those only a little above her in society, she is captious, perverse, pompous, and, we believe, deceitful—she is always striving to be something which she is not; but with her royal master and mistress her position was so clearly defined and so incapable of flights and fancies, that she was, as it were, pinned down to the reality, and it would seem as if the simplicity and dignity of their personal character inspired Miss Burney with short gleams of corresponding sobriety, both of feeling and description—not that she is not very ready 'to bestow her tediousness' on kings and princes, as well as on her 'even Christian'—but she has discretion or reverence enough to restrain her fabulous verbosity within stricter limits than she thought necessary for Mr. Turbulent, or even Dr. Johnson.

Ladies now-a-days will hardly understand the dependence of our grandmothers on hair-dressers. Miss Burney's first attempt at doing the duties of her office, unassisted by Mrs. Schwellenberg, was in waiting on the Queen in a visit, first to Nuneham Courtney, the seat of Lord Harcourt, and thence to Oxford, in the summer of 1786. She was exceedingly disturbed at the absence of that degree of personal attention on the part of the noble ladies of the family, to which she, forgetting the humble character in which she appeared there, thought herself entitled, and we have long pages of the ridiculous miseries which she inflicted on herself in consequence of these imaginary indignities; but the following distress was, in those days of powder and pomatum, of a more real, though hardly less ludicrous character; —

'My next difficulty was for a hair-dresser. Nuneham is three or four miles from Oxford; and I had neither maid to dress, nor man to seek a dresser. I could only apply to Mrs. Thielky, and she made it her business to prevail with one of the royal footmen to get

me a messenger, to order a hair-dresser from Oxford at six o'clock in the morning,

'August 13th.—At six o'clock my hair-dresser, to my great satisfaction, arrived. *Full two hours was he at work*, yet was I not finished, when Swarthy, the Queen's hair-dresser, came rapping at my door, to tell me her Majesty's hair was done, and she was waiting for me. I hurried as fast as I could, and ran down without any cap. She smiled at sight of my hasty attire, and said I should not be distressed about a hair-dresser the next day, but employ Swarthy's assistant, as soon as he had done with the Princesses: "You should have had him," she added, "to-day, if I had known you wanted him."

'When her Majesty was dressed, all but the hat, she sent for the three Princesses; and the King came also. I felt very foolish with my uncovered head; but it was somewhat the less awkward, from its being very much a custom, in the Royal Family, to go without caps; though none that appear before them use such a freedom.

'As soon as the hat was on,—Now, Miss Burney," said the Queen, "I won't keep you; you had better go and dress too."—vol. iii. pp. 89, 90.

This was the more good-natured on the part of the Queen, for Miss Burney had the habitual misfortune of being always in a hurry and generally too late for her duty, and here we see she consoled herself for her negligence by a circumstance that would have additionally distressed a really modest person; she found herself, by this accident, dressed as the *Royal Ladies* sometimes were, and as 'no one else took the freedom to be.'

The following is a pleasing picture:

'Sunday, August 6th.—The private conduct of the Royal Family is all so good, so exemplary, that it is with the greatest pleasure I take, from time to time, occasion to give my Susan some traits of it. This morning, before church, Miss Planta was sent to me by the Queen for some snuff, to be mixed as before: when I had prepared it I carried it, as directed, to her Majesty's dressing-room. I turned round the lock, for that, not rapping at the door, is the mode of begging admission; and she called out to me to come in. I found her reading aloud some religious book, but could not discover what, to the three eldest Princesses. Miss Planta was in waiting. She continued after my entrance, only motioning to me that the snuff might be put in a box upon the table. I did not execute my task very expeditiously; for I was glad of this opportunity of witnessing the maternal piety with which she enforced, in voice and ex-

pression, every sentence, that contained any lesson, that might be useful to her Royal daughters. She reads extremely well, with great force, clearness, and meaning.'—voll. iii. p. 57.

And this is a touching one:—

'December 24th.—When I attended the Queen to-day after church, she kept me with her the whole morning, and spoke with more openness and trust upon various matters than I had yet observed. Chiefly the subject was the unhappy and frail Lady C. The Queen had known her all her life, and particularly interested herself in all her proceedings: she had frequently received her in private, and had taken pains as well as pleasure in showing a marked, a useful, and a partial regard for her. What a disappointment, what a shock, then, did she not receive by her fall! She spoke of the whole transaction, gave me her character, her story, her situation—all at large; and at last, in speaking of her utter ruin and all its horrors, the tears ran down her face, and she held her handkerchief to her eyes some time before she could dry them.'—vol. iii. pp. 250, 251.

Although the Queen treated Miss Burney, as she seems to have done everybody, with great kindness and condescension, she certainly repressed all approach to familiarity and confidence; she rarely spoke to her beyond a few necessary words, and appears on the whole to have been—we had almost said—*shy* of her. Whether this arose from Miss Burney's station, or her manner—or her reputation as an author—or a suspicion that she might be *keeping a diary*—we cannot say; but the fact is, we think, very evident—and in one view we repeat it.—We have already expressed our disapprobation of publishing private conversations, but the little Miss Burney has told us of the Queen is so amiable that we cannot but wish that, since she did break the ice, she had had more to tell. In truth nothing can be more charming than the whole domestic character of her Majesty—her tender and affectionate reverence for the King—her fond, yet judicious, treatment of her children—her indulgent consideration and kindness towards her attendants—her high scale of morals—her unvarying good temper—her plain yet elegant manners—her terse and appropriate style of conversation—her sound good sense—her prudence—her patience—her piety—her dignified deportment:—all which, on proper occasions, gave lustre even

to her exalted station; and were accompanied by a real simplicity of taste and feeling that would have made her happy and respectable if she had been but a curate's wife. Every one knows historically the general excellence of her character, but Miss Burney saw the Queen in some of the details of her private life; and every line in which her Majesty is mentioned gives proof of some one or other of her admirable and amiable qualities. It is no great compliment to the practical exercise of English liberty, that this illustrious lady—one not only of the most illustrious but the most virtuous, benevolent, and blameless of women—was during her whole life the object of libels and obloquy, under which a weaker mind would have sunk—against which a more ambitious spirit would have revolted; but which her meek dignity and conscious rectitude had the magnanimity to disregard, and the happiness to *outlive*.

Much the same may be said of the KING; every additional light, which time throws on his public or his private character, raises him in our esteem and reverence; but it was long before he was justly appreciated. He had a hurried utterance—particularly in his youth, and when addressing strangers—which made an unfavourable impression; and the *eh? eh?* and *what? what?* which were in truth only symptoms of nervous excitability, were quoted by ignorance or malevolence as proofs of a trivial mind. No man in his dominions had a mind less trivial; he appreciated the duties of his station with a correctness of judgment, and executed its duties with a diligence and ability, of which thrones afford but few examples; he was, in the highest sense of the word, 'an honest man,—the noblest work of God;' and if he was not what the world calls a *great* king, it is only because he lived in times and under a constitution in which the personal action of the sovereign on public councils is concealed under the responsibility of his ministers, and, like the spring of a watch, is to the common eye only visible by the ostensible movement of the hands on the dial: but we speak advisedly when we assert, that if ever, and to whatever extent, his daily correspondence with his successive ministers upon the various busi-

ness of the state shall be published, the world will then, and not fully till then, be able to appreciate his virtues and his talents; his unwearied affection for his people, too often ungrateful; his knowledge of and anxiety for their true interests, by themselves too often mistaken; his conscientious and disinterested love of justice, too often sacrificed to passion and party; and his steady support of the constitutional liberties of England, of which he always considered himself as the first representative and official guardian. Miss Burney has, of course, even less to tell of him than of the Queen; for though she frequently met him, it was at moments and under circumstances in which nothing could be exhibited but his affability and good-nature. She saw him occasionally in the Queen's dressing-room, and more frequently in the evening in the tea-room appropriated to the Queen's attendants and visitors, where he would look in, either to invite some of the party to the drawing or music-rooms, or to converse—which he would sometimes do for an hour—with some guest of note, as the Provost of Eton, Mr. Bryant, or Dr. Burney, who he might hear were in the house. On the few occasions in which anything worth telling occurred, Miss Burney's details confirm what was already generally known, that his manners were remarkable for their dignified frankness and ease, and his conversation for its unpretending good sense and unaffected good-nature.

Our readers may perhaps be amused with two or three scenes, and we think, the only ones in which Miss Burney describes His Majesty's deportment in his public character; everywhere else he is little better than *Farmer George*—a name which, though given by malice, by no means displeased the King's simple tastes and good old English feeling.

The first is, the King's behaviour on the attempt (2nd August, 1786) of Margaret Nicholson to assassinate him—a species of atrocity *then* unheard of, and which filled the nation with astonishment and indignation—feelings which the repetition of similar crimes has, since that first unhappy example, too frequently revived amongst us.

‘While the guards and his own people now surrounded the King, the assassin was seized by the populace, who were tearing her away, no doubt to fall the instant sacrifice of her murderous purpose, when the King, the only calm and moderate person then present, called aloud to the mob, “The poor creature is mad!—Do not hurt her! She has not hurt me!” He then came forward, and showed himself to all the people, declaring he was perfectly safe and unhurt; and then gave positive orders that the woman should be taken care of, and went into the palace, and had his levee. There is something in the whole of his behaviour upon this occasion that strikes me as proof indisputable of a true and noble courage; for in a moment so extraordinary—an attack, in this country, unheard-of before—to settle so instantly that it was the effect of insanity, to feel no apprehension of private plot or latent conspiracy—to stay out, fearlessly, among his people, and so benevolently to see himself to the safety of one who had raised her arm against his life—these little traits, all impulsive, and therefore to be trusted, have given me an impression of respect and reverence that I can never forget, and never think of but with fresh admiration.

‘The insanity of the woman has now fully been proved; but that noble confidence which gave that instant excuse for her was then all his own. Nor did he rest here; notwithstanding the excess of terror for his safety, and doubt of further mischief, with which all his family and all his household were seized, he still maintained the most cheerful composure, and insisted upon walking on the terrace, with no other attendant than his single equerry. The poor Queen went with him, pale and silent.—the Princesses followed, scarce yet commanding their tears. In the evening, just as usual, the King had his concert: but it was an evening of grief and horror to his family; nothing was listened to, scarce a word was spoken; the Princesses wept continually; the Queen, still more deeply struck, could only, from time to time, hold out her hand to the King, and say “I have you yet!”

‘The affection for the King felt by all his household has been at once pleasant and affecting to me to observe: there has not been a dry eye in either of the Lodges on the recital of his danger, and not a face but his own that has not worn marks of care ever since.’
—vol. iii. pp. 45-48.

This conduct might have been expected from the King, from his innate courage, and from the habitual dignity and self-possession which a reign of already six-and-twenty years would naturally create; but much more noble, or at least more surprising, was the hereditary spirit of his illustrious granddaughter on the late more trying occasion, in which we saw,

with equal wonder and admiration, a young woman—a young sovereign—a young wife—a young mother—acting, not on a mere impulse, but with *calm and considerate courage, and sense of duty*, which would have done honour to the bravest and most experienced of her ancestors, and meeting a fore-known danger with no other fear than that of exposing her attendants to a risk which she felt it her own personal duty to disregard. History may be suspected of romancing on the theme of Edward and Eleanor; it does justice to George III., and will do so to Louis Philippe—all subjected to somewhat similar trials; but we cannot hesitate to say that nothing in ancient or modern story can exceed the amiable magnanimity, the gentle heroism of Queen Victoria, as attested by the indisputable evidence of the recent trial for High Treason.

Soon after the attack on King George the royal family paid that visit to Oxford, where, to do her justice, she seems to have almost forgotten herself in the enthusiasm which His Majesty's appearance after his recent danger lighted up: —

‘The theatre was filled with company, all well-dressed, and arranged in rows around it. The area below them was entirely empty, so that there was not the least confusion. The Chancellor's chair, at the head of about a dozen steps, was prepared for the King; and just below him, to his left, a form for the Queen and the Princesses.

‘The King walked foremost from the area, conducted by the University's Vice-Chancellor. The Queen followed, handed by her own Vice-Chamberlain. The Princess-Royal followed, led by the King's Aide-de Camp, General Harcourt; and Princess Augusta, leaning on Major Price. Princess Elizabeth walked alone, no other servant of the King being present, and no rank authorising such a conduct, without office.

‘Next followed the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough; then the Duchess of Ancaster, and Marquis of Blandford; next, Lord and Lady Harcourt, then the two Lady Spencers and Lady Charlotte Bertie, then the Miss Vernons, and then Miss Planta and a certain F. B.

‘We were no sooner arranged, and the door of the theatre shut, than the King, his head covered, sat down; the Queen did the same, and then the three Princesses. All the rest, throughout the theatre, stood. The Vice-Chancellor then made a low obeisance to the King, and, producing a written paper, began the Address of the

University, to thank his Majesty for this second visit, and to congratulate him and the nation on his late escape from assassination. He read it in an audible and distinct voice; and in its conclusion an address was suddenly made to the Queen, expressive of much concern for her late distress, and the highest and most profound veneration for her amiable and exalted character.

'The Queen could scarcely bear it, though she had already, I doubt not, heard it at Nuneham, as these addresses must be first read in private, to have the answers prepared. Nevertheless, this public tribute of loyalty to the King, and of respect to herself, went gratefully to her heart, and filled her eyes with tears — which she would not, however, encourage, but, smiling through them, dispersed them with her fan, with which she was repeatedly obliged to stop their course down her cheeks. The Princesses, less guarded, the moment their father's danger was mentioned, wept with but little control; and no wonder, for I question if there was one dry eye in the theatre. The tribute, so just, so honourable, so elegant, paid to the exalted character of the Queen, affected everybody, with joy for her escape from affliction, and with delight at the reward and the avowal of her virtues. When the address was ended, the King took a paper from Lord Harcourt, and read his answer. The King reads admirably; with ease, feeling, and force, and without any hesitation. His voice is particularly full and fine. I was very much surprised by its effect. When he had done, he took off his hat, and bowed to the Chancellor and Professors, and delivered the answer to Lord Harcourt, who, walking backwards, descended the stairs, and presented it to the Vice-Chancellor.

'After this, the Vice-Chancellor and Professors begged for the honour of kissing the King's hand. Lord Harcourt was again the backward messenger; and here followed a great mark of goodness in the King: he saw that nothing less than a thorough-bred old courtier, such as Lord Harcourt, could walk backwards down these steps, before himself, and in sight of so full a hall of spectators; and he therefore dispensed with being approached to his seat, and walked down himself into the area, where the Vice-Chancellor kissed his hand, and was imitated by every Professor and Doctor in the room.'

—vol. iii. pp. 95-97.

We wish Miss Burney could have given us more of such scenes as these, instead of her squabbles with the Turbulents, and the Schwellenbergs. We have already intimated that, though living in the same house and in daily intercourse with their Majesties, her station did not enable her to form any part of their society; but still a woman of observation and sagacity might, if not wholly absorbed in self-admiration, have

given us, without any undue betrayal of private confidence, or any deficiency in duty to her royal patrons, many more valuable anecdotes than the few which these pages afford. We fully admit that in all she says of the royal family, her narration is in better taste than any other portion of her Diary. We only lament that, talking so much, she says so little; and finding all the pages of the third volume so studded with the names of the King and Queen, we really have not been able to extract anything more interesting than we have presented to our readers.

The result of all is that we are conscientiously obliged to pronounce these three volumes to be—considering their bulk and pretensions—nearly the most worthless we have ever waded through, and that we do not remember in all our experience to have laid down an unfinished work with less desire for its continuation. That it may not mend as it proceeds, we cannot—where there is such room for improvement—venture to pronounce; and there is thus much to be said for it, that it can hardly grow worse.

(QUARTERLY REVIEW.)

THE REVENGE.

FROM THE "WANDERINGS OF A PAINTER IN ITALY."

BY E. V. RIPPINGILLE.

AT the door of an Italian shepherd's hut, or *capana*, upon a low stone bench, sat a young man of about five-and-twenty years of age. A dark, sullen, and ferocious expression, mixed with the manifestation of a feeling of a very different kind, was strongly marked upon his face, and shown in the lassitude and position of his body and limbs. He was a short, and rather a strong-made man, with a complexion exceedingly swarthy, and hair intensely black and abundant, covering his cheeks, neck, and breast. His head was uncovered, his hair in disorder, a red night-cap lay at his side, as if carelessly thrown down; his legs and feet were bare, and, saving a pair of blue *calzone* and a coarse shirt, he was undressed, and looked as if he had just risen from his bed.

There was a person near him, who seemed busily employed, passing backwards and forwards, in and out of the *capana*. This was a woman of about fifty, who appeared to have been deeply-touched with sorrow, but who had evidently once been exceedingly handsome. She was very tall; and there was a stately movement and character about her, which ar-

rested attention. Her hair and complexion were like those of the young man, who was her son; but, otherwise, there was but little resemblance between them. Her costume was that very commonly worn in Italy: a *busta*, or close-fitting stay, made of old-fashioned silk brocade or damask, stiffened and ornamented, to which her *manichini*, or sleeves, were attached at the shoulders with bunches of ribbons, now pendant and faded. She wore a petticoat, thickly plaited, of a dusky and very peculiar red; and on her feet the *sciocce*; her dark and abundant mass of hair, hanging in thick tresses, was looped up, and held together with the *spadina*, or silver bodkin, in the shape of a sword,—often a perilous weapon in disputes between the dark daughters of Italy.

She appeared to partake of the feelings which were so evidently betrayed by her son; hers were the same, roused into action, and made subservient to the demands of domestic duties;—a faculty, by the way, possessed in a greater degree by the female than the male sex. She now held in one hand her son's *sciocce*, and the cloth leggings worn with them. These she threw at his feet; she then stepped back into the hut, and returned with his hat, which she put down at his side. After having gone in again, she appeared at the door, bringing the long and terrible knife, half-sheathed, with which the brigands were always armed. After a moment's steady and stern gaze at the young man, who still seemed unconscious of her presence, she said, in a deep and firm voice, « Gaetano, rouse yourself. »

« Mother, » said the man, slowly raising himself, so as to sit up, « I don't sleep. »

« Shame upon you, if you did! » was the woman's reply, her eyes flashing, and her colour heightening. « Sleep, » she muttered, as if speaking to herself, « no, we can't—we must not sleep; rouse yourself, my boy. There is the sun again, and nothing done. Dress yourself, and once more try your fortune. »

Applying the point of the weapon to her thumb, and feeling along its edge, she said, « What have you done to your knife, my son?—it ought not to be in this condition. It

must be sharpened, Gaetano; you must get it done to-day, for I feel certain you will have occasion for it before night. Come, bestir yourself; there are your clothes. I'll fetch your *cinta* (belt), and your jacket, and in a few minutes your meal shall be prepared for you; be quick, dress yourself."

"You forget, mother," said the young man, "I shall not wear my own clothes to-day."

"True, true," replied the woman; "Giobbe is gone to borrow the dress of the *cacciatore* (sportsman). He promised to return at daybreak, and must be here soon. Begin and take the bands off your hat, and press down the crown; no one will observe it."

"Mother, you are too sanguine," observed the son; "perhaps the boy won't get the things, after all."

"*Madonna mia!*" exclaimed the woman, "cease your doubts, and have confidence and courage."

"Courage!" echoed the man; "I don't want courage, mother: I have as much as another, but—I never succeed."

"And never will, while you doubt and hesitate."

"I don't hesitate," said the man, somewhat roused and excited. "I am ready at all times, and, *Per Cristo!* I don't want the will. *Dio buono!* have I not waited and watched almost day and night, for the last two months? have not I walked the valleys, and climbed the mountains early and late? have not I lain hid day after day, and night after night, in the bushes, and in holes, like a wild beast? When have I slept in the *capana* before? when changed my dress? what have I eaten? and, for how many hours at a time have I fasted? Cold, and wet, and hunger, are not new to me; but, with sorrow and disappointment gnawing at my heart, they are hard to bear." Here the man paused; but, in a moment after, continued, "*Maladetto!* have not I dogged the steps of that huge scoundrel for weeks together, and followed him for many and many a weary mile, without once finding the opportunity I sought? When I have had my gun, he has never separated from his companions; if I had fired, they would have fallen upon me; I could not have escaped. When I was without it, every opportunity was offered me. I might

have shot him through the heart: a thousand curses on him! Then, lowering his voice and his eyes to the ground, he added, "Attack him singly with the knife—I dare not!"

The mother of Gaetano, who had taken his hand at that part of his harangue where he spoke of his privations and endurance, here dropped it, and entered the hut.

For a minute the young man stood mute, looking down, as if a feeling of shame oppressed him. Presently he stood erect, his eye brightened, his nostril dilated, his chest heaved, and, elevating his voice, he called upon the woman to come forth from the hut; and, the moment she made her appearance, he said, in a resolute tone.

"Mother! the murderer of your children dies to-day, or your son. *Per Dio!*" said he, pointing to the sun, "that bright fire shall never shine again upon us both." Then, turning, as if about to enter the *capana*, he asked, "Where is the gun, mother, and the bullets you cast for me; my *patroncina*, and the powder-flask. By heavens! I will eat nothing, nor will I rest or sleep, until that monster——"

Here the woman, who had listened with apparent satisfaction to the desperate resolve of her son, laid her hand upon his arm, to arrest his attention, stooped down, and looked through an opening of the hut. "Hush!" said she, "here is Giobbe returned; he brings the things. I told you he would get them," and she hurried forth to meet the boy, who carried a bundle, tied up in a coarse handkerchief.

The boy immediately began to relate what had happened to him, and what had detained him, at the same time searching his pocket for something which the woman had directed him to demand, and for which she stood waiting with evident anxiety.

"*Eccoli—prete,*" said the little fellow, trying another, and pulling aside the *guarda machia*—the goat-skins that covered his thighs. "I know I ought to have it somewhere, if I have not lost it."

"Lost it!" exclaimed the woman; "it were better you had lost yourself!"

"*Padrona mia!*" muttered the boy, his colour coming up

into his face, and looking frightened. «I did not say I *had* lost it; but this pocket is so deep, and my hands are so—— oh, here it is!» said he, smiling, and handing a very small packet of something, wrapped up in a bit of discoloured paper, which the woman took from him with some avidity, and put into her bosom.

«*Va bene*,» she said; «now tell us what you were saying.»

The boy followed his mistress into the *capana*, and seated himself by Gaetano, who sat on the side of one of the low beds with which the place was furnished.

«I was obliged to hide myself,» he began, «as I came along; that made me so late. I saw two or three men of one of the bands, and I knew, if they saw me, they would look to see what I had, and ask me questions about it; so, when I saw them coming, I got into the hollow of a tree, and presently they came and sat down close by me. Wasn't I frightened! They belong to the band of Meo Varrone, I know.»

«What!—who?» exclaimed both mother and son.

«To Meo,» replied the boy.

«Lout!» said Gaetano, speaking sharply and earnestly, «tell me exactly what they said. How was it?»

«Well then,» said the boy, «the three men whom I first saw there were walking slowly, and talking together. I saw some smoke a little higher up, where the wood is thicker; so I fancy the rest of the band are there. It was just as you come up over the brow of the brown mountain,—there are some large old trees and some stones at the foot of them. I got into a tree, and the men sat down on the stones, and went on talking.»

«Well, and then—be quick and tell me,» said Gaetano.

«Well,» continued the boy, «one of the men asked the other if he thought the proprietor was rich. 'We saw him at the fair of Prosede,' replied the other, 'three days ago, with as many bullocks to sell as are worth thousands of *scudi*. He must have money; and I think it will be a good time to take him. He will pay a good ransom.'»

«Did you hear the proprietor's name?» asked Gaetano..

«No,» replied the boy; «but the *Casino* stands in the valley, near the old ruined church and the bridge.»

«*Per Dio!* it belongs to Signor Mauro, the rich grazier. Did you hear that name mentioned?»

«I think I did; indeed, I am sure of it. Has he not lately lost his father?»

«It is the same,» observed Gaetano. «Did you hear them say at what hour they go down?»

«Yes; it will be an hour after the Ave Maria, ⁽¹⁾ at one hour of the night.»

«How many are to be employed?—what route do they take?—and where will the covering party be posted?»

The boy shook his head, and said that he had not heard, and could not tell: he had told all he knew. The mother and son looked at each other, as if each were attempting to read the other's thoughts.

«I told you,» she said; exultingly, after a moment's pause, «the occasion would arrive to-day.»

«And *per Dio!*» responded the son, «it shall not be neglected or missed. Hasten the meal, mother, and let me depart.»

In a few minutes Gaetano was habited in the dress he had borrowed for the occasion. It was that of a sportsman, such as is commonly worn in that part of the country. It consisted of a velveteen jacket, made large and loose, so as to hang like a sack from the shoulders. It has innumerable pockets, and one which occupies the whole back, which can be entered on either side, with a number of flaps and straps. The waistcoat is commonly of the same material; the *calzone* blue, or any other colour; but a large pair of thick worsted stockings, without feet, are drawn over all, and left bagging and hanging about the heels of a pair of very stout shoes, made of a light-coloured leather. To this is added a bag for game, powder and shot, flasks, and the never-to-be forgotten *boraccio*, or wine-pouch, made of cow-skin. A glazed or

(1) The Italians, generally, but in the Papal State always, reckon twenty-four hours, and begin to count from sunset, winter and summer.

common hat, with a broad brim and low crown, generally accompanies these.

Having completely equipped and prepared himself for his desperate undertaking, Gaetano called to his mother, who was outside at the back of the hut occupied about something, to tell her he was ready. The boy, who was still discussing the remnant of his breakfast, would have run out to call his mistress; but the man kept him back, and told him to sit still. In a minute afterwards the woman entered, bringing the *boraccio* full of wine, which was immediately swung over the shoulder of the young man; and, at the same time, she presented him with his knife, which she had sharpened and pointed afresh for the occasion. While Gaetano was secreting it, and at the same time placing it in a position easily accessible, his mother was searching in an old-fashioned, strange-looking *baulletta*, or coffer, where many curious things appeared to be put away. Having found what she sought, the woman, taking his hand, said to him in a tone of command, and with a serious look, "Kneel, Gaetano, and ask the assistance and the protection of the Madonna."

Her son, with the habitual piety of an Italian, at once complied, taking off his hat, crossing himself, and muttering his petition. Whilst in this position, the woman approached and bending over him, put a small cord, to which a species of amulet was attached, around his neck. The man kissed the little token, pushed it down into his bosom, and resumed his hat. In a few minutes afterwards he was rapidly descending the steep mountain.

Having once started upon his perilous enterprize, Gaetano became a new man; his character appeared to change all at once; his spirits were stirred, his passions roused afresh, and all his former failures and fatigues were forgotten in his newly formed scheme of vengeance. He had that lying deep in his heart which burnt with a blaze fierce as the fire of hell, and which kept the whole current of his blood boiling,—that which, from whatever source it springs, is in itself always sufficient to stir an Italian, and hurry him on to any lengths—crime, madness, and destruction. The whole soul

of Gaetano blazed with revenge, and the mad and unremitting exertions he had made for the last two months to avenge himself for the cruel injuries he had received, had disordered both his mind and body: the ungratified passion which had so long preyed upon his heart, had almost conquered itself, and produced an incapacity for further strife. But at this moment Gaetano felt nothing of his condition but its excitement; he strode on with a rapid, dogged, and resolute movement, that gave the idea of a man striving in vain to tire himself. Suddenly he stopped. From a turning in the path which he was pursuing, a high and singularly-shaped mountain came into view—it was *Il Monte di Fato*! There was the sloping wood which led up its only accessible side, its rocky walls rising high into the blue vault above, and its curved, crater-like banks of mountain magnitude, embracing many plains of verdant turf in its enormous grasp; and there, in a dark and gloomy nook, those acquainted with the spot might perceive indications of that dreadful abyss, treacherously hid, and deep descending into the gloom of earth, which Meo Varrone had made the living tomb of the two beautiful sisters, Nina and Rosa. The man who now stood fixed and gazing, rivetted to the earth, and overwhelmed with emotion, was their brother! Heavens! what a burst of bitter sorrow was that which broke from his heart and from his eyes!

Turning his back at once upon the object which had so affected him, he strode off again, as if fearing to trust himself with another look. His thoughts were speedily called away from his own afflictions, and his feelings again renewed, by suddenly encountering a goatherd. Gaetano addressed the man, inquiring at the same time if he was a servant of Signor Mauro. He replied that he was, and remarked that Gaetano had not chosen the most favourable spot for the pursuit of the game then in season. This remark suggested an idea of the necessity of assuming more the deportment and manner of a sportsman, and Gaetano immediately commenced putting it in practice. He asked if the Signor Padrone was a *cacciatore*, put some other questions,—among others, whe-

ther he was at the *casino*, or where he might be found. The goatherd was not without his suspicions, and answered rather wide of the mark, taking care to magnify the number of servants and work-people that were always in and about the *casino*. Gaetano learned indirectly that there was great chance of finding Signor Mauro at that moment in the house, which could be seen at the foot of the mountain; in an abrupt way, therefore, he bid good day to the man, and hurried off, while the goatherd looked after him, muttering something to himself, and shaking his head.

Gaetano, who was a brigand himself, and one of the band of Di Cesaris, was quite conscious that, if he did not set about what he intended to do with great care, he should defeat his own purpose. He, therefore, approached the *casino* cautiously, stole under the walls, watched, and listened, in hopes of hearing the voice of the master, or of coming upon him suddenly, and thus preventing his being denied, and missing the opportunity of speaking to him. Fortune, however, favoured him; the grazier made his appearance, as if coming out for a walk, or going about some business at his farm. Gaetano addressed him respectfully, and he at once stopped, and gave him his attention.

“I have something, Signor Padrone,” said Gaetano, “which I wish to communicate,—something of importance. May I go within the house and tell it to you?”

“Yes, certainly,” replied the master; “but it may as well be told here.”

“Not exactly,” was the reply. “I do not wish to be overheard, nor, indeed, to be seen talking with you. What I have to speak of affects your property, and perhaps your life.”

“Indeed!” said the master. “Well, walk in. May I ask the name of the Signore who intends me so important a service?”

“You will not know it. My errand will speak for itself; and you will at once see that you have nothing to fear from me, but, on the contrary, that I have everything to dread from attempting to serve you.”

“Disinterested, certainly,” observed the Padrone; “but do me the favour to come in, and we will talk the matter over.”

Having entered, and being seated, Gaetano, after a moment's pause, and a glance all round, began in a subdued, but somewhat agitated manner, “Signor Mauro, I have good reasons to know that the band of Meo Varrone intend to attack your house this evening, and to carry you away to the mountains.”

“May I ask how you became acquainted with the fact?” said the master.

“I will tell you willingly,” was the reply. “A boy I employ heard some of the band speaking of it, who were not aware of his being present.”

“Any other particulars?”

“He heard that it was to take place an hour after the Ave, and also that this was considered a favourable moment for the undertaking, as you were seen at the fair of Prose, three days ago, with large droves of cattle, and consequently must be possessed of considerable sums of money. Whether you were there or not, you know best: I tell you the story as I heard it.”

The grazier appeared a little moved, more with the straightforward manner of his informant, than with the danger which threatened him. He looked on the man in a musing and scrutinizing way for half a minute, and then said, as if his mind was not quite clear of doubts, “I wish I could know to whom I am indebted for this act of kind consideration towards a stranger. Your face reminds me of one I knew years ago; but, from what I hear of him, he is the person of all others least likely to act as you have done, and to give information which might betray his lawless brothers. Of course it cannot be the same,” he observed, looking hard at the young man, “although he must be now about your age and figure.”

Whether Gaetano quailed under the scrutiny he underwent is uncertain; but, assuming more confidence, the master said, “*Per Bacco!* I could almost think I am right; and, if I am, it would delight me, as it would show there is still some

gratitude in the world. The youth I speak of was a shepherd of mine once. I saved him from the consequences of his first crime,—from a prison,—from disgrace.» Seeing the man much affected, the kind-hearted grazier warmed as he gazed upon the young man, and at last he seized his hand, and said, in a tone affected by emotion, «Dear Gaetano, it is you, is it not? *Madre di Dio!* it is. Good and grateful fellow! well have you repaid the little kindness I showed you once, by coming to warn me of my danger, and to save me from ruin or death. A thousand and a thousand thanks, good Gaetano! Then you are not what you have been reported to me,—a brigand?

«Signor Mauro,» said the man, in a stifled voice, «I am.»

«Indeed! I am sorry to hear it; but still it is kind, it is grateful of you still, and I thank you kindly. I see now how it is: you have assumed the garb of a *cacciatore*, to come and put me on my guard, and to avoid yourself——.»

«Stop, Signor Mauro,» interrupted the man; «I have no claim to any such merit, nor will I take credit for what I do not deserve. It is another motive,—altogether another. I have never forgotten your kindness, nor can I ever forget the injury I have received. It is not what you suppose it to be. My motive is revenge!—deadly, insatiable revenge!»

The *padrone* looked a little blank, waiting a further explanation; and Gaetano, roused and excited, continued, «Hear me, Signor Padrone. You know the cruel wrong which has been done to us,—all know the horrible death of my two sisters by the hand of that infernal monster, Meo Varrone. Woe is our companion, despair our bitter foe, and vengeance alone our friend! See my worn feet; *padrone mio*, bleeding, cut, and sore, with endless, fruitless pursuit; but could you see what is here,» said the man, striking his breast, «*Gesu Maria!* for two long months have I not eaten my own heart, ⁽¹⁾ wasted my strength, my health, my hopes, seeking to requite that wretch? but no success has attended me. To-day it shall be done—he dies or I, by——!»

(1) «*Sto mangiando il mio cuore,*»—a strong and favourite expression of the Italians.

The master was moved by the distress of the young man, and could not help remarking that he had good grounds for his affliction; and, according to the notions amongst Italians, his vengeance. He saw clearly his own danger, and determined at once to take measures to protect himself and his property. Explaining, therefore, his object to Gaetano, and having full confidence in him, he ordered in some wine and food, and begged that he would remain while he himself went up to the village just above, to ask the assistance of the police, and to get as many soldiers as could be found to come down and take possession of his house, so as to be ready at the hour the attack should be made. On his return home, he found Gaetano where he had left him, with the wine and food untouched. After reproving him for taking nothing, he told him what steps he had taken, and begged him to remain and lend his assistance; but the man demurred, and, in the end, absolutely refused, on the plea that he could not live so many hours without being in motion. He assured the *padrone* that he would be present, and give his assistance; and so he took his hat and his gun, and prepared to depart.

The evening came, the Ave Maria was sounded at the village church above, and at the convent in the fertile plain near the stream below. The voices of many were mingled together in the beautiful hymn, *Ave Maria, ora pro nobis*; age, youth and childhood, guilt and innocence, joined in the strain, and bid adieu to the light of day,—some to the toils, some to the pleasures, and not a few to the hopes and expectations it had brought with it. The repose of nature was at hand; but man, with his turbulent passions, remained still as far from peace as ever.

In a cave, which looked like the home of the wolf, and was such, except at those times when he was ejected to make room for that more powerful and ferocious animal, man, Gaetano had passed the long and dreary hours since he was at the house of the grazier. His possession of it was not entire; for he shared it with the black snake, the slow-worm, and the scorpion, that sported in his presence with a fami-

harity which seemed inspired by his looks, and encouraged by some kindred sympathies between them.

He had heard the Ave sounded, and had joined in the evening salutation with a fervour undisturbed by his guilty purpose; on the contrary, he had earnestly implored the assistance of Heaven. Every moment was of an hour's length; and endurance could hardly be pushed farther, when, coming forward to the mouth of the den, he heard the report of a gun, which was followed by others, simultaneously, and in succession. He had waited too long, or the brigands had made their attack before the appointed hour. Gaetano rushed forth at once, breaking his way through every impediment, and frequently falling in his mad and difficult career. His naked knife was in his hand; but, in the frenzy of the alarm, he had forgotten his gun. Lately, he had almost abandoned it, and now he carried it rather to complete the character of a sportsman than for any other purpose. The thought of having left it flashed across his mind, and stopped his progress but for a single moment. He had resolved to sacrifice himself,—to take the life of his enemy at the expense of his own; so, dashing resolutely forward on his headlong course, maddened, torn, bruised, and bleeding, he soon found himself at the bottom of the mountain, and in the valley, almost opposite the *casino* of the grazier. Here he paused. The firing and the shouting still continued; many bunches of straw had been lighted, and were still burning, near the house and about the mountain; at its back, voices were heard also at some little distance, as if in pursuit; and every now and then the report of a gun and the whiz of a bullet were heard in the stillness of the evening. It was clear that the conflict, whatever it might have been, had ceased at the house, and that the parties had fled, and were pursuing their way along the valley. Their position was frequently made known by the flash of the guns, and every minute they appeared further removed from the spot on which Gaetano stood, panting and listening, in the most painful state of excitement. The river was between him and the conflicting parties; the bridge which crossed it lay at some distance, in the wrong direction. Unable

to endure his suspense any longer, he started off with furious speed, taking the course of the stream, and, following in the direction of the voices and the report of fire-arms, dashed headlong into the stream, which ran rapidly, and was very near paying the forfeiture of his life in his rash attempt to cross it; but, after many violent efforts, he reached the opposite bank, breathless and exhausted, and threw himself down upon the grass. Presently he rose, stood for a moment tottering, and listening with intense earnestness, and then, with unsteady and feeble step, contrived to follow in the direction of the sounds, which were now heard faintly and at a distance.

While making his way through the tangled foliage and brushwood that grew thick around him on all sides, and which rendered his progress exceedingly difficult, he stopped suddenly, and, stooping down so low as to bring out the dark and feathery tops of the tall broom distinctly against the starlit sky, he saw a motion in them which made him certain some living creature lay hid at their base. His heart beat violently, but he made an effort to subdue it; and, in a minute or two, he breathed more freely. He lowered himself, so as to rest upon one knee; and in this position remained many minutes, watching the points of the foliage, and trying to prepare himself for whatever might happen.

It must be seen in the character of this man, that, however strongly he was affected by a sense of his injuries, and spurred on by a desire to revenge them, he wanted that firmness, decision, and self-reliance, which ever attend on true courage, and lead to success. Without charging Gaetano with cowardice, it must be admitted that it required no mean share of bravery to attack a man of Meo Varrone's desperate character, and to rush upon certain destruction. Gaetano had formed a resolution from which he felt no wish to flinch. He would freely sacrifice his life; but he must exchange it for that of his enemy. He felt quite certain that he was within a few yards of some one lying concealed; and, when the thought struck him that it might possibly be his terrific foe, his feelings so overpowered him that he became enervated,

under the influence of fear—a weakness which the desperate man was never known to betray,—he exclaimed, in a somewhat agitated way, “The devil! who is there? who is it?”

Here he paused; and Gaetano fancied he heard him breathe heavily. Gaetano now posted himself in advance, and presently the chief approached the spot—the bush in which he stood, his arm lifted, and grasping with deadly intent the keen and ready knife; but, raising his other hand to press aside the foliage that intervened, some dried twigs snapped, and occasioned a sound which again caught the watchful ear of the chief. He started suddenly away, with a half-suppressed cry; and, without speaking, stood looking towards the bush, as if under the influence of fear. He made no attempt to seize the terrible weapon he wore in his belt, and which had so often reeked with human blood, as if to attack his enemy, or defend himself against the danger with which he might be beset; but stood as if irresolute and unnerved, muttering to himself; and, presently, Gaetano, who kept his post, heard the name of the Madonna, and distinctly saw him cross himself. He then saw him drop his hand upon the handle of his knife, look hard in the direction of the bush; and, when the man expected he would make an attack upon him, he turned and walked away, looking back over his shoulder. Gaetano felt a momentary impulse to rush upon him, but his fears restrained him; and he resolved to try once more, and for the last time,—as he knew it would soon be too late,—to place himself in ambush, and to stab him as he passed. The chief walked slowly and thoughtfully along, his head bent down, as if deeply musing and thinking to himself. He kept on in a straight path, passing, without even turning his eyes, many such nooks, bushes, and hiding-places as those Gaetano had chosen for his purpose; he avoided none, but passed close by them in such a way as to give the most perfect idea that he feared nothing they might contain. In this way the chief continued to muse and plod along with a step very different, indeed, from the quick, firm, and resolute movement that characterised him. Gaetano, to whom the country was well known, was aware that in a few minutes they

would pass the spot most favourable to his purpose. He resolved, therefore, to make one more last and desperate effort—succeed, or die in the attempt. Accordingly, he took a direction a little to the right, and, making a slight bend in his course, he ran forward, and again posted himself about fifty yards in advance of the chief, at the end of the narrow pass, where it led out upon the open plain, and overlooked a wide and deep valley containing several small towns. With a palpitating heart, but with a fixed and deadly determination, Gaetano watched the approach of the chief. He saw him coming, with a slow and heavy step; his manner betraying no watchfulness or caution. If he continued in the path he could scarcely deviate from, he must, of necessity, pass so near as almost to touch the man who waited his coming. Gaetano had grasped the feathery twigs of the tall broom-plant he stood behind, so as to separate it at the necessary moment, and make an opening through which to strike. The chief had approached within a yard of the spot; and now, Gaetano raising his arm to its full extent, mustering his whole energies, and collecting into one resolute effort his whole force and strength, the long-meditated blow descended upon him whose heart's blood it was meant to spill. Although off his guard, Meo Varrone was still secure in the protection of his own native courage, self-possession, and presence of mind. Without being in the least degree embarrassed or startled by the assault made upon him, since he now clearly comprehended the nature of the agency by which he had been so long disturbed, with the first movement he perceived, he rapidly thrust forth his powerful arm, lifting it at the same time, so that that of his assailant crossed it, and the intended death-blow fell short of its mark. The chief then, suddenly turning his hand, seized the throat of his antagonist, and at the same instant inflicted a blow with the other, which deluged him with blood and rendered him completely senseless. The man would have fallen to the ground if he had not been in the powerful grasp of his enemy; the knife dropped from his hand, and the next moment he was dragged from his shady retreat out upon the open space, where there was

more light, and thrown like a log or a stone upon the earth. "The devil curse your puny soul!" said the chief, stooping down to examine the face and person of the man. "Who are you? what are you, and why have you done this? *Diavolo!*" he exclaimed with some exultation, "it was you!" Then, continuing his examination, he muttered to himself, "A *cacciatore*, ha! without his gun,—that might have done me some mischief. What! could the fool mean to rob *me?*" and he laughed to himself. "I can't make out his features by this light. He must be a stranger here. Let us see what he has about him. Not a *baioc*' in his pockets; no game in his bag. Here is some ammunition—this may be useful to me,—and a few gun-flints; but nothing else. An unlucky sportsman this! Oh, here is his *boraccio*, and full of wine too! Just the thing I wanted. I shall take the liberty to help myself. My service to you, Signor *Cacciatore!*" and, so saying, he snapped the string by which it hung suspended round the neck of the unconscious man, whose state of long-continued excitement and exhaustion precluded all chance of his speedy revival, and, lifting the wine-pouch to his mouth, he took a hearty draught of the wine, gave the body a spurn with his foot, muttered some curse, and departed.

It was in the early part of a beautiful evening on the following day, that a youth, mounted upon a mule, was carelessly jogging along a narrow, rugged, and dangerous mountain path. While pursuing his reckless course, he continued to hum or to whistle some popular air, which was now and then interrupted by a laugh when he succeeded in striking down, or catching in his hand, one of the fire-flies that swarmed thicker and thicker as he descended into the lower and darker parts of the ravine. When he missed his mark, or almost overbalanced himself in reaching after it, he still laughed, but he mixed his mirth with an *acci* or two, letting the termination accord with the demands of the occasion. Before he reached the skirts of the little town, he had succeeded in collecting a dozen or two of these luminous insects; and, sticking them all round under one of the bands of his

high-crowned hat, he trotted into the mountain-village with a radiant *nimbus* round his head, still chanting scraps of wild melodies. To have judged from the manner and deportment of this youth, no one could have formed any notion of the business, or the errand, upon which he was sent,—he was going to fetch the doctor.

It is the custom of the governments throughout Italy to appoint, pay, and provide medical assistance for the poor of every town and village; and in proportion to the number of inhabitants are the *salariati* thus employed. No medical man need go beyond the limits of his appointed district; but it frequently happens that a man of superior skill or humanity has calls made upon him which he finds it difficult to comply with, or to refuse: the present was an application of this character.

Having made his way through the dark, narrow, and now deserted streets of this little town, the youth dismounted on arriving at a low-browed archway, and, taking the reins in his hand, began to ascend a steep narrow passage, which led out upon a small open space, on one side of which stood the dwelling of the surgeon. After making the beast secure in the best way he could, the youth mounted with a light and quick step a flight of rude stone steps, which ran up on the outside of the house, and knocked very gently at a patched and shattered door. He then applied his ear to it, listened for a minute, and repeated his summons in rather a louder appeal, but still in a manner like one who feared to alarm the neighbours. As he stood stooping and listening without a response to his summons, and just as he was about to make the third application, the sleepy voice of the surgeon was heard to demand his business.

“A man is hurt,” replied the strange voice.

“O ho! O!” ejaculated the surgeon, in a tone as if he had all at once obtained far more information than the bare words implied. “O ho! is that it? Wait a minute,—I will be with you.”

The youth, having so far unburthened himself, stood relieved and at ease, and began turning about and looking

around him. Very little was to be seen in the obscurity, but directly before him, at only a few yards' distance, was the little church; and, through the opaque glass of the window over the door, the dim light of the lamp which burns continually before the high-altar caught his eye, and he devoutly crossed himself, lifted his hat, and muttered the words of his salutation; then, leaning over the rails, he looked down upon the mule, and whistled the end of a popular ditty.

The surgeon now made his appearance, and a colloquy in rather an under-tone took place between him and the youth. The first question the surgeon asked was, "Where do you wish me to go?" and not "Who is it that wants me?"—for at that period he was frequently called into the mountains to lend his assistance to some individual of some one of the numerous bands of brigands with which they were infested, and the application was always couched in these terms, "Surgeon, there is a man *hurt*." Disease was rare indeed among these ill-doing men, but wounds were a common occurrence. Under these circumstances it sometimes happened that the surgeon had a task of some danger and great fatigue to perform: during the daylight many of the paths and passes were difficult to travel, but at night they were perilous in the extreme.

Closing the door behind him, the surgeon asked, in rather an impatient way, "Well, where have I to go?"

An Italian, if he can help it, never gives a direct answer; so the messenger replied, "It is Meo Varrone, *chirurgo*. He is dying."

"Is he at home," asked the surgeon, "at Vallecorsa?"—"Yes, *signore*."—"Maledetto!" exclaimed the surgeon. "How is it possible that I should go so far to-night?"

"Eh!" exclaimed the youth. "The road is not so bad, and Meo will die unless you do."

The surgeon now commenced descending the steps.

"Well, then," said he, "let us get away at once. What sort of a beast have you with you? It's a likely night and a convenient road for breaking a man's neck."

"Here he is, surgeon," said the young man; "and it would

not be easy to find his fellow. *Per Cristo!* he has better legs than a cat; and I don't think he could tumble down if he tried. I am certain, if you threw him to the bottom of the valley, he would light on his feet. Oh! there is no danger of him, surgeon."

After adjusting the stirrups and the girths, the surgeon mounted the mule, and observed that it was necessary to get on as fast as they could where the road was good. So, suiting the action to the word, he applied a tolerably thick stick he had to the sides of the mule. To his surprise, the animal rather slackened than mended his pace, and, although the surgeon continued the application of his stick, it served no purpose whatever but to irritate his own temper. The youth, who had been upon the titter for the last minute or two, here burst into a loud open laugh.

"The devil take the fellow, and the mule, too!" ejaculated the surgeon. "If we go no faster than this, the *padrone* will be dead long before we arrive. And this is the brute you so boasted about!" said the surgeon, again applying the stick.

"'Tis of no use, Signore Chirurgo," said the guide, still laughing, "he won't go without me;" and here he spoke a word to the beast, which in an instant broke into a smart trot, while the young fellow ran laughing at his side. After half an hour, in which time they had made some way, the road obliged them to slacken their pace, and, the good-humour of the surgeon having returned, he said to the young man, "*Ebbene, garzone*. How long have you lived with the *capo*? Are you learning his business?"

"Eh! that does not require a long apprenticeship in this part of the country. A man soon begins to trade for himself."

"Have you begun?" asked the surgeon.

"Eh!" replied the *garzone*, "in a small way, perhaps;" and here the young rogue laughed at his own conceit.

"*Va bene!* look to yourself, and see that the force does not lay its hand upon you."

The youth snapped his fingers.

• You are a Vallecorsano? — *Sicuro*, » replied the guide.

• Did you live with Meo Varrone at the time he was hurt at the foot of Monte Romano? »

• No, I never even heard of it. How was it? »

• *Ebbene*, » answered the surgeon; « as it will show you that the force is sometimes to be feared, I will tell you. One night I was called from home by a youth of about your own age, who told me that a man was hurt, and that his comrades had carried him almost to the top of Monte Romano. It was a dark night, the stones and the grass were wet and slippery, and, after three hours' hard labour, in walking, tumbling, and climbing, we arrived at the spot where the wounded man and some of his companions were. As soon as I came they lighted a bunch of *strùlia*, and I saw lying at the foot of a tree an exceedingly large man. I had then never seen Meo Varrone, and did not know it was he; but, on inquiring, I found it was, and that he had been badly wounded in an encounter with some soldiers of the force. He lay groaning upon the grass, his jacket was thrown over his right shoulder, and when I attempted to take it off, — *Dio buono!* I have seldom seen such a sight, — he had received two charges of large shot at the same moment from the guns of the *carabiniere*, and his jacket was fairly beaten into his side. In pulling it away, many of the shot came with it, and I extracted the rest; altogether there were not less than seventy wounds. With very great labour and difficulty he was carried into the town we have just left, and before it was daylight had been received into a house, where he remained until he got well. At that time there was not quite so much activity in the police as at present, and so he remained for several weeks unmolested. The *padre* who attended him, when there was but little hopes of recovery, for some little time entertained a notion that Meo would reform his life; but, for my part, I never expected anything of the sort; and it was not long before Meo began to give proofs that I was in the right. As soon as he was able to leave the house in which he had been nursed, he began visiting the wine-houses, where he ate like a swine and drank like a fish, and

insulted everyone he met with. He got into continual broils; and meeting one of the men who had assisted in bringing him off from the mountain, and whom he had never remunerated even with thanks, he paid his debt with a blow of his knife, and left the poor wretch in need of nothing more than the *beccamorie* (bearers of the dead)."

To the surprise of the surgeon, the guide, on hearing this, burst into an uncontrollable laugh, which continued at intervals for a quarter of an hour. Indeed, the young fellow appeared to be so tickled with the idea of his master's mode of discharging his obligations, that he could not restrain himself, but continued his mirth long after the surgeon had expressed pretty strongly his disgust.

Soon after, the surgeon and his guide were slowly climbing the steep and rugged street of a very small village, which was elevated high upon the rocky side of a mountain they had to pass, in order to reach the plain above, where the town stood to which they were going. They had arrived at the end of this little nest of habitations lifted high into the air, scattered and broken, and scarcely to be distinguished from the rock on which they were built, when a man issued from the last cottage, and running after the surgeon, called him by name, and begged that he would stop a moment and hear what he had to say.

"What is it, my friend?" said the surgeon. "I have no time to spare. What do you want?"

"Why, surgeon," said the man, "there is a Signore in my place who is badly hurt, and very ill. I found him this morning lying on the road upon the plain, just after you pass the *machia*."

"Is he a stranger?" asked the surgeon.

"I believe he is," answered the man. "He is a *cacciatore*; but he has neither dog nor gun with him. Who he is I don't know; for he has not spoken a word, nor appeared conscious of anything, since I found him."

"That is curious," remarked the surgeon. "Where is your cottage? I will step back and see him."

The man led the way to his dwelling, and, having entered,

a light was procured, and the surgeon proceeded to examine the condition of the disabled sportsman. He found him in a state of complete insensibility, and exhibiting symptoms that threatened a speedy death, if something was not immediately done to relieve them. The surgeon had too much humanity to leave the poor wretch without an effort to save him ; so in a moment preparations were made, the man was bled, and in a very short time afterwards he began to sigh, to show some twitching movements of his features and limbs, and presently to open his eyes, and stare with a wild and stupified gaze. A few spoonfuls of warm soup were given to him, and in a minute or two it was evident that the stranger and the surgeon were acquainted with each other. The master of the cottage and his wife, who had attended the stranger with great care since he had been in their charge, both seemed to look for an explanation ; but the surgeon evaded the questions put to him, and begged to be left alone for a few minutes with the stranger.

‘What has happened, Gaetano?’ said the surgeon. ‘Why are you here?’ The wounded man looked confused, and attempted to speak ; but, after several efforts, he could not collect himself sufficiently to remember anything that had taken place. The surgeon, therefore, ceased to press his inquiries ; and, after giving some directions as to how the stranger was to be treated, he hurried away, promising to call upon his return. Presently the surgeon and his guide were on their way to the retreat of the chief. Had it been daylight, it would have required no small care to find footing in such a rugged passage ; but, dark as it was, every step was dangerous and difficult. The young fellow tripped on with the lightness and ease of a cat ; but the surgeon, although pretty well accustomed to rough roads, found himself sadly at fault.

Having now disposed of the mule, the surgeon took the arm of his companion, and they proceeded on foot until presently they came out upon an elevated and open space. Here, at about a hundred yards’ distance, stood rather a large building, erected in the manner of a farm-house, and standing in the midst of a space which looked like a ruined vineyard.

There stood the two upright ornamented pillars of brick which had once sustained the gates, and formed the principal entrance. Scattered about at uncertain distances were a few old and broken olive-trees, some lying on the stony ground, and others reclining, bent and tortured into many fantastic shapes. There were also some straggling sycamores, with the vine running wild and unpruned about them, and hanging pendent in thick matted tresses; in other places it lay on earth, as if trampled upon and neglected. Altogether, the place had an air of loneliness and desolation. No lights were observable at any of the windows; but, on a nearer approach, a faint glimmer might be seen through the openings and cracks of some boards, which had been nailed up against the spaces they occupied. As is usual, the upper portion only of the house was used as a dwelling, and this was reached by a staircase from without, which went up parallel with the side of the building, and led to a sort of corridor from whence it was entered. Under this flight of steps, supported by arches, were the doors of cellars and stables. On arriving at the foot of the stairs, the guide clapped his hands twice, and, before the surgeon could reach the top, a door was opened, which admitted into a large and almost naked room, evidently appropriated to common use, and leading out of it were several doors and passages. In the centre stood a long sort of table, composed of long boards placed upon tressels; and by its side were some rude benches, and a few heavy chairs. Upon the distant end of this table stood a common lamp of tin, clumsily manufactured, having a shade over it, like a reading-lamp, and giving a dull red light. It looked as if it had been for many hours neglected, the light extending just far enough upon the table to make visible an open book and a rosary lying upon it, while all around was buried in darkness.

As is the case in all Italian houses, a picture of the Madonna was placed high upon one of the walls, and before it a lamp was burning, but so small and faint was the light emitted, that a person might have been in the room without even perceiving it. Seen above the ruddy glare of the lamp

upon the table, surrounded by its gloom and smoky atmosphere, it looked like a pale, sickly star, sinking deep into obscurity and distance.

The young man having come no farther than the foot of the stairs, the surgeon stood alone in this dark and dreary apartment, expecting some one to welcome him; but, as nobody came, he commenced knocking upon the table with the end of his stick and calling. No one answered; but presently he heard some one moving near the end of the table, and opposite the picture of the Madonna. On looking, he saw a very old man rising from his knees, and attempting, with some difficulty and evident pain, to regain his feet. The surgeon stepped towards him, offering his assistance. The old man slowly shook his head, placed himself in a chair, and pointed to another.

« *Grazia!* » said the surgeon, still keeping his legs, and evidently affected by the distressed look and manner of the aged man before him. « How is Meo, *padre*? »

With a deep sob, and with voice husky and broken with emotion, the old man said, « His time is come, *chirurgo*. »

« *Ma che!* » exclaimed the surgeon. « Meo is a strong man, and still young. Hope for the best. Perhaps there is no danger. »

« Surgeon, » said the old man, in a solemn tone, « there is both danger and death. It is too late. Thy skill availeth nothing. Human aid is vain, and for the aid of Heaven who dare presume to ask it? I, who am his father, I, who am guilty of his existence, even I dare not ask more of Heaven than its grace to smooth his passage, and to lessen the dread chasm that lies between the gloom of his cold grave and his final rest. To ask for life I dare not—would not! O let him die! *Gesu Maria* be his guide! »

A burst of true parental sorrow choked the old man's utterance; and the surgeon took advantage of it to put in a word of encouragement and hope.

« No, no, no, » cried the old man; « it is fixed. His doom is sealed. A father's feelings tell me that I am childless. My

lost ill-doing boy! Covered with shame, and blackened with crime, yet still mine, unhappy Meo!

During the time the surgeon had remained listening to the grief of the old man, he had frequently caught the sounds of many voices wailing and lamenting in a distant apartment; but the door of this room appeared now to be thrown open, and he heard distinctly what had before reached his ear but in a confused and smothered manner. The surgeon hastened along an obscure passage, guided by the light which issued from an open door at the end of it. And here a scene presented itself which no words can describe—a scene touching and terrible in the extreme.

This room was a large, lofty, and uncomfortable-looking place, having much the appearance of a granary. There were many persons in it, — men, women, and children, perhaps twenty; a strange confusion of voices, and a great glare of light. Many garments of wearing-apparel were hanging about the walls; large bunches of dried Indian corn, and mats of figs, curiously put together; and in a corner were some implements of husbandry, in fellowship with some muskets and fowling-pieces, small wine-casks and flasks.

In another corner were two decent-looking beds, in one of which a child slept soundly, and on the side of the other a man sat, his hat decorated with ribbons, brigand fashion, pulled down low over his eyes, his jacket galkooned, a long knife in his girdle. His arms were folded, and he appeared in grief, or in his own thoughts. On a table, in about the centre of the wall, stood six slender wax-candles burning before a crucifix which hung upon the wall; and at the distant end of the room two other candles were lighted. The moment the surgeon made his appearance, he was at once surrounded by several persons, old and young, exhibiting every degree of emotion. Some tore their hair, beat their breasts and heads; others wrung their hands, weeping bitterly: some called on the Madonna and on the saints; whilst others again, cursed, and stamped their feet with rage and terrible imprecations. All laid their hands upon the surgeon, vociferating, and begging earnestly that he would aid and save the

chief. So beset and surrounded was he that he could see nothing of his patient, nor was he certain even of his being in the same room with him; but presently they made way for him, and a sight presented itself at once appalling and extraordinary. In a low bed, at the distant end of the room, with its head touching the wall, and placed between the two candles, which were surrounded by a number of coloured prints, small images, a holy-water vessel, a rosary, and a crucifix, lay the body of an immensely large man, for whom the bed appeared much too narrow and too short. Whether swollen, or from whatever cause, the body rose so high that the head was scarcely seen; whilst, at the same time, the feet protruded from the end of the bed to the distance of half the leg upwards. But what struck the surgeon with astonishment was, that to these large and naked feet was attached a pair of old-fashioned time-eaten spurs, tied over the instep with a black string; and, looking farther, he saw that in the grasp of the strong and bony hand lay a long, bare, and rusty sword, the point resting upon the pillow, and the handle of which was of antique shape, and had once been richly ornamented. At the head of the dying man an old rusty helmet had been placed. It had evidently been intended that he should wear it; but, his head being too large to enter, it had been put over it, and left lying between it and the wall. The surgeon stood looking on in amazement; but after a moment he said to a person standing at his side, « *Aibo*, what mummary is this? » at the same time looking upon the objects of his surprise with some contempt.

« Oh! don't you know, Signor Chirurgo, this is the armour of the blessed San Martino? » said the person spoken to. « Whoever is rich enough to have it removed from the church where it is deposited, is sure to protect and save his soul from the attacks of demons in his last hour. *Dio buono!* we are all wicked; and many an unhappy soul has it saved from the fangs of the evil one. *Ahime!* few need its aid more than he who lies there, and now—— »

The speaker was going on, but the surgeon interrupted the harangue, exclaiming, « Let this—let these things be taken

away at once, and let the room be cleared. If you expect me to do any good to the man, give me an opportunity of examining his condition."

The wish of the surgeon was at once complied with; the things were removed, and the relations and friends of the unhappy man withdrew from the room. The surgeon began questioning the person left with him relative to the malady of the patient.

"Meo was taken ill a few hours after his return last night, was he not?" said the surgeon, "and has continued to get worse and worse till the present time."

"*Gia!* it is as you have said," was the reply.

"But he went out as well as usual?"

"Yes, he did; but for the last two months he has not been what he used to be. His head, I think——"

The surgeon looked hard at the speaker; and with a peculiar expression of face and voice, observed "Yes—yes, I know—I know."

He was just about to pass round by the feet to the other side of the bed, when the sick man turned his head, and rolled his bloodshot eyes upon the surgeon. After a minute's steady gaze, with an expression of great suffering, and with a look of anxiety that amounted almost to terror, the dying man said, in a voice deep, husky, and unnatural; "Oh, surgeon, for the love of God, save me!" and here he made a feeble attempt to clasp his hands, as if to beseech the help he asked, but he failed in his attempt, and his arms fell by his sides. With a wild stare he followed the movements of the surgeon, who went round the bed; and, taking a chair, sat down at its head.

The surgeon had evidently found his patient in a much worse condition than he had anticipated. After taking his hand, and holding it for a short time in his own, the surgeon took down the waxlight, and examined the head and face of the sick man, which presented a sight so terrible, that no attempt can be made to describe it. After asking a few questions, which were replied to with difficulty, and apparently without giving satisfaction, the surgeon rose, put back the

candle into its place, and, with a look of embarrassment and dismay, commenced pacing backwards and forwards in the room. A number of questions were then put to the woman, who still attended, and who was a hired nurse, as to the first symptoms which appeared, and what had occurred since. These were all answered readily and fully; but the surgeon still appeared perplexed, and, with an earnest and inquiring look, again took his place by the bed-side of the patient. He felt the skin, pressed the body, and as the unhappy man lay muttering some words, the surgeon put his ear down to his mouth to catch their meaning. The poor wretch complained of the tortures he endured, of the fire that was burning at his heart, in his stomach, his throat, and was now mounting to his head. An unquenchable thirst consumed him; he drank continually; but his state had now become so feeble, that the effort necessary even for this had become too much for him.

The surgeon had put every question he thought proper, and examined the case with the strictest scrutiny; but it was evident by his look and manner that he was perplexed, and knew not how to act. The nurse looked at him as if waiting for some directions, and at length she asked,—“What is to be done, *chirurgo!*”

Without replying to her question, the surgeon asked, “Has he confessed and communicated?”

“An hour before you came he received the sacrament and the *viaticum*. Is there no hope for him?”

“I fear not,” was the reply. “He has sunk too low.” Then, pausing for a minute, the surgeon said, “Something, perhaps, might be done. There are some inquiries I should like to make of him; but he cannot answer me. I must try it,” said he, speaking to himself,—“’tis his only chance. Have you any wine there?—good wine, if you have it—give it me.”

Pouring some into a small flask, the surgeon held the long and slender neck of it to the parched lips of the dying man, and gradually let the inspiring draught sink into the dry and exhausted springs of life. Like oil poured into an expiring

lamp, the unhappy man revived, and after a few minutes groaned, as if new pains had attacked him, rolled his head, and attempted to turn himself.

The surgeon had taken his place at his side, and when he saw occasion he said, "Meo Varrone, attend to me, and tell me honestly what you have been doing. You have again over-eaten yourself, or drank too freely—tell me how it is! What have you done?"

The man shook his head, and said distinctly, "Nothing, surgeon, nothing."

"Tell me the truth," said the surgeon; "for your own sake, don't deceive me. You must have done as I say."

"*Per Cristo!*" replied the man, still more excited, "I have not. It is not drink—it is the fire, *chirurgo*, the fire!"

"What fire?" asked the surgeon.

Placing his hand upon his chest, and passing it up along his throat to his head, the chief said, "The fire!—here, here, here! God! how it blazes, rages, and burns! Can't it be put out? *Dio buono!*—it was that pale devil sent it into my heart long since, and there it has been burning and consuming all around it. Blood won't quench it—it has been tried—no, no! Blood!" he muttered to himself, "I've spilt enough—but *they* have died—*these* will not. Devils!—drive off those infernal beasts, *chirurgo*, and move me farther from the mouth of this cursed pit. Oh!" he cried out, his face expressive of the strongest terror, and seizing the surgeon by the shoulders, "save me! save me!—I am slipping into it!—move me farther!—Hark! what are those sounds underground? They are coming up—their looks kill me! *Gesu Maria!* I dare not—!" And here he covered his eyes with his hands, trembling and panting for breath.

The man lay quiet for a moment, and as the surgeon sat with his eyes fixed upon him, he remarked to himself, "Poor wretch! he raves of what his conscience sees and his mind knows." Then making another attempt to recall the wandering and terrified mind of his patient, the surgeon gently shook him, and called him by name.

"Meo," said he, "attend to me—I can render you no aid."

assistance. You must die; unless you will answer my questions truly; and without disguise."

"Surgeon," said the now-exhausted man, in a faint despairing voice, "I have done so."

"Yes," continued the surgeon, "you have partly told me; but try and recollect yourself; for it is quite clear to me that you have taken something which is the cause of your illness. Where did you take your last meal yesterday?"

The man answered, "Upon the mountains I ate that which I took with me."

"And you drank?" said the surgeon.

"Some water about noon from the stream of the river, and nothing else." After a moment's pause, the sick man added, "Yes, I took some wine from the *boraccio* of a man I fell in with on my return home, a *cacciatore*—a stranger."

"A young man of short stature?" inquired the surgeon. "And it was you who attacked him, and left him on the road?"

The sick brigand indicated that it was from that person he had taken the wine. While his lips moved, and he attempted slowly and languidly to make known his meaning, the surgeon regarded him with a look of extreme anxiety and alarm; and when he fully understood him, he started upon his feet, exclaiming.

"Then there is no hope for you, Meo: you are poisoned; and must die. *Dio buono!* it is now too late!"

As if struck with lightning, the wretched man threw himself back, raising his arm, and throwing open the bed-clothes, lifting his head, and regarding the surgeon with a look that almost made him quail under it. For a minute he remained fixed in the same position, as if suddenly converted into stone; but presently a convulsive trembling seized him, his arm fell, and his head sank upon his bosom. Gasping for breath, and with a look of eagerness and extreme terror, the brigand demanded who the stranger was, and how the surgeon knew what he had asserted. As if some new light had broken in upon the mind of the surgeon, he exclaimed, with some gesticulation, "*I see it now, iper Dio!* the whole affair is clear."

Then speaking to the patient, he said, «It is the man who, dressed as a shepherd, led the force against you and the band at THE CASALE—it is he who has dogged your steps for the last two months—it is the brother of Rosa and Nina.»

Those names had scarcely been pronounced when a wild yell burst from the lips of the dying man, and a responsive cry was immediately heard from the distant apartment to which his relatives and friends had retired, and who had caught the sound from the chamber of death. As if animated with a demon, gasping and foaming with unearthly fury, the dying, maddened, and unhappy wretch sprung from his bed, tore away the clothes, and dashed headlong forwards towards the opposite wall, against which he must have beaten out his brains, but at that moment the man, who had until then been sitting on the side of a bed, rose and caught the chief in his arms. The weight of his huge body moving quickly, at once overpowered the strength of the man who attempted to detain him, and both were about to fall to the ground; but a simultaneous rush along the passage brought the relations and friends into the room to assist, and witness a scene which struck all with horror and dismay. Cries of surprise and alarm burst from the men, and shrieks from the women, the echo of which rang through the desolate house, and died away in the bleak and barren space around it. There was a momentary struggle; but suddenly the unwieldy carcass fell to the floor upon its face, and when lifted, a few drops of blood had stained the place where it laid. But life had fled, and the terrible brigand chief, Meo Varrone, was no more.

(BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.)

THE DEAD ALIVE.

AN INN STORY.

By Bon Gaultier.

Night had long closed in, before I arrived at the tumble-down remnant of a house which does duty for an inn, about half way up the north bank of Lochard. I had been out all day with my sketch-book among the adjoining hills, and now made for my hostelrie «tired both in heart and limb.» An intense feeling of loneliness came over me as I pushed through the pass of Ard, a scene which the perilous adventures of Bailie Jarvie have canonised. It was so still:—the stir of the foliage upon the aspen or silver birch, that sounded like the rustle of fairy feet, alone broke the depth of repose that rested on the landscape. It is in such a place as this, with human homes far, far out of sight, almost out of mind, when we have communed for hours with nothing but the grandeurs of earth and air, that we are fully sensible of what Wordsworth has called—

«The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.»

And there rose the mountains on every side, dark, massive, unending, hemming me into a solitude where I seemed to be the only living thing. The echoes of my own footsteps

sounded strange and out of place ; and caught at my breath as if there were some spell upon the spot, which it were dangerous to break. As I wound along by the side of the lake, this feeling increased. The soft, low ripple of the water, as it kissed its pebbly boundary, seemed like the prattle of unearthly voices ; and my shaping spirit of imagination gave form and life to all the inanimate objects of nature. These things are all very well to dream of by the fireside, but they are often oppressive in reality ; and I was glad to gain the point where stood my hostel, upon a promontory that shoots forward a little way into the lake, and by a vigorous exercise of my stick upon the door, to rouse my landlord out of his dose by the chimney corner.

“ You’ve got company the night, sir,” said mine host, a fine old fellow, with whom a stay of some days had put me on the best of terms.

“ Ah ! I’m glad of that ; for, sooth to say, I was just beginning to grow tired of my own society. But who are they, John ? ”

“ They ! ” he responded, with a look of surprise ; “ our guests, sir, dinna come as thick as misfortunes or poor folk’s weans ; though that’s just near about the same thing. Na, na ; one stray comer at a time is a sight for sair een. Od, if mair were to come drappin’ in upon us, the gudewife and mysel wadna ken what to do with them. ”

“ Ay, ay, John, and who is your new guest ? A Cockney bagman, or an Edinburgh writer’s clerk, or some other non-descript bitten with the sight-seeing mania, I suppose. ”

“ Really, sir, you’ll be the best judge of that yourself. He hasna got the glaiket, gabby way of these Cockney creaturs, and he looks unco dowie upon the whisky, so I am no thinking he’ll be in the clerking way either. Neither have I seen any symptoms of a journal, and that’s a thing these tourifying persons never want, though Gude kens what they get to put into them. But step ye awa up-stairs, and see what ye can make of him. You’ll find a gude fire waiting ye ; and there’s a famous roast chucky on the spit that’s been crying ‘ Come eat me ’ this half hour. ”

This satisfactory report of the state of the commissariat gave my step an amazing alacrity as I bounded up stairs, and turned into the sitting-room of the establishment, where, wrapped in a brown study, sat the new arrival, toasting himself in a calm and gentlemanly way before a glorious fire. My entrance did not appear to disturb him in the least; and the exclamation of "A sharp night," which I gave in an off-hand, jaunty sort of way, while I rubbed my hands vehemently together, elicited no manner of response. Unsocial monster! in a lonely place like this not to jump at the slightest greeting! Never mind, I'll work this surliness out of him, or call me a Dutchman!

The table was laid out for supper, but only for one. That was odd: he must be a Hindoo not to wish to share his meal with the only other guest in the place. I should have all the dainty bits to myself, however, which was some comfort, seeing I was as hungry as a charity-boy. I kept pacing to and fro, in bland expectation of my approaching feast, and whistling "Paddy O'Rafferty," with the gusto of an Irish hodman. The sound seemed to make some impression upon my taciturn companion, for he turned his head to look at me, but apparently saw nothing very extraordinary, as he resumed his contemplations almost immediately, with a look of the most offensive indifference. He was a foreigner, that was plain, by his bilious-looking cutwater, his moustache, and frog-quilted surtout. A German *dilettante*, perhaps, and did not like my music. Well! it was no business of mine if he was deficient in taste, so I struck up "The girl I left behind me," with a vehemence to which my uncle Toby's loudest lillibullero was a trifle. He took no notice for a time, but I could observe that he was getting fidgety. I had excited him at last, and so I whistled away like a school-boy in a church-yard, with the moon in hiding, and the belfry clock going twelve. At length the man spoke,—

"Do not whistle, sir, if you value my soul's peace, and you'll oblige me!"

I apologised, and thinking I had now got him into train, opened out into a running fire of the usual common-places.

To my utter discomfiture, he merely nodded, and relapsed into silence. "What an impracticable monster it is!" thought I. "I wish he was any where but where he is!—this semblance of a man, with none of the ordinary sociality of one." I resolved, however, not to be behind him in indifference, and paced away as before, somewhat annoyed, I must confess, at the embargo laid upon my musical talents. Somehow or other, I could not help looking at my companion — perhaps it was because I had nothing else to do—but certainly look at him I did; and the longer I looked, the more was my curiosity excited. He was rather short in stature, dark, and had, at one time, been handsome; but the expression of his features was the most intensely melancholy I have ever seen. The lines were hard and rigid to stoniness; the eyelids depressed over glowing and troubled eyeballs; the brows contracted and knit, like those of a man whose mind is perpetually on the rack. There was no repose — no soft feature in his face. Happiness had long bidden it adieu; you could not fancy even the ghost of a smile playing there. "A pleasant companion," thought I, "for a long night," as I subsided into a chair. "Do not whistle, sir, as you value my soul's peace!" There was an odd energy about the phrase that struck me. What the deuce had whistling to do with his soul's peace? Oh! it was some confounded woman's weakness in the nerves, and his soul's peace was merely a *façon de parler*.

Up tumbled the wench of the house, with supper, and, removing the covers, disclosed to my aching vision a most seductive roast fowl, and potatoes that smoked away like a limekiln. It was a poor business setting to work upon these alone, with another man in the room that seemed to have nothing better to chew than the cud of bitter fancy. My whole instincts of good fellowship revolted against it.

"Here's a fowl, sir, to tempt an anchorite. I should like greatly that you helped me to test its merits. There's ample scope and verge enough for both of us. Here, Mary, my darling, another plate and knife and fork."

Il Penseroso looked up and cast a comprehensive glance over the viands. "I do not mind," he said, in a cavernous and

unearthly voice, "if I do pick a bit, but it must be a *very* little bit."

"Ha! that's right! What part shall I send you? A leg, a wing, or a bit of the breast now; and send me the plate."

"Let me send you the merry-thought, too; you know I shall expect you to quit scores when the toddy comes."

"The merry-thought!" he exclaimed, with a deep sigh, as he deposited a large fragment of the capon's wing in his spacious mouth. "The merry-thought! I have long been a stranger to merry thoughts."

"Then the sooner you strike an alliance with them again the better. Care is said to have killed a respectable member of the feline species; and, as we have not been gifted with nine lives, the odds are, it may finish us in double-quick time if we give it head-way."

"Sir," retorted my *vis-à-vis*, "there are sorrows that blight the spirit like mildew, and dry up the fountain of cheerfulness and smiles." Again he sighed, but continued to ply his weapons of table warfare with inflexible perseverance. "Then does the flame of life burn drowsily, and we care not whether it be fed or no.—The smallest piece more of the breast, if you please."

"Come, come, you a son of France—as by your accent I perceive you are—and not learned the philosophy of the worthy Maistre Alcofribas better! Where is the jovial contempt of the blind goddess—'that certain jollity of spirit pickled in the scorn of fortune,' which is the seal and watchword of the veritable Pantagruelist? How says the old drinker?"

"The world is sick, to wasting sorrow prone,
To laugh, not weep, is then the better part,
For that to laugh belongs to man alone."

"That may be all very well in the ordinary case. 'Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die,' is a pleasant enough faith while it lasts; but a man may outlive it, as I have done;" and he took a long pull at the tumbler of brandy pawnee that stood at his elbow.

"I don't know," thought I, "but you seem to stand by the

eating and drinking part of the creed, at all events; and I do not think you would be aught the worse for acting on the third branch of it."

"I see you have a leg still left there," he continued.

"Quite at your service; and some pickings on the back, too, if you like."

"Not a bit more, thank you. Well, if you insist upon it," and he drew back his plate, and resumed operations. "Yes, Sir, as I was saying, a man may outlive such epicurean principles, especially if, like me, he has suffered by the faithlessness of woman, or shaken hands with Death upon the grizzly tyrant's own domains."

There was nothing very extraordinary, it struck me, in a man's suffering by the faithlessness of woman, as the sex has taken care to make this complaint somewhat of the stalest; but the other part of the sentence touched my curiosity, and I asked an explanation.

"What I mean; sir, is, that I have acted as chief mourner at my own funeral." I presume he saw my incredulous look; indeed, I had begun seriously to think him damaged in the upper story, for he continued, "I mean, sir, what I say. I have acted as chief mourner at my own funeral. I have been what you, sir, I dare say, never were: I have been buried alive, and knew it, too, all the time."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, throwing down my knife and fork; "how was that?"

"You shall hear, and then say whether I have not good cause for being a *grave* man." I pricked up my ears, and he continued,—

"It is now some ten years since I entered Florence, a light-hearted, thoughtless coxcomb. Ball, masquerade, conversazione, engrossed my whole time, and my own attractive person nine-tenths of my thoughts. I was fond of the women—they were judicious enough to return the compliment. Flirtation followed flirtation. I swore unalterable affection to fifty beauties, and was quite ready to do so again to a new Cynthia of the minute, the next time a pair of inviting eyes looked tenderly upon me. But when I met Giulietta Monti, I felt what I had hitherto only professed to feel—the empyr

of love. The ideal of perfection which my fancy had pictured seemed to be realised in her, and my soul beat in adoration before her. I see her now, vividly as when first I met her, — her figure full, flowing, majestic; her dark and laming eyes, and hair, black and glossy as the raven's wing, braided upon a brow such as poets have fabled Minerva's to have been. She was a gorgeous creature. — You have a little gravy there — one spoonful, if you please.

I gave him the reversion of what the dish contained. "Ah; thank you! This has really been a delightful chicken. — As I said, I loved to distraction. Of course, I made a fool of myself — men in love always do; but I was a thriving wooer, and as blind as thriving wooers must be. Giulietta became my bride, and I retreated with her from the dangerous atmosphere of Florence to the cooler regions of Normandy, where my own estates lay. For a time, my Giulietta was all gentleness and womanly sweetness. We never quarrelled, except for kisses; and that was a strife which you may imagine was soon healed. But ere long the thunder began to show itself in the sky, and my own beloved, I found, had the temper of the three Furies and a Fate. I loved repose and retirement; she was continually exclaiming against the monotony of a country life, and urging a visit to some of the gay capitals of Europe. I fancied, somehow, that it was not without private reasons that she longed so ardently for a return to the gaieties of town, as she was in the habit of receiving letters from male kinsmen I had never heard a word about, couched in a fervour of phraseology very unusual among relations. This confirmed me in my resolution; and tears, smiles, entreaties, and philippics, were played off by my soul's divinity against it in vain. I wondered at her bad taste, that could look farther when such a man as myself was at her command; but familiarity, I have heard, breeds contempt, and merit is never duly prized by those about it.

Things were in this state, when a Colonel O'Neile appeared at my château, and was introduced to me by my wife as the husband of an elder sister of her own. A dashing, lively fellow he was, and he drank my wine, and pocketed my

money at billiards, in as frank and gentlemanly a way as a reasonable man could wish. But whether it was the way of his country or not, I cannot tell—he was an Irishman, as you will have guessed by his name—but certainly I thought his conduct towards my Giulietta not quite so reverential as it might have been. He would loiter about in her presence upon the sofas and *fauteuils*, whistling his native airs with a zeal for the national music that was, I dare say, remarkably praiseworthy, only I can't say I liked it. Then he would say such odd things, enforcing their application by a peculiar depression of the eyelids that amounted almost to a wink; and I felt more than uncomfortable when I remarked that my Giulietta seemed not to lose one particle of their significance. I ventured to remonstrate. A tornado of reproaches was her reply at the moment—the overthrow of my soul's peace was the ultimate result.

I had retired to rest one night in my usual health, after taking a draught of mulled wine as a sedative for a nervous irritability to which I was subject. My wife had mixed it for me herself, and given it to me with a fondness of manner that threw all our recent misunderstanding into oblivion. A deep sleep fell upon me, and, when consciousness returned, I was unable to conjecture what interval had elapsed. Would that I had never awakened! It was a fearful state of half-existence to which I had come back. The soul was alive, with all its powers of action strong upon it, and quick to catch every impression that the senses conveyed; but the body was palsied, inert, stark, and motionless. The eyelids refused to unclothe themselves, the tongue lay ice-bound, the limbs were stiffened into marble, the very muscles of my face—that restless mirror of the mind's emotions—were rigid as the Medusa's head! I could not stir. It was cold—icy cold; and I heard the breeze wailing among the trees without, and seemingly rushing freely through the room in which I lay. Where was I? It was not the yielding down of my couch that supported me. These were not the warm bed-clothes that were over and about me. Something weighed upon my breast, and I felt a ligature passed under my chin that pres-

sed my lips together. I was lying on my back, my limbs stretched outwards to the full extent: something hard and unyielding enclosed me on every side. In vain I struggled to open my eyes to see where I lay: a leaden hand seemed to press the lids closely together.

• The room was hushed to a deadly stillness—nobody near—nobody watching my slumbers. It was very strange! Ever and anon, the hooting of the owl rose upon the breeze, like the demoniac shout of an exulting fiend. It was night, then; and I must wait long hours ere help could come to me. But why should I have been lying here? The open window, the upturned posture, the ligature round the chin. O God! it flashed upon me at once. They must have laid me out for dead; and the weight upon my breast was the plate which my countrymen always place upon the bosom of an unburied corpse; and the hard substances that bound me in on every side were the coffin-boards. A rush of agony passed through me at the thought: I screamed with terror, but it was a voiceless cry. O horror! I should be entombed alive! unable to give any sign that life had not passed away. To live only to trace the progress of the body's decay—to feel the icy worm fatten its obscene maw upon my flesh, yet be unable to tear the reptile from its banquet—to be laid a living corpse among the loathsome sounds and smells of a burial-vault—there was madness in the thought! Yet, as if the reality had not been fearful enough, fancy, too, was busy to suggest additional sounds and shapes of fear.

• I was lying in this state of torture when some one entered the room. He did not keep me long in suspense as to who he was, for the tune which the wretch began to whistle proclaimed that it was no other than Colonel O'Neile. The melody was one of those which you were whistling to-night; and you may now imagine my reason for requesting you to desist.

• I can, indeed. I suppose it was 'The girl I left behind me?' That was, as one may say, adding insult to injury.

• You are right. But the man who does not respect the living husband is not likely to respect the dead. He crossed the room, muttering some contemptuous reflections upon my-

self ; and I heard him turn the key in the lock of what I knew by the sound to be my own bureau. I now guessed where I was laid. The room was my own study, in a secluded part of the château, where, even supposing I had been able to cry out, no one could have heard me. The colonel proceeded to ransack my drawers ; and the clink of gold showed with what alacrity he was transferring it from my repositories to his own. None but my wife could have given him access there. It was all plain. I had been murdered, at least in intention ; and he who had murdered me was now rifling me of my wealth in my very presence. The torture was maddening. I strove to burst the lethargy that bound me ; but my struggles were abortive. Not even the demons of jealousy and revenge could break the icy spell that lay upon my limbs. He quitted the room, and I was left once more in solitude.

“ This incident gave my thoughts a new turn. The perfidy of Giulietta and the scoundrelism of O’Neile supplanted those images of loathsome hideousness that came with the idea of premature interment. But it was only falling from Scylla into Charybdis. Revenge and hate, whenever they are impotent to put their fatal purposes into action, turn all their venom on the mind in which they lodge. I could not wish my deadliest foe to suffer one half-hour of the torment which I then endured. I fancied Giulietta in the hysterics of a painted passion wringing her delicate fingers, as widows — must, and stifling with her handkerchief the torrent of tears — that did not flow. This was the farce she would play for the public eye ; but see her in secret ! ‘ That way madness lay.’ Her I could pity ; but O’Neile, I could have seen him blasted at my feet, as the mountain fern is by the lightning.

“ Again the door opened, and there was the sound of many foot-steps entering the room. Timidly and daintily they trode, and they spoke in the whispers of a quenchless grief, that would be forgotten only with their night’s repast. They had come to bear me to the tomb. One other effort or it would be too late. With the whole energy of my will I essayed to

move or utter a cry; but my endeavours were as fruitless as before. I felt the pall thrown across my face, and I thanked Heaven they had not nailed down the coffin-lid instead. Still did I cling to the hope of deliverance, faint and evanescent as it was.

• I could not think of death, or fix my contemplation upon eternity. At another time, or in other circumstances, I might have looked upon dissolution with an eye as unquailing as the most of sinful men. Since that time, indeed, I have often wished for it, and could now shake hands with the dull-eyed king as with a friend. But it was different then, when all the horrors with which reality could surround, or fancy invest, the portal of the gloomy realm, were present to my mind, without the allay of one soothing image to divest them of their power. I have heard of suicides dying by painful and lingering deaths without quailing; nay, I have known young and delicate girls, in the glad spring-time of the year, lay themselves down among the pleasant flowers, and with the carol of woodland birds in their ears, and the bright blue sky looking over them, drain the potion that was to close their eyes upon the glorious earth for ever. Passion, head-strong, selfish passion could alone have nerved them for such an act; but, although the passion, that made them woo death as a bride, had possessed them with a tenfold strength, they would have recoiled from it with affright had it been presented to them as it was to me.

• The chapel where I was to be buried stood upon the outskirts of a wood about a mile from my château. Thither I was borne, and laid at the mouth of the vault, while the choristers chanted, and the organ pealed a melodious euthanasia for my soul. What a mockery did it all appear to me!—to me, who was suffering more than mortal agony, while the choir were straining their throats in rapture at their own music, and the priest drawled through the service with the torpor of a recent surfeit hanging like lead upon his words. In bitterness of spirit I cursed the solemn farce, for such I thought it; and when the priest exclaimed, 'Requiescat in pace,' I felt that I could have strangled him. The same statue-like

apathy, however, continuing to reign throughout my frame, my whole energies were numbed, and I felt myself lowered into the vault without the power to move. But the agonising prospect of the doom that hung over me, roused me to more desperate efforts than before. Once more my will began to assert its control over my body, my limbs relaxed, and the organs of utterance again were free. But it was too late. The mouth of the vault had been closed, the organ's swell died away in a distant and mournful strain, and all was still.

How frightful was that stillness—the hush of death's cold slumber! Was death, I asked myself, a cessation of physical power merely, such as I had myself suffered; and did the spirit still haunt the dreary relics of humanity that I knew were lying around me? The thought made me shudder, and I listened for some shadowy voice to answer my conjecture. It was a foolish fancy. I, I alone was the only breathing, conscious tenant of the tomb. I feared to stir, to stretch forth hand or foot towards the clammy earth. My hand might clutch some bone, or my foot slip upon some crusading palmerworm. Yet better that than endure the horror of my present position, and of the hideous phantoms that assailed my mind. The dank, unwholesome vapour of the place clung to me like a garment. If I continued as I was, I must soon have become torpid with cold, and delirious with affright.

I scarcely dared to look forward into the gloom. That it was peopled with phantoms and ghastly shapes was my conviction. I did not merely think, I knew it to be so. I pressed my eyelids together as earnestly as but a little before I had struggled to unclothe them. But it was in vain that I did so. Pale, woe-worn faces, wistful and sad, bent over me with a sickly smile; then came spectral forms of uncouth presence, with haggard looks and bloodshot eyes, behind which the fires of bale seemed to be fiercely glowing. They grinned upon me in hideous wise, and with frantic gestures seemed about to clutch me in their grasp. The agony they inspired became too horrible for endurance, and my flesh began to creep, and the loathsome reptiles of the tomb appeared to be already enmeshing me in their toils. I shook my

nearly benumbed limbs to throw them from my flesh, and opening my eyes, stared out upon the darkness with desperate resolution. There was nothing to be seen, and I turned my gaze on every side in search of the phantoms which I thought were only concealing themselves from me for a time.

As my eyes grew more familiar with the gloom, I observed what seemed to be a ray of light streaming against a pillar at a distant part of the vault. A gleam of hope broke in upon me. There was, I remembered, a door that entered from the churchyard to the vault. It might be open. No sooner did the idea suggest itself than I started from my bier, and staggered forward in the direction of the light. The first touch of the oozy earth beneath me shot a chill through all my veins. It seemed as though it were fattened by the loathsome succulence of a thousand bodies. My knees shook beneath me, my body quivered from head to foot, and I reeled against the side of the vault for support, and caught at the object that lay nearest my hand. It crumbled beneath my pressure, and the falling of some splintered wood struck my ear. Still did I continue my grasp, unable otherwise to save myself from falling, when, merciful Heavens! I found that I held a corpse in my embrace! The discovery, while it well-nigh maddened me, gave me a new impulse to proceed, and again I staggered forward in the direction of the light.

The reflection it shed was a sickly blue, that only lent additional horrors to the darkness, which it was insufficient to dispel. The projections of the buttresses, the quaintly-carved heads that supported the spandrils of the arches, and the rich foliage of the cusps in which they terminated, seemed in the livid glimmer like the mocking visages of relentless demons. Just at the point where the light was burning, there was a turn in the vault; and, looking forward into it, a depth of gloom lay before me, as profound as that from which I had escaped. As I gazed, a shadowy figure seemed to emerge from the darkness and settle before my eyes. Another and another succeeded, and a line of black mail-clad forms seemed to sentinel the path through which I must advance. They appeared to stir with an unearthly life as the flicker of the

light went and came upon their figures. Had I looked upon them longer, my brain must have burst. Better the blackness of darkness itself than the ghastly light of a feeble flame in such a place.

I turned towards the light, which was placed high in a recess within the wall. It was within my reach, and, tearing it from its place, I dashed the sexton's lantern (for such it was) against the figure that was nearest me. It broke with a crash, and all was deepest night. Onwards I reeled in the direction where I knew the door to be. In my way, I stumbled against what seemed to be the marble statues of my ancestors. Were these the objects that had filled me with affright? I clung to one of them to assure myself of its reality; but, as I did so, it seemed as though some icy hand were grasping my throat from behind. I recoiled from the marble in dismay, and rushed forwards once more. O joy, the light shone through an opening! It was the door which had been left ajar, and I stumbled over the sexton's pickaxe and spade which had fallen between it and the wall, and in this way furnished an opening for my escape. Regaining my feet, I bounded forward into the moonlight, and rushed with unearthly speed towards my château.

You may picture the terror with which my domestics regarded my return, as I suddenly appeared before them in my shroud, with hair which the sufferings of a night had grizzled, and the cadaverous hue of death upon my face. I had just strength to inquire where their mistress was. She had left the château while the rest of the family were absent at the funeral, and with her had departed the companion of her crime. From that hour I have been an altered man. Melancholy has eaten into my being, and shapes of terror are perpetually before me,

‘Lords of the visionary eye, whose lid,
Once raised, remains aghast, and will not fall,’

as one of your poets has well expressed it. I pass from clime to clime, from continent to continent, seeking to forget myself; but crowd or solitude, sunshine or storm, it is still the

same: there is no oblivion for me, and I must move onwards to my grave 'a man forbid.' .

'But did you never fall in with your lady again?' I inquired.

'I was in Paris,' he continued, 'about eighteen months afterwards. One day a crowd arrested my progress. They were leading a man to execution, and a turn in the street brought the criminal into my view. I thought I knew the face, and inquired his name and crime of a man beside me. 'He was a notorious gambler, calling himself Colonel O'Neile,' was the reply, 'and had been condemned to death for way-laying and murdering a gentleman on his way home from the gaming-table.'—It was he!—the cause of all my misery, and I resolved to glut myself with his destruction. I hurried forward to the place of execution, and with much difficulty gained a conspicuous position near the guillotine. The prisoner advanced to the fatal knife with a firm step and fearless eye. But his glance fell upon me, and I could see his cheek blanch, and a shudder pass through his frame, although I was too far off to hear the exclamation that burst from him. My purpose was accomplished. His firmness was shaken, and he died a trembling coward.'

'But Giulietta?'

'I was returning from the scene of O'Neile's death, when, happening to look round, I observed, at a short distance from me, a female elegantly dressed. She seemed to be watching me, for, as I turned, I saw her drop her veil hurriedly over her face, and turn away, as though she were anxious not to be observed. The figure appeared familiar to me; but I did not give the incident much attention. The time was, indeed, when to have been the object of a handsome woman's attentions would have quickened my vanity, and set my fancy to work; but that day was past.

'Love? Heaven should be implored for something else—

For power to weep and to bow down one's soul.'

I passed on without further notice; but as I entered the house where I was living, I thought I saw the same female again. She was moving along with an air of indifference, but

not so as to prevent my seeing that she was making my movements the subject of marked observation. The symmetry of shape—the haughty step—it could be none other than *Giulietta*. What fools of passion we are! Despite of all that I had suffered at her hands, I yearned once more to look upon her with rapture—once more to hold within my arms the form that I had once worshipped. The unworthy feeling, however, soon died within my heart, and I entered my hotel without casting one glance behind.

That night my dreams were horrible. Life, indeed, is to me no more than one long hideous dream, a phantasmagoria of horrors; but that night my sleep was troubled even more than usual. I awoke with a start, but could hardly trust my senses, as I beheld *Giulietta* looking down upon me. Her eyes burnt with an unnatural lustre, her lips were violently compressed and livid with passion. Her whole frame was wrenched with some violent emotion, her right hand was thrust down vehemently by her side, and in it she held a dagger, that gleamed in the light of the fagots that were blazing on the hearth. All this a glance revealed to me, and I sprang up to stay her deadly purpose by wresting the weapon from her hand.

‘*Giulietta!*’ I exclaimed: ‘what have I done to merit this of you?’

‘What have you not done?’ was her reply. ‘You have wounded my pride,—you have triumphed in the death of him I loved,—you have escaped my revenge. I thought your dust had long been mingling with the putrid earth, and now you start from the grave to gloat on my misfortunes, and reproach me for what you call my guilt. I only grieve that it has done but half its work.’

‘Remember, *Giulietta*, what I was; look on me now, and think what your handiwork has made me.’

‘I do see, and I do remember, and therefore I rejoice. Live, and be wretched, and know that I hate you now as I have ever done!’

Much more passed of a similar tenor, which it is needless to relate. Her words were but the ravings of a passionate,

unprincipled, and disappointed woman ; and I suffered her to pass from the room without question of any sort, for such I knew would be fruitless. She still lives to betray more men, the same heartless, guilty thing as ever,—‘ a weed of glorious feature,’ it is true, but doomed sooner or later to perish in its own rankness. Heaven’s righteous vengeance, that has struck down the companion of her guilt, is but delayed. One day it will overtake *her* too,—dark, sweeping, and unsparing. I shall watch the hour, and then she shall find me at her side ; but not to triumph. No, no ! Thank Heaven, I long have buried my revenge, and learned the blessed lesson of forgiveness.

‘ But I must have tired you with my story ; or in return you shall sing me something cheerful—so that it be not Irish. Meantime let us order up a fresh supply of what O’Neile used to call ‘ the materials. ’ ’

‘ With all my heart. Your story has not been the most exhilarating in the world, and I shall be right willing to try, by the wholesome current of my potations, to divert the unwholesome current of my thoughts. ’

(FRASER’S MAGAZINE.)

Dr. PAYERNE'S PROCESS

FOR PRESERVING LIFE UNDER WATER.

Dr. Payerne has been lately making a number of experiments in the diving-bell belonging to the East and West India Dock Company, to prove the practical application of his process (now patented) for supporting life under water without communication with the external air. The doctor has several times descended in the bell at the West India Import Dock, accompanied each time by an engineer of the Company, and some of the divers usually employed in their sub-marine operations, to the bottom of the dock, a depth of about 25 feet; and succeeded to the perfect satisfaction of all present, not only in confirming the fact of his being able to render the air contained in the bell (after the air-tube had been detached and left on the barge) pure and respirable for the inmates, but in obtaining the very important advantage (which will be duly appreciated by practical men) of restraining the water from rising in the bell as it descends to a great depth, and thus allowing the workmen to carry on their operations with the greatest facility. The engineers of the Company have given Dr. Payerne certificates expressing their perfect satisfaction with the result of these experiments, and have kindly offered every facility for carrying out the invention.

A fact worthy of notice may here be mentioned. At the last experiment, when four parties, unaccompanied by the doctor, descended in the bell, the small apparatus used for renovating the air was ceased to be worked for about five minutes, when a dense vapour, caused by the vitiated air, immediately filled the bell. The apparatus was then brought into action, and in a few moments the vapour was entirely dissipated, and the air again rendered pure and fresh.

The following interesting exposition of some of the more

prominent of the advantages to be derived from Dr. Payerne's discovery we extract from a paper which he has circulated among his friends.

• It has, to the present day, been impossible to make researches in the depths of the Ocean, because there have been no means of existence for the crew of a submarine boat, without communication with the atmosphere. The employment of diving-bells, or diving-dresses, for the purpose of submarine surveys, has been impracticable inasmuch as the divers cannot go out of the bell, or beyond the range of the air-pipe attached to their habiliments.

• By Dr. Payerne's process submarine researches may be prosecuted with nearly as much facility as similar works upon land so far as regards supplying the crew with the means of existence during an indefinite period in a submarine boat, which can be directed at any depths like other vessels upon the surface of the water. His method is to place glass illuminators in the boat, by means of which, and by the aid of a lamp which gives a brilliant light, burning as well though surrounded by the water, as in the atmosphere, of which it consumes not the minutest quantity, its progress is illumined, and any object that is near may be distinctly observed. This boat by mechanism fixed in the interior, may be propelled at the rate of from 1 to 10 miles an hour; it is under the government of the helm, and is so constructed as to be made stationary at will, at the greatest depths, the divers quitting it to perform their operations with no more cause for alarm at the tempest that may be raging above and agitating the surface, than at the most delightful calm, drawing a sufficient supply of the vital fluid for respiration through pipes communicating with the interior of the boat. By the same means, they can re-enter the vessel without once being obliged to ascend to the surface.

• Under the present system of salvage operations, difficulties are met with which are frequently insurmountable—always very expensive and very dangerous. A derangement in the apparatus of the air-pump, the twisting or breaking of the air pipes, &c. &c. inevitably give rise to many accidents of a most serious character. Such operations, indeed, are not only difficult and dangerous, but when required to be performed at very profound depths, are altogether impossible; and they are so for these reasons. 1st. Because a man cannot descend in a diving-bell to more than 120 feet below the surface of the water, as he is unable to support the pressure. 2ndly. Because the air-pump is incapable, when the bell is at a greater depth, of conveying fresh air of a greater density than two or three atmospheres; the air thus conveyed would only serve to repel that which had been vitiated by respiration, and that, thus confined, would immediately suffocate the unfortunate diver. It can-

not be otherwise, for, as it is well known, *one* part of vitiated air renders unfit for respiration *ten* parts of pure air; when this deleterious mixture has taken place, and that under a pressure of several atmospheres, the pump would be required to furnish the divers with at least fifteen times the quantity of air that they respire, or nearly 12,000 quarts per hour, instead of 800, that is 480 cubic feet instead of 32. The dangers thus indicated are so real and formidable, that but few men can be found with nerve sufficient to encounter them.

«In the new method, to which attention is now invited, the divers are exposed to none of these evils, nor to any of the inconveniences inseparable from the old system; the air in the bell is renovated in proportion as the original supply becomes impure: there are no pipes conducting air from the water's surface, consequently there can be no accident from the twisting or rending of such, or a derangement of the pump. Further than the depth of 120 feet, the divers' operations are carried on by the aid of a submarine boat; and to the diving-dress a double tube is attached, in length only a few feet, for inhaling and exhaling, communicating with the interior of the boat, and which conveys to the divers, whatever may be their number, the purest fluid for respiration. The apparatus is so disposed, that the pressure of the air in the diving-dress never surpasses that degree which it is proper he should have. This facility of respiring and working in the lowest depths of the ocean permits the application of enormous cramp-irons, or other machinery, to the foundered vessel, by which it may be raised to the surface entire, with the whole of its cargo.

«The improved diving-bell has the advantage, we will venture to repeat, of affording air to several divers in diving-dresses, while they are at a distance from it at one and the same time, and to others in the interior a perfect security from the intrusion of the water, which is restrained at the very edge of the bell, thus enabling them to proceed without interruption in recovering wrecks, cleansing harbours, laying the foundations of bridges, docks, or other places surrounded by water.

«In a national point of view, the submarine boat adapted to this process must be of the highest importance, as its application extends to the examining of sunken rocks, shoals, reefs; to the ascertaining of under-currents, surveying the bottoms of rivers, harbours, the outline of coasts, &c. &c.; and to the forming of submarine charts, which hitherto has been deemed an impossibility, owing to the very defective means employed.

«In time of war, this submarine boat must become one of the most formidable engines of destruction which modern science has given forth; but, in the hands of a powerful and peace-seeking nation, the most effectual for repelling foreign aggression, and preserving the universe from the evils of warfare.»

(MECHANIC'S MAGAZINE.)

MISCELLANEA.

A TENDER FAREWELL. A Frenchman, looking at a bas-relief representing Justice embracing Peace, exclaimed : " Look! they are saying their last adieux, for they are parting for ever. "

A Parisian fishwoman, who was one of the audience at the opera on a day of free admission, listening to the chorus, said : " See these rascals, they know that only the common people are here, and so they are singing all together to finish the sooner ! "

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—A few days since, whilst two sawyers were engaged in cutting a log of rough elm timber, upwards of 3 feet in diameter, to make the gripe (a piece of wood that is fixed at the lower end of the stem, and fore part of the keel, and materially helps the ship to work to windward) for the *Albion*, 90 guns, building at Plymouth dock-yard, there were discovered five pieces of oak, about 2 inches thick by $\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide, and each piece about 1 foot in length, lying in a direction towards the centre of the log ; the pieces were closely and firmly united to the tree, and quite sound, and overgrown by the bark so as to render them entirely hid from sight.

SUIT THE ACTION TO THE WORD. A clown, employed to carry a present of two fine figs, could not resist the temptation of eating one of them : the person to whom they were sent, aware that there should have been two, asked the messenger what he had done with the other. The rustic took the remaining fig, and swallowing it, said : " I did as I do now. "

STREAM PILE-DRIVER. — Among the many improvements in

machinery which are daily taking place, we notice with pleasure the introduction recently, at the harbour works, of a self-acting machine for driving piles. The moving power is taken from a cylinder connected with the engine erected for pumping out the water in the dock, which does its work in a most admirable manner. There are two other pile-driving machines, wrought by manual labour, in operation alongside of it, requiring nine men to each; and this self-acting machine, attended by one man, gives seven strokes for every one that the others give, so that it does the work of sixty-three men. It can be extended in the same proportion to any power. It is the invention of Mr. James Milne, engineer at the dock.

NOT AT HOME. A stingy citizen had a country house with a terrace, on which he used to walk, so contrived that when he saw anybody coming to dine with him, he could escape by a back-door. A gentleman sent him word that he would come to dinner on a certain day. "Tell your master," said our cit to the servant; "that I am much obliged to him for letting me know, and that I shall not be at home."

"O THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF PROVIDENCE!" A methodist preacher remarked how benevolent Providence was, in putting death *at the end* of life: "for otherwise," said he: "we should not have been able to prepare ourselves for it."

A LONDON FOG. A foreigner described the climate of London as: "Eight months of winter, and four months of bad weather."

THE MELOPHONIC GUITAR, is the very appropriate name of a new instrument which was introduced to the musical public, a few days ago, by the inventor, M^r. Barelli, at a Soirée musicale given at the Hanover Square Rooms, purposely to ascertain the effect it would produce upon a numerous audience. Sig. Regondi the well-known and accomplished guitarist, performed on it four times with extraordinary applause. The audience (about 700 persons, the large Concert room being full,) accustomed to the insignificant sound of the common Guitar were taken by surprise and delighted by the sweet and full-bodied tones of this new instrument. Of its speedily

superseding the old guitar there can be no doubt; or as we should rather say, perhaps, there can be no doubt of its occupying the place, once held by that instrument in popular esteem, for so much has it gone out of fashion that the town of Mirecourt in France, the chief seat of the guitar manufacture, and which used to export annually about 20,000 instruments, has at present only two or three hands employed in it. M. Barelhi, the inventor of the Melophonic, is about to establish a manufactory in London, and we should not wonder if this becomes ere long, instead of France, the guitar-exporting country.

SECOND THOUGHTS. A blockhead wrote to one of his friends: "My dear Friend, I have left my snuff-box at your lodgings: pray do me the favour to send it me by the bearer." Just as he was going to seal his note, he found his box: and added the following postscript to the note. "P.S. Do not trouble yourself to look for the box, for I have found it." and sent off his letter.

LONGEVITY OF TREES. The following trees are calculated to live about—elm, 335 years; cypress, 350; cheiros-lemon, 400; ivy, 450; larch, 575; orange, 630; olive, 700; ornamental plane, 720; cedar, 800; lime, 1147; oak, 1500; yew, 2830; baobah, 5150; and the taxodium, 6000 years!..

PERMITTED TO BE PRINTED,

St. Petersburg, October 1st, 1842.

P. KORSAKOFF, CENSOR.

MENDICITY, ITS CAUSES, AND STATISTICS.

The Twenty-Third Report of the Society for the Suppression of Mendicity. London: 1841.

An Exposure of the various Impositions daily practised by Vagrants of every Description. 8vo. Birmingham: 1841.

Mendicity has become an evil of frightful magnitude in every portion of the British empire; but its increase in *England* is pregnant with mighty mischiefs and untold dangers. In this paper we intend to limit ourselves to a *descriptive* account of that evil, and its various aspects, leaving the remedies to the consideration of those whose duty it is to provide them.

Pauperism and mendicity, in ordinary times, must not, and should not be confounded. The law in England provides for pauperism, viz. for want, for sickness, for infirmity, for destitution. But inasmuch as the law of England is generous and paternal, in making such a provision for all who are *really* entitled to its protection, it visits with summary and severe punishment the systematic and persevering mendicant. Does it, however, do this effectually and permanently? Let us examine the facts of the case, and see to what is to

be attributed the great increase of mendicity in England; notwithstanding the application of the workhouse system on the one hand, and the provisions of the vagrant act on the other. For the information of those who may not be accurately acquainted with either 'the workhouse system,' or the vagrant act, we shall here briefly state their objects. The first is that system established by the English Poor Law Commissioners, under the amended poor laws, of requiring all who apply for parochial relief to give the best evidence they can supply of their destitution, by leaving their cottages and houses, and becoming inmates of the workhouse, or, in other words, of *the Union*. The vagrant act was passed to prevent the existence of idle and disorderly persons, vagabonds, and incorrigible rogues. To the clauses and penalties of this act we shall refer hereafter.

Mendicity is of ancient date in England. With its history, and the history of the laws which have been passed for its repression, we are not, nor are our readers, unfamiliar. But there are two general descriptions of mendicity, besides the various sectional differences into which these general descriptions are divided. The first is the mendicity which is the offspring of criminal habits, bad education, indolence, and crime. The second is the mendicity which is momentary, which is the accompaniment of a state of transition from one condition of life or occupation to another, or which is the result of sudden accidents, and, for the time, overwhelming personal disasters.

Thus the drunkard—the offspring of mendicants taught to beg, and prohibited from labour—the man who prefers begging to digging or to spinning—he who chooses a barn for his bedroom, and the shelter of a hedge for his dwelling-place, and who will not rise up early and go late to rest, work with his hands, and support, by honesty and industry, himself and his family—all belong to those whose mendicity is an offence against morals, civilization, the laws of man and of heaven.

But this is not the case with the *second* class; and it is to these that we must draw the attention, more especially, of

those who take a lively and deep interest in the movements, progress, and decline of society. We will supply some examples of the sort of mendicity which we mean to point out by our *second* division.

First example.—A woman whose husband was a weaver in Spitalfields, and who earned scarcely sufficient wages to provide himself, his wife, and three children, with potatoes, weak tea, and cold water, is suddenly deprived by death of him on whose labour she relied for her sustenance. She pawns all disposable articles to pay for the modest funeral of her husband, rather than that he should be buried at the parish expense. One of her children is taken ill, and she is obliged to nurse it. The other two are too young to labour. Her rent gets in arrear. Her articles of furniture are seized and sold. She is left without means of subsistence; and although the chimney-place and the emptied room are there at her service for a few days more, yet she has no fuel for the one and no bed for the other. ‘She should go to the Union,’ (*i. e.* she should become an inmate of the building erected in her neighbourhood by the Poor-Law Commissioners, for the residence of all the poor in the surrounding parishes who shall apply for parochial relief,) says almost every one who hears of such a case; and there seems to be no other mode of relief for her. But she has thought of another. In the Union it is necessary for the health, happiness, and morals of the whole of its inmates, that there should be a classification; and she must share the fate of those whose destitution renders it necessary to seek a shelter in the work-house. This does not accord with that hidden, but active principle of her nature which attaches her to her offspring; and she decides that she will beg—not habitually, not for life, not as a permanent means of existence, but to support herself and her children until she shall reach her own family and friends, perhaps some hundreds of miles removed, and where she will obtain employment in the fields, or on the roads; in houses as a servant, or at a washing-tub as a laundress. The wide world is before her; and if her case could be really known, in all its humiliation, truthfulness, and sorrow, many a hand

would be willingly stretched out to add to her means of support, and diminish her load of care. This woman leaves the metropolis; begs her way to some forty or fifty miles from London, asks alms in the presence of a police-officer, is conducted before a magistrate, examined, reprimanded, and allowed, however, to pursue her course on her promising she will beg no more. What a wretched sarcasm, and what deliberate and official lying! How can the woman and her children exist but by begging, until they arrive at the anticipated termination of her journey? There, something in the form of a home will once more greet her, though her lineaments, from want and fatigue, will scarcely be recognizable. But until that period she is a mendicant, and her children are beggar's children. At last she arrives at her own native place; and from that moment the greatest of her sorrows, if she had not lost her husband, would have ceased. This is no imaginary case. It is that of thousands every year in England.

Second example.—A father, with his wife and six children, inhabits a small hovel as an agricultural labourer in Buckinghamshire. One night his cottage is burned down, and every article he has in the world is consumed. Scarcely have the sorrowing family an adequate quantity of clothes to cover their nakedness. The landlord lays all the blame to the labourer; and, as the cottage was not insured, is furious with his pauper tenant. The fact was that the roof was a thatched one, and, somehow or other, it took fire; perhaps the little chimney was foul, and lighted soot fell upon the straw. 'They should go to the Union!' every one will exclaim on hearing of their sorrows; but they think far differently. Some of their neighbours take them in for the moment; a few second-hand clothes are procured here and there; and then they set about begging from house to house for the means of purchasing furniture for another hovel, and thus continuing to be a family of independent labourers. This is a kind of case well known in the English agricultural districts; but for a certain time the sufferers live by mendicity.

Third example.—A man and his wife are thrown out of

employment in a manufactory, by the failure of their employers. They have not long been there. They have not had time to put any money into the savings' bank, and their dwelling is as yet very imperfectly furnished. What are they to do? The failure of this manufacturer has thrown hundreds out of employment, and occupation is not to be obtained in the neighbourhood. What is to be done in such a case as this? 'Oh, that's a fit case for the Union!' most persons would answer. But the man and his wife are not of the same opinion. They sell their goods, pay their rent, discharge the little debts they owe, and have from fifteen shillings to a pound remaining. They set out to seek for work—honestly and truly to do so; and they go from village to village, and town to town, and manufactory to manufactory, to obtain work. They succeed; but before they have done so, not only have they spent their fifteen shillings or a sovereign, but have levied upon public charity. They have been mendicants. There are thousands of such cases every year; and worse than this, where the man and his wife have five and six children.

Fourth example.—A mechanic meets with a sad accident. It lames him seriously. He has been economical; but his sickness is long, and all his savings' bank money is expended. He is not a member of a friendly society; he relied on the savings' bank. The pawnbroker is next resorted to. Every article which can be taken to that receptacle of the sad proofs of poverty and destitution, is converted into money at ruinous interest, until at last there is nothing left but—'the Union,' says almost every reader. 'No—but to beg; for the mechanic will not go to the union. He will not associate with the idle, the profligate, and the profane; and he prefers asking charity, for the moment, till his health is restored, to becoming the inhabitant of the district workhouse. So his wife and his children ask for alms from house to house, and become, for the time being, mendicants.

These examples of *temporary* or *occasional* mendicancy will suffice. We have enquired much into the miseries of the English poor, and we know them well. It would have

been easy to have chosen cases far more disastrous and gloomy, but these are sufficient to illustrate our meaning. There is an infinity of such cases as these.

Now, then, all these parties are mendicants, and on the high-roads of England may be met a vast number—much greater than our readers imagine—of mendicants for the moment, for the month, or for the week—who are yet included in the general sweeping anathema of beggars.

But there are other classes of occasional beggars, who are not so permanently, and do not belong to the tribes of vagrants by education and profession.

In the agricultural counties of the south there are the Irish field labourers, who emigrate from their own country for the English hay harvest, then for the pea harvest, then for the grain and hop harvests, and who, between the periods of these harvests, live principally by mendicity. Their harvest money they often save to take back with them to Ireland, when all the English harvests are over; but in the mean time they must live—and they live by begging. In fine weather they sleep in barns, or under such hedges as shelter them from the wind and rain; and sometimes, when they have been successful in their mendicant applications, they obtain an occasional night's lodgings in those public-houses and private lodgings appropriated to the reception of beggars.

There is another class also of occasional Irish beggars in England—those who have been disappointed in obtaining the employment they were assured was waiting for them in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and generally in the north of that country. The Irish are an excitable people. They love to feast on golden visions, and are not easily to be convinced that labour is not in great demand in their sister country. So to England they repair; but thousands every year meet with vast and heart-breaking disappointments, and, in default of obtaining work, they take to begging; and of all the beggars in England, none are so resolute, so importunate, and so successful, as Irish beggars. They will weep, laugh, scold, run, jump, sing, walk without shoes, and almost without clothes, sleep anywhere, eat anything,

and still neither pine nor die. They are really astonishing, and almost irresistible. They are always 'going to go back to Ireland,' whether you find them in the lovely scenery of Buckinghamshire or Berkshire, or strolling through the weald of Kent or the wilds of Sussex, or visiting the southern coast, with Dover, Hythe, Rye, Hastings, St Leonard's, Brighton, and other sea-bathing places on its shores. Go back at last they do, many of them, to winter in the Irish Unions.

Unhappily for England, a still larger class than those are now mendicants; much larger, indeed;—and these are the English *agricultural poor*.

It is a deplorable fact that the English agricultural poor, who have large families of very young children, live much better as beggars than they do as labourers. Eight or nine shillings per week, will not support a man with a wife and five children. They find, by experience, that it will not; for a woman who has five or even four children, all under six years of age, cannot, even in fine weather, leave her home; and in wet and wintry weather there is no work to be obtained. When the eldest of the children of a family of that class can keep her younger sisters and brothers in tolerable order, the wages of the labourer are augmented by the earnings of his wife, and to exist is just possible. But existence is impossible in those English agricultural districts where the average rate of wages is under ten shillings; and yet there are many such districts, and multitudes of agricultural labourers are thus becoming mendicants! For there is no mystery in the poor man's housekeeping or expenditure. He may pay his rent to a very kind landlord, indeed, at harvest time. This is just possible; and the wages of harvest, of himself and wife, may go much towards that item of his disbursements. In like manner, he may wear old, patched, and very shabby clothing, and himself and family may absolutely refuse to follow the counsels of their vicar or curate to attend at church in spite of their ragged garments; and they may all hide themselves on the only holiday in the week, ashamed of confessing their extreme poverty. This is the case, and we know it to be such, in a great majority of the purely

agricultural districts in England. The poor will not attend the temple of God in tattered garments, and out of their scanty wages they cannot afford even shoes for their children. And then as to firing; the children may be put to bed early in winter afternoons, four and five in a small bed, as soon as their stomachs have been warmed with a sort of hot slop of water and brown sugar, with the mere rinsings of a milk-pot; and may sleep from five o'clock in the afternoon till seven or eight next morning. But at last the morning comes, and craving appetites with it, and many mouths to feed, and many stomachs to be satisfied, and either the loaf, rice, or potatoes must be provided.

In fact, the stomachs of these five children must be provided with food—and for that food there is no credit. How can there be? The butcher, the baker, the grocer, and the general dealer, must make good their payments to the grazier, the miller, and the wholesale house; and if they gave credit to the husbandman, ruin must soon come upon themselves. Indeed, since the operation of the new poor laws in England, all credit to the working classes has been withdrawn. Under the old system, the pauperized labourer received so much relief in money, that for the purpose of securing his custom credit would be given, but at prices most exorbitant and injurious. But now, when relief is given *in kind*, and when most of those who used to lay out their parochial money at the general dealer's are subjected to the workhouse system, and receive no out-door relief at all, credit is quite out of the question. We assert this distinctly, because it is undeniable that, in most of the purely agricultural districts, the wages of the labourer are not adequate to his independent existence. The food of each day must be bought and paid for; and it is very easy to calculate that this cannot be done, when the wages of an agricultural labourer, with a family, are under fifteen shillings per week. Yet, in nearly two-thirds of these districts, the wages average scarcely more than the moiety of that sum. A gallon of flour makes 8 lbs. of bread. How many pounds of bread will a father, mother, and four children, require in a week? The gallon of flour costs one

shilling and sixpence. Two grown people cannot eat less when they have no meat, no beer, no milk, and no fish—but simply bread, suet puddings, potatoes, and a small portion of bacon as a relish, from Sunday morning to Saturday night—than one pound each per diem, or 14 lbs. per week. Four children will require the same quantity, making a total of 28 lbs. of bread per week. To make this 28 lbs. of bread, three and a half gallons of flour will be required, which, at 1s. 6d. per gallon, amounts to 5s. 3d. But then the bread must be baked—count nothing for the labour, nothing for the salt, nothing for the yeast—still the fagots *must* be paid for; and the baking in the cheapest manner, *i. e.* by two or more families joining together in the expense of the oven, will cost, for three and a half gallons of bread, sixpence. Thus the bread alone for a man, his wife, and four children, for one week, will be five shillings and ninepence.

Supposing, then; that the rent of the labourer is paid with the wife's earnings in the field in fine weather; and supposing the ragged clothes of this family, and the firing in winter, to be paid with the extra wages and gleanings of harvest time; still we see, that out of the labourer's earnings he has to pay, in ready money each week for second bread, the sum of five shillings and ninepence. A little tea, sugar, butter, cheese, with salted or red herrings, consume the rest of his wages; and at length he becomes exhausted, weak, an easy prey to ague and fever, and he either rushes into the workhouse or becomes a beggar.

It is true, that others, when they find that bread runs away with so much of their money, resort to another kind of diet. They resort to gruel, to potatoes, to suet and rice puddings, and eat not more than half the quantity of bread we have just mentioned in the course of the week. But their health is soon undermined, when they labour in the fields, from the want of adequate nutriment; and the dietary of the union is found actually insufficient without its walls. Yet we affirm, and we know we are correct in our affirmation, that not one-tenth portion of the English agricultural independent labourers are able to obtain, with their wages, half the food allotted

to the able-bodied paupers in the unions. A man in a union has seventy-two ounces of bread per week, ten pints and a half of gruel, fifteen ounces of cooked meat, one and a half lbs. of potatoes, four and a half pints of soup, fourteen ounces of suet or rice pudding, eight ounces of cheese, and four and a half pints of broth. Now, we say it fearlessly, that there are not a thousand agricultural labourers in any one English county, who can and do obtain with their weekly wages such an amount and variety of food—substantial food—as this.

We are well aware that all the dietaries of all the unions are not the same as the one we have selected; but let us take another which has been very generally adopted. According to that dietary, able-bodied men have allowed them 125 ounces of bread per week, ten and a half pints of gruel, eight ounces of dressed meat, and five ounces of bacon, one and a half lbs. of potatoes, one and a half pints of soup, and eighteen and a half ounces of cheese. In this dietary the bread, cheese, and gruel, predominate; but it must be remembered, that of bread the pauper eats nearly eight lbs. per week, or more than one pound per diem. Again, we state, that very few of the agricultural poor in England, who labour from before sunrise, very often, till after sunset, are able to obtain such an amount of nourishment as this! Their wages, and the prices of provisions, will not admit of their doing so.

The consequence the most striking, immediate, pressing, and increasing, of this state of things, is the conversion of the inadequately-paid labourer into a mendicant. We have counted in certain districts of England the number of vagrant poor, who, in spite of the vagrant act, still demand alms; and we have taken districts removed from each other, at the same and at different epochs. We have selected spots the most favourable for these statistics; viz. those where the roads in and about the spots in question were at last concentrated near a turnpike; and near a turnpike gate, and the results are as follows:—

		In one Day.
Buckingham,	September 1841,	41
Bury St. Edmunds,	August 1841,	37

		In one day.
Brighton,	September 1841, . . .	92
Dover,	October 1841, . . .	53
Hastings,	October 1841, . . .	60
Huntingdon,	August 1841, . . .	42
Leicester,	September 1841, . . .	36
Marlow,	August 1841, . . .	33
Nottingham,	September 1841, . . .	69
Oxford,	October 1841, . . .	31
Portsmouth,	September 1841, . . .	71
Reading,	August 1841, . . .	49
Tunbridge Wells,	September 1841, . . .	69

It will be at once perceived that the object of this table is to show the number of vagrants passing through the towns, selected as examples, in one day. Let these numbers be multiplied by 365 days, and we should have a rough estimate of the numbers passing in the course of a year—still making deductions for bad weather and inclement seasons.

These statistics have been made most conscientiously; and, it is to be observed, include the children as well as the parents or chiefs of each band. If, however, it be borne in mind that these are only the numbers of one day's vagrants at thirteen towns in England, how frightful will the total mass of mendicity appear to those who remember the vast quantity of cities and towns in the counties of England and Wales; in two-thirds of which, at the same moment of time that these vagrants were passing through, others of an equal amount were also, living on the almsgiving of others!

It must unquestionably be admitted that, from April to the commencement of December, mendicity in the rural counties is greater than from December to the end of March. Those who go about begging with their children, find it more fatiguing and unhealthy. Besides which, the by-ways, to avoid the police of the towns in the day, are often not traversable in winter; the barns, still provided by the farmers for beggars to sleep in, are too cold; the nights are long and dark, and therefore unfavourable to rural and road-side begging; and the expenses at lodging-houses and public-houses are sometimes too onerous to be sustained out of the daily receipts of

the mendicants. 'We shall return to the unions,' say some, 'as the winter sets in and the begging trade gets bad : ' and now it is time we should look to the receipts of these livers upon public bounty.

Unable, we have said, to obtain adequate food and raiment from their *agricultural wages*, multitudes, nay thousands, of the agricultural poor take to begging. And how much more profitable do they find begging than digging, ploughing, or even thrashing ! The following table has been drawn out from the most uncontrovertible data, which we have personally procured, or which have been supplied us by those who could not be themselves deceived, and have no interest in deceiving us. The names of the individuals are in many cases supposed or fictitious, since the vagrants would not always give their real names, and even in some cases admitted they were assumed ones. At each of the places mentioned below—Dover, Canterbury, &c.—suitable persons were employed, in the autumn of last year, to watch the vagrants, and obtain, on a given day, the most accurate information as to their proceedings. The rural police assisted likewise in obtaining the best and most detailed data.

Table of Receipts by families consisting of a man, his wife, and from 3 to 4 children. by Mendicity, in Agricultural Distress.

			Average Receipts per Diem.		
			L.	s.	d.
N ^o . 1.	William Holmes, his wife, 3 children, and an infant at the breast,	Dover and Environs.	0	3	2
2.	James Smith, his wife, 3 children,	Canterbury and Environs.	0	3	8
3.	Patrick O'Reilly, his wife and 5 children,	Brighton and Environs.	0	4	6
4.	Henry Mercer and 3 daughters, all singers,	Hastings and Environs.	0	5	6
5.	James Rowe, his wife and 3 boys, all singers and beggars,	Tunbridge and Environs.	0	4	9

		Average Receipts Per Diem.
6. Mary M'Arthur, 3 girls and I boy, carrying matches, singing and begging,	Chelmsford and Environs.	{ 0 5 0
7. Samuel Davis and his wife, with 6 children, all carrying on different systems of begging,	Windsor and Environs.	{ 0 6 0
8. David Saunders, and his wife and 4 children, selling lucifer boxes, matches, singing and begging,	Reading and Environs.	{ 0 5 6

In giving the places where they were begging at the time that these data were procured, it must not be supposed that they were *inhabitants* of those places and their environs, but merely vagrants there for the time being. In some districts the average receipts for an English agricultural beggar, his wife, and three or four children, are 3s. per diem, besides stale provisions and old clothes—the latter being soon convertible into money; but in districts which the gentry frequent for sea-bathing, or for the benefit of the mineral waters, they will average from 4s. to 4s. 6d. per diem. And it must not be lost sight of, that whereas the independent able-bodied agricultural labourer has his expenses much increased, but his income never augmented, by an additional number of children, the mendicant's revenue is always greatly improved by having four or five, or even a greater number of offspring. A beggar's family stopping at Windsor, for example, for a night's lodging, would arrive at night, and the next morning, by eight o'clock, his five children would be sent, in at least three different directions, to solicit alms, all with different stories of misfortune and woe; whilst the parents, to avoid the penalties of the vagrant act, would remain at the public-house, waiting the return of their children, and preparing the general breakfast.

And there is another method of checking the accuracy of the data we have procured relative to the receipts of the English agricultural beggars, now so amazingly increasing, in which we cannot err. A man, his wife, and four children, are still the family whose daily proceedings we are examining

and explaining, and their average expenditure is as follows:—

<i>Lodging</i> at a public-house or lodging-house for one night,	L0	0	8
<i>Breakfast.</i> —Tea,	0	0	1½
Sugar,	0	0	1½
Butter,	0	0	2
Bread,	0	0	4½
<i>Dinner.</i> —Bread,	0	0	4½
Bacon or herrings, (besides the cold meat and provisions they have collected,) .	0	0	6
<i>Supper.</i> —Bread,	0	0	4½
Beer,	0	0	2
Cheese,	0	0	2
Biscuits, (for the children,) . ,	0	0	2
<hr/>			
	L0	3	2½

If the day has been ‘a good one,’ and the receipts have been considerable, the supper is improved by more beer, and sometimes by fresh meat broiled on the gridiron. These are not rough estimates, or general outlines, but the result of personal investigation and of private research. Undoubtedly, there are many thousands of beggars who are less fortunate in their applications than others; but the average receipts of an English agricultural beggar, with a wife and three or four children, are not less than 3s. per day; whilst the average receipts of an agricultural labourer, in those very districts, are not more than half that amount.

It is clear, then, that the English agricultural labourer, with the present rates of wages and provisions, finds it far more profitable, and far more easy, to earn his living by begging than by work; and this is unquestionably *one* of the reasons for the enormous increase of mendicity. If the agricultural poor in England could support existence in any thing approaching to comfort with the present rates of wages and food, from an intimate acquaintance with their character and sentiments, we feel justified in saying they would shun the evils and horrors of mendicity; but when, after years of unceasing toil, they find that the fire never blazes, the smoke-jack never turns, and the beer-can never foams for them, but that squalid poverty, and then disease, are their abiding portions, unless they become dependent on ‘*the unions*’ for sup-

port, they rush away from the scenes of their sorrow and their ruin, and become beggars.

But is there not a VAGRANT ACT in England? asks the anxious and enquiring reader. Do not the Irish poor law commissioners demand a similar act, in order to repress the mendicancy of three millions of Irish beggars? How is it, then, that mendicancy should increase in England in the teeth of such an act?

In order to answer this question, it may be well to look for a moment at the Vagrant Act itself.

The act now in force, which consolidates, amends, and repeals, the prior statutes relative to vagrants, points out three classes of these individuals:—1st, Idle and disorderly persons; 2d, rogues and vagabonds; and 3d, incorrigible rogues.

The idle and disorderly persons are those who will not work and maintain their families—who wander abroad and trade without a license—who beg or gather alms, or cause their children so to do—or who ask alms under a certificate or other instrument prohibited by law. Such persons are subject to arrest, and to hard labour, on conviction, for any time not exceeding one calendar month.

Rogues and vagabonds are those who commit any of the before-specified offences, after having been already convicted as idle and disorderly persons. They are also those who pretend to tell fortunes, or by palmistry or otherwise to deceive any of the Queen's subjects. Also all persons living in barns, carts, and unoccupied buildings, and who cannot give any good account of themselves. All individuals seeking to obtain alms by exposing their wounds or deformities; all persons seeking to collect alms by fraudulent representations; all persons running away from, and leaving unprovided, their wives or children; all persons gambling or betting at any table or instrument of gain by games of chance; all persons having in their possession instruments which are used for picking locks and for burglary; or having weapons with the intent of committing any felonious act; all persons found in any dwelling-house or enclosed place for an unlawful purpose; every suspected person or reputed thief frequenting any river, canal;

quay, wharf, street, highway, &c., with intent to commit felony. And finally, every person apprehended as an idle and disorderly person, who resists by violence the police-officer who took him into custody; as well as suspected persons and reputed thieves.

The punishment for rogues and vagabonds is hard labour for any time not exceeding three months.

Incorrigible rogues are those who escape out of any place of legal confinement before the time of punishment has expired; every person who, having been convicted as a rogue and vagabond, shall again, after liberation, perpetrate the same or similar offences; and any person arrested as a rogue and vagabond, and who shall violently resist the police so arresting him.

The punishment for incorrigible rogues is imprisonment till the next quarter-sessions, hard labour for any time not exceeding a year, and, in some cases, the whipping of *male* offenders.

The lodging-houses in which vagrants may be suspected of concealing themselves are subject to be searched; the monies and effects found upon vagrants may be applied towards the expense of apprehending and maintaining them; and the laws in force give every facility towards the arrest, conviction, and punishment of offenders. And yet, in spite of this act, England is now infested, in every part and portion of her counties, though undoubtedly more in some districts than in others, with thousands of mendicants.

Before we state the reasons generally assigned by the occasional, or rather non-hereditary and non-professional beggars, for their adoption of this mode of life, it may not be uninteresting or unimportant to look at the terms, practice, and manœuvres of the begging art.

There live, then, in the midst and about all the English population, a distinct population, fearful in numbers, constantly and rapidly increasing, having a language, manners, and customs of its own—living, in nine cases out of ten, in a course of life the most immoral and profligate; and yet so living, and so increasing, in spite of the laws, in spite of the muni-

cipal arrangements of the last few years, so favourable to their detection and punishment; in spite of the new poor-law arrangements; and in spite of the general feeling that the poor-rates and the unions ought to provide for all real cases of destitution and misery. This population has its signs, its freemasonry, its terms of art, its correspondence, its halting-houses, its barns still kept open, and even well strawed by farmers and country gentlemen; its public-houses, its well-known, and even recognised lodging-houses; and its manifold plans to extract or extort, to win or to scold, out of its reluctant but deceived victims, sums amounting, we are inclined to believe, to not less than L.1,375,000; being one-third of the total amount of poor-rates! This sum may at first appear utterly extravagant; but it will not be found to be so when it is remembered, that on an average each begging family extorts L.55 per annum from the public. The annual poor-law expenditure for the year ending in March 1840, in England, was, in round numbers, L.4,300,000. In England, including the three ridings of Yorkshire, there are forty-two counties. The population of those counties is nearly fifteen millions. If we take at this moment a rough and general, though a tolerably correct estimate of that population, with its dense misery in towns and cities, and its diffused but not less individually intense misery in the agricultural districts, we may fairly calculate that one out of every one hundred is a beggar, or lives in a state of practical vagrancy—looking, in one form or other, to alms for support. The one-hundredth part of the population is 150,000; and if each begging family, raising L.55 per annum from the public by alms, be estimated as consisting of six, we shall have 25,000 English begging families, raising L.55 per annum each, or the total sum of L.1,375,000. But we believe that we have underrated, instead of overstated, the facts of the case in these calculations. In London alone and its vicinity, in spite of all the efforts of the police, a very large part of that sum is extorted; and we have not taken into consideration the wholesale mendicity which is now deplorably manifest in the larger English manufacturing towns. We have also omitted all Irish mendi-

cants; and yet they are nearly in the proportion of one to three in the English agricultural districts. Naturally anxious as we are to avoid even the appearance of exaggeration, we are still bound to state, that the estimate we have made is greatly deficient, and that we have understated the real statistics.

This begging population of England, existing and increasing in spite of municipal police, and notwithstanding the penalties of the vagrant act, is divided into several classes; and we now propose to draw upon a little pamphlet, mentioned at the head of this article, which has been recently published at Birmingham, and which contains very accurate details of the mendicant population—written by one who long frequented the haunts of the vagrant community. The portion of the community to which his details extend, belongs principally to the hereditary and professional class of beggars.

The writer of this pamphlet thus proceeds with his descriptive details:—

“In order fully to explain each individual character, I shall begin with those vagrants who generally obtain the most, and are considered of the *first class*, and are by some termed ‘Silver Beggars,’ but by travellers ‘LURKERS.’

‘LURKERS are person who go about with briefs, containing false statements of losses by fire, shipwrecks, accidents, &c. The seals and signatures of two or more magistrates are affixed to those briefs, and they are so well written, that thousands of persons are daily imposed upon by them. As there are so many different ways used by these persons, it will be necessary to explain each of them separately.’

The writer then enters into details as to ‘*the Fire Lurkers*,’ or those ‘who go about begging for loss by fire.’ They have false briefs, pretended to be signed by two magistrates and the clergyman of the place where the fire is alleged to have taken place. The documents are accompanied by a sham subscription-book, and the brief is called, in the mendicant’s parlance, ‘a sham,’ whilst the subscription-book they name ‘a delicate.’ With this ‘sham and delicate’ the ‘lurkers,’ or beggars, proceed all over the country; and the author states that one man, with whom he was acquainted, ‘had been a

‘fire lurker for fourteen years, and had travelled through every county in England, and the greater part of Wales.’

Then there is,

‘The Shipwrecked Sailor’s Lark. — Persons who go on this lurk, generally represent themselves as captains or masters of merchant ships, which have been wrecked, and they have, of course, lost all their property; and their pretended loss always amounts to many hundred pounds, and sometimes even to thousands. This class of impostors are very respectably dressed, having mustaches, gold chains, &c.; they have either a well written brief, or one partly printed and filled up with writing, and the seals and signatures of two or three magistrates are placed at the bottom. I have seen briefs of this description from almost every part of the kingdom.’

He goes on to say, that one named Captain Johnstone had ‘followed the lurk of a shipwrecked captain for many years, had been over every county in England and Wales many times, and obtained not only hundreds, but thousands of pounds.’ He relates various anecdotes of the most successful ‘Lurkers’ in this department.

‘The Foreigner’s Lark. — Considerable numbers proceed on this lurk, representing themselves as foreigners in distress. . . . Of late years, by far the greatest number have represented themselves as Polish noblemen or gentlemen. . . . Their briefs have the names and seals of two magistrates attached, and are always well written. Whenever they present their briefs, they affect not to be able to speak a word of English, and the few words they utter are spoken in broken accents. . . . One of these lurkers, known among mendicants by the nickname of ‘Lord Dundas,’ had often got several pounds in a day. . . . There are also many females who go on the foreigner’s lurk. . . . I knew a female who went on the foreigner’s lurk, who dressed very well; she had a boy with her, and often succeeded in getting two or three pounds in a day. When she called on any one, she *pattered* (spoke) in French, and affected not to be able to converse in the English language.’

4. *‘The Accident Lark.* — Lurkers of this description have a sham and delicate, (brief and book;) and the sham states, that by some dreadful accident the bearer has lost all, or at least the greater part of his property, sometimes by storm, and at other times by a flood, or in some other way; but, in whatever way the accident has happened, the bearer has always suffered a very considerable loss, and is deprived of the means of supporting himself and family. The sums raised, vary from five shillings to a pound per day.’

5. *‘The Sick Lark.* — This is worked in so many different ways,

that it will be necessary to pay a little on each. It would seem, 1st, That a common method of imposing upon the public is, by applying blistering ointment to the arms, causing them to have an appearance of having been badly scalded. 2, That others go about with hands and arms tied up, said to be injured by lightning, or by some other deplorable accident. 3d, Others affect fits. 4th, Others affect pregnancy and destitution. 5th, Others obtain alms by the husband remaining at home and affecting indisposition, in case any one should visit his lodgings to examine into the merits of the case, whilst the wife goes out begging for wine, rags, clothes, &c., for the sham invalid. 6th, Others pretend to have bad wounds, and beg for linen, rags and small bottles to contain medicine necessary for their cure. I saw a man who got in one day, by this means, thirteen pounds weight of white rags, and more than five dozen of phial bottles. Rags and bottles sell well. 7th, Others affect to have children confined with scarlet fever, &c. &c., and beg for them. They state that they have obtained a note to take their children to an infirmary or to an hospital, and want a few clothes and a little money."

6. *'The Deaf and Dumb Lurk.*—I have known many persons of both sexes who have acted as if deaf and dumb, and by this means succeeded very well in obtaining money, food, &c. Many of them pretend to tell fortunes, and frequently get something considerable by such practices. They carry a slate and pencil with them, to write questions and answers."

It would appear from the pamphlet before us, that sometimes these deaf and dumb lurkers affect even in the lodging-houses to be thus afflicted; but in such cases they are generally found out by their fellow vagrants.

7. *'The Servant's Lurk.*—There are considerable numbers who go on the servants' lurk, or as servants out of place; and males and females frequently succeed well in imposing on servants and others by false statements and tales of distress. . . . The greater part of those who go on this lurk are neatly dressed, and have exactly the appearance of servants in gentlemen's families. . . . Many of them have the *Court Guide*, which, as it contains a list of the nobility and gentry, enables them to do the thing completely."

8. *'The Collier's Lurk.*—This is followed by thousands who were never in a coal-pit, and numbers of such are daily imposing upon the public as colliers out of employ. They generally say they have been thrown out of work by some accident, such as the flooding of the works or the falling in of the pit. . . . They often go in parties from two to seven, eight. . . . Others have printed papers, which are left at each house, and called for again in a few hours. . . . Others have written statements of the pretended accidents, and the

supposed signatures of the masters of the works are affixed to them. . . . Some of these obtain as much as fourteen or fifteen shillings per diem.

9. *The Weaver's Lurk.*—There are at the present time great numbers who go on this lurk, many of them having printed papers or small handbills, and leave one at each house, and then call again for them, and to receive what persons are disposed to give. . . . I have seen men who represented themselves as weavers of every kind, and from all the manufacturing parts of the kingdom—men who I well knew had never been near a loom, but had been born and bred vagrants.

10. *The Cotton-Spinner's Lurk.*—There are many going on this lurk with printed papers or small handbills also. . . . Some who go on this lurk carry sewing cotton for sale, alleged to be their own spinning. . . . One man I know, who travels on this lurk, has been doing so for twelve years. He sometimes obtains as much as from twelve to fifteen shillings in one day.

11. *The Calenderer's Lurk.*—Those who go on this lurk represent themselves as calenderers out of employ through the depression of trade and improvement in machinery. They, like sham weavers and colliers, have false papers, which are printed, some in poetry.

The sums raised by these descriptions of 'lurks' must be immense; especially where the individuals have a good address, and can explain and enforce the written and printed appeals they take with them.

'High-Fluns,' or begging letter-writers, are, it would seem, the next in order of importance, after the Lurkers. These begging letter-writers scribble false statements of their having been unfortunate in business, or suffered great losses, which have reduced them to a state of extreme distress. In London, but especially in the watering and sea-bathing places, these letters procure as much as from five shillings to one pound per day.

'Shallow Covs' are impostors begging through the country as shipwrecked sailors. They generally choose winter, and always go nearly naked. Their object in doing so is to obtain left-off clothes. . . . They have a long pitiful got-up tale of pretended distress, which they shout through the streets, of having been shipwrecked, &c. . . . Shallow Coves generally go in companies (or, technically speaking, in school) of from two to ten. There is generally one selected to be the spokesman. . . . As Shallow Coves only call at respectable houses, they often obtain a great deal of money.

'Shallow Molls' are females who, like the Shallow Coves, go nearly naked. They also adopt that mode of begging in order to obtain wearing apparel. . . . They plead long and severe sickness,

but only ask for clothes. The clothes are disposed of as soon as possible, none being ever kept for their own use. . . . I knew one of these who in ten days obtained at Kingston-upon-Thames between seven and eight pounds' worth of clothes.

'Caddozas' are 'those who make begging their trade, and depend upon it for their support. *Cadgers on the downright* are those who beg from door to door, and *Cadgers on the fly* are those who beg as they pass along the tober, (road.) Cadging on the fly is a profitable occupation in the vicinity of bathing-places and large towns. A person of this description generally gets many shillings in the course of the day. Cadging on the downright (from door to door) is, like all other trades, getting worse; but still thousands do very well at it, and frequently get more food than they can consume. . . . I have often seen food, which many working people would gladly have eaten, shamefully and wantonly wasted.'

'CADDERS' CHILDREN' (kiddies) 'are so well instructed in the arts of imposition by their parents, that they frequently obtain more in money and food than grown-up cadgers.'

'*Cadgers' Screeving.* — There are many cadgers who write short sentences with chalk on the flags, and some of them can do it remarkably well; these are called *screevers*. I have seen the following sentences frequently written by them in places where there were numbers passing by, and where they thought it would be likely to get plenty of halfpence, (browns,) and now and then a *fanner* or a *bob*, (sixpence or a shilling.)

«Hunger is a sharp thorn, and biteth keen.»

«I cannot get work, and to beg I am ashamed.»

'I have known them by this means obtain seven shillings in a day.'

'*Cadger's sitting Pad.* — Whenever cadgers stand or sit, either in towns or by the roadside, to beg, they call it *sitting* or *standing pad*; and this often proves a very profitable method. Some of them affect blindness: whilst others represent themselves as unable to follow any employment, in consequence of being subject to fits. Some cadgers save very considerable sums of money; but these are very few compared with the great number who live by this trade of beggary.

'*Match-sellers* never entirely depend upon selling matches, for they cadge as well; in fact, they only carry matches as a cloak for begging, and never offer them at any house where they expect to get more without them. . . . Match-sellers, as well as all other cadgers, often get what they call «a back-door cant;» that is, any thing they can carry off where they beg, or offer their matches for sale.

'Cross Coves, though they beg their bread, can tell a long story

about being out of employ through the badness of trade, &c., yet get what they call *on the cross*, (by theft,) . . . one of their chief modes of getting things *on the cross*, is by shoplifting, (called grabbing,) . . . another method is to *star the glaze*, (i. e. break or cut the window.)

'*Prigs* (or pickpockets) are another class of vagrants, and they frequent races, fairs, and prize-fights. . . . Like cross coves, they are generally young men who have been trained to vagrancy, and have been taught the arts of their profession in their childhood.'

'*Palmers* are another description of beggars, who visit shops under pretence of collecting *harp* halfpence; and to induce shopkeepers to search for them, they offer thirteen-pence for a shilling's worth, when many persons are silly enough to empty a large quantity of copper on their counters to search for the halfpence wanted. The *palmer* is sure to have his hand amongst it; and, while he pretends to search for the harps, he contrives to conceal as many as possible in the palm of his hand, and whenever he removes his hand from the coppers on the counter, always holds his fingers out strait, so that the shopkeeper has not the least suspicion that he is being robbed. Sums varying from five to fifteen shillings per diem are frequently got in this way, by characters of that description.'

The pamphlet from which we have made these extracts, concludes with strong and cogent reasons and entreaties for not giving, and for refusing to give alms to such vagrants. It has been circulated, we believe, very extensively in the agricultural districts by the Poor Law Commissioners; and if the recommendations it contains were attended to, and followed up by those for whose benefit the pamphlet is intended, the art or mystery, trade or profession of begging, by those who are brought up to it, would be greatly diminished, if not actually put a stop to. We do not mean to say that begging on the part of the destitute poor would cease; but begging, as a *science of deception* and cajolery, would soon fail.

Here it is necessary to draw the line, which throughout the whole of our observations we have endeavoured to keep steadily in view, between beggars from education and sloth, as well as from immoral habits; and beggars from real destitution and misery. The little work from which we have extracted the preceding observations on this part of our subject, has, of course, been confined to an examination of the

cases, habits, and conduct of the former class. But whilst their existence, if not their increase in England, is a vast evil, it is not *the* evil which presses upon the English counties; nor *the* evil to which we look with sorrow and apprehension. Undoubtedly it is a vast evil, that in a moral, Christian, and enlightened community, there should be thousands who prefer, from generation to generation, mendicity to labour, and crime to honesty. But this is an evil which belongs to all states, and which we cannot see any possible means of entirely extinguishing. The evil which is now greatly afflicting the English counties, and especially the agricultural districts, is the increase, not so much of hereditary and permanent beggars, as of persons who are really destitute; and who, in default of sufficient food, firing, and clothing, come to the resolution to 'travel,' and to earn their bread by walking from morn to night over amazing distances, and of begging by the way.

And here it is necessary to show of what descriptions of persons these new claimants on public compassion are composed, and what are the means they resort to in order to obtain relief.

No English agricultural labourers migrate for the purpose of begging, when they receive fifteen shillings per week for their wages. Very few migrate for begging from agricultural districts where the wages are thirteen shillings and sixpence, or even twelve shillings. But when the English labourer's wages decline from twelve shillings to ten and sixpence, and then fall to nine shillings, and even to seven, the labourer has but three courses to take; viz. to starve on his wages, to enter the union, or to beg. In five cases out of seven he prefers mendicity. The great reason, then, why mendicity on the part of the English agricultural labourers is increasing is, that wages are not high enough for the prices of provisions, or provisions not low enough for the price of labour.

The present lamentable condition of the agricultural labourers in at least nine-tenths of the English counties, cannot be put too strongly, or enforced on the attention of the public in too powerful terms. The continuance of such a state will

not only lead to universal mendicity, and a vast augmentation of poor-rates, but will lead likewise to the dissolution of that bond of union which ought to subsist between the labourer and his employer.

And what is the reason that the vagrant act is, in the agricultural districts, and increasingly in towns and village districts, a dead letter? How is it that the English farmers offer, yet more frequently than ever, their barns and their stables to the mendicant poor, supplying them with clean straw or hay? How is it, that when the vagrant act declares that all who wander abroad, and beg, or gather alms, or cause their children to do so, are to be deemed idle and disorderly persons, and may be arrested, brought before a magistrate and convicted, that in the agricultural districts such an expedient is hardly ever resorted to? How is it, that when the vagrant act declares that every person who wanders abroad, and trades without a license, is an idle and disorderly person, yet in the agricultural districts is never treated as such? How is it that gipsies, though rogues and vagabonds under the same act, as well as fortune-tellers, and persons living in barns, carts, and unoccupied buildings, without being able to give any good account of themselves, are yet not arrested, not taken before magistrates, and not condemned?—The reason is obvious; there is such a mass of real misery and destitution in the agricultural districts, that neither the nobility, clergy, gentry, nor magistrates, will enforce the vagrant act against occasional and non-hereditary mendicants.

But besides the agricultural destitute labourers who will not enter the unions, and who, if they did enter, would render further buildings all over the land for their reception immediately necessary, the Irish emigrants, and the English manufacturing poor have to be taken into the account. They have been incorrectly told, that the agricultural poor and the agricultural districts are not so badly off as the manufacturing poor and the manufacturing districts; and so they migrate, as beggars, from the north to the south. They migrate to the north for work. Work has stopped; labour is not demanded, and now they return from the north to the south—

but as beggars. The agricultural poor become beggars, because, with the wages they receive, they cannot live. The manufacturing poor migrate as beggars, because they have no wages at all.

Thus the tide of mendicity and misery rolls on, and threatens a vast augmentation for the future.

Both the agricultural and the manufacturing mendicants have heard of the vagrant act. In some towns and cities its provisions are partly enforced; that is to say, the policemen are stationed at the extremes of the towns or cities, and conduct vagrants through them without allowing them to beg. To avoid this, however, beggars enter towns and cities in the night, and look about in the daytime to watch the approach of their liveried enemies. A policeman in France is dressed like an ordinary man. In England, his blue coat and plated white buttons are signals to beggars and thieves by which they profit. The vagrant act, however, has to be met; for some of its provisions are extensive and sweeping. For instance, the sellers of songs, of matches, of lucifer boxes, of lace, of little books, and of a thousand other wares, in baskets through our towns and villages, are, according to that act, idle and disorderly persons, unless they have a license. Now, none of these have licenses—not one; and yet thousands are constantly moving about, adopting this form of begging by preference. If a beggar be reprimanded in England for begging, his answer is, 'I am not a beggar, sir, you see I have got some matches to sell; , or , if he has not matches, he has something else. The total stock in trade is often not worth a shilling; but so long as the man carries something to sell, even the policemen will not ask for the license.' Why is this? Is it that the English think the spirit or the machinery of the vagrant act too severe? By no means. The reason is this--no magistrate would convict these people for want of hawker's licenses in the present destitute and deplorable condition of the poor.

We promised to say something respecting the plans resorted to by the vastly-increasing numbers of English and Irish mendicants in England, to obtain alms. The hereditary and

the professional vagrants live as lurkers, cadgers, and so forth —i. e. by fraud, lying, and thieving. This is not the case with the really destitute agricultural labourers and manufacturing workmen who become beggars.

1st, They sing plaintive airs and tunes, and hymns and psalms.

2d, They walk through a town or village proclaiming aloud their wants and sufferings, but still walk on.

3d, They sing songs, and get money for singing.

4th, They play some instrument of music, and solicit aid.

5th, They address you personally at your houses, and tell their real tales of grief.

6th, They apply to you, imploring and beseeching you to purchase some little articles which they have to sell. This is their favourite method. They hate to be thought beggars, though they know they are so.

7th, They apply for work for a day, or half a day, and earn a little money sometimes for a few hours by their labour.

8th, They rush to any public works which may be opening, and offer their labour at much reduced prices in order to obtain employment and wages.

Some of them, of course, become corrupted by their new associates at the houses which receive alike all classes of vagrants who can pay for their beds and their beer; and, when once corrupted, they fall into the categories foreseen and described by the vagrant act. But there is always a very marked distinction, perceptible to every one, between the hereditary and professional beggar, and the mendicants who become so from want and destitution. In too many instances, indeed, the corruption of the young, and especially of young girls, very soon follows the first steps of a begging life; and those who would have shuddered a few months previously at the commission of even an offence, rush headlong into the perpetration of the worst of crimes.

The magistrates of England have been blamed for not exercising greater severity towards all vagrants. But if all the 'idle and disorderly' persons spoken of by the vagrant act

were conducted, at this moment, before the English justices of the peace, they would soon be unable to provide prisons and asylums for even a tithe of their number.

It has been said, that if the ticket system carried on in some unions was adopted, with some little alteration, throughout the kingdom, 'begging would receive so great a shock, and become such a bad trade, that thousands would no longer follow it, but be driven to do what they never would do otherwise—namely, work for an honest living.'

But this supposes a state of things which does not exist in England. It supposes that there is, with provisions at their present prices, labour and wages enough for all who now beg. We know that this is very far indeed from being the case; and until it shall be so, the *ticket system* would not meet, though it might mitigate, the evil.

With reference to the *ticket system*, as some of our readers may not have examined it in its details, we supply the following explanation.

The ticket system is an expedient hit upon by the Poor Law Commissioners, as well as by other enemies to vagrancy, to relieve real want, and yet provide against imposition. Every rate-payer in a parish it has been proposed to supply with a certain number of blank tickets, to be filled up by him, or her, in favour of any vagrants demanding relief. The tickets are to be addressed to the governors of the Union House to which the poor of the parish are sent to reside, and the governors are to supply the applicant with lodging or food. Some, indeed, propose that the ticket should be valid within twenty miles' distance of the spot where it was given. The author of the pamphlet above referred to, says—

'To carry out the ticket system effectually, it would not only require the sanction of the poor law commissioners, but the hearty co-operation of the guardians and rate-payers. It will be further necessary, that every workhouse be provided with apartments for the reception of tramps, and with labour for them to do; that every rate-payer be supplied with plenty of the following, or some such kind of tickets, to give to persons soliciting relief, and never give money or food; and that such a ticket be a note of admission into

any workhouse to which it may be directed within twenty miles of the person's house sending it.

'To the Governors of

Union Workhouse.

Admit

, who solicits relief in consequence of
, and charge it to the

account of the overseers of my parish.

D. B.

Rate-payer of the parish of

Dated this

day of

184 .

'On the other side of the note should be printed—'The person using this note (supposing him to go into workhouse in the evening) will be allowed a supper of seven ounces of bread and two ounces of cheese, a bed; and for breakfast, a pint of gruel and seven ounces of bread, for which he must do two hours' work before leaving in the morning. If he presents the note, or remains in during the day, he will not be allowed to go out till the morning following, and will be required to work the hours the other inmates do, and at the usual meal-times have the diet of the house. Children and the sick will be dieted at discretion.'

If the vagrant act be not enforced against the hereditary and professional mendicants of England, at least this ticket system should; and if all classes of the English people would resolve on not relieving such mendicants by any other means, their fate would be certain—they must yield. But in the present state of the agricultural and manufacturing destitute poor, who are beggars for the time being, and who are so from a real pressure of want and misery, the English people, as a nation, will not apply the ticket system to them. It will, however, be enquired, 'what right have even then 'agriculturing or manufacturing destitute poor to complain, 'when an adequate provision has been made for them by the 'workhouse system of the poor laws! and what right have 'they to refuse the relief offered them by that system, and 'become beggars?'

We have so recently defended the workhouse system, and the conduct of the poor law commissioners in enforcing it, that there is no other answer necessary on our part, than the answer of fact; viz. that there is an immense and constantly-increasing number of destitute labourers and manufacturing poor, who will not, until they have made every

other effort to prevent it, become parish paupers. They will sing, sell little wares, tell their tales of misery, and beg; and try all of these expedients before they will consent to enter the unions. Of course, in some cases, this decision is the result of indolence, but in a multitude of others it results from a love of independence

If those labourers and artisans who decide on rejecting parochial relief according to the workhouse system, and on taking to the life of vagrants, could but foresee the wretchedness, misery, degradation, corruption, and vice, to which, in so many instances, that decision must lead them, we confess we think well enough of the English working classes to feel convinced that they would come to another decision. But with this we have at present no concern. They have wages too low, or no wages at all, or the necessaries of life too dear. Something must be done, but what that something must be, we have no intention at present to discuss; as we have already stated at the commencement of this article.

(EDINBURGH REVIEW.)

THE BAGMAN'S TALE.

Some few months ago I was carried by the course of my journeys into Liverpool, to which the other members of this circuit were not expected to travel for a fortnight or three weeks. I cannot express to you the solitude of my condition. After my professional labours were over, I had no friendly circle to retire to, in which to while away the memory of the disagreeable incidents which beset the path of every person in business—and none more than persons in our calling—complaints of orders not fulfilled—want of punctuality in executing an order—apparent differences between the sample and the article sent—and other most unfounded and unpleasant observations—I had no place in which, by the kind influences of friendship and sociality, the wrinkles could be smoothed from the brow of care, and the wig, as it were, fitted on the bald head of disappointment. No—for there is no congeniality between us and the gentlemen of any other occupation. I spent whole days in work, and whole evenings in loneliness. I put up at the Saracen's Head. The barmaid was a man, and the chambermaid dreadfully ugly. In short, she might have supplied the place of the sign-board at the door, if time or bad weather had obliterated its paint. A masculine compounder of punch, and a frightful maker of beds, are the two greatest misfortunes that

can befall a commercial gent. Other things may be borne, but these are intolerable. Under these circumstances, it will not be surprising that I hailed the advances towards an acquaintance made to me by a gentleman in the next box, with no little satisfaction. He had sat in the same seat for several nights, and gradually his face assumed a more friendly expression, till when he actually spoke, we both felt as if we had already been acquainted for a long time. He was a man about forty years of age, but retaining, by a considerable effort, the appearances of youth. His hat was always set fashionably on one side of his head—his hair scrupulously brushed—his waist very much tied in by an exceedingly tight surtout, and his trowsers firmly fixed down by the help of bright polished straps. His hair was not red, but certainly not very far removed from it; his face was very fat, his eyes very small, his nose large, and altogether he gave you the idea of a person who was considerably too big for his clothes, and who, instead of enlarging his habiliments, brought matters into correct proportion by diminishing the size of his body. But the effort, though well intended, was in vain; for wherever the button allowed an escape, a protuberance was sure to make its appearance, and his figure had consequently the look of a pillow tied round with a number of strings. He opened his mouth, and smiling so as to show his white teeth, offered me his snuff-box, and said the weather was very hot. As we agreed in opinion, we resolved to prove that we were in earnest in what we said, by calling for two tumblers of cold without.

“I p’rceive you’ve been in this c’ffee-room every night for a week,” he began.

“I think you’ve hit on the extent of my sojourn here exactly.”

“Oh, by dad, I’m the wonderfulest fellow for taking notice of things!” he said. “Nothing escapes me; all my friends agree I’m the terriblest hand for keeping my eyes open.”

“Then it won’t be very safe,” I said, “to have a secret in the company of such an Argus.”

“Argus is a fire insurance; uncle Bob has some shares in

it. Oh, you don't know half the things I've wormed out of people, just by using my own quickness; I'll be bound you never met with such a fellow. Your name's Smith, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Told you so; nothing escapes me; I saw it on your bag, and asked the waiter. Smith's rather a common name, I think."

"The commonest in England."

"There — I was right, you see. You'll soon see what a power of observation I have; p'r'aps you perceive it already?"

"Yes, I think your remarks hitherto have shown great quickness. You have said the weather was hot, that my name was Smith, and that the name of Smith was common."

"What a memory you have! Now it's the only thing I fail in, that memory. I never recollect things—never could; I was always the cleverest boy in the school for getting up my lessons at home, but somehow I always forgot them when I had to say them to the master. It's a sign of genius, they say, to forget things—I do always."

"It's a misfortune," I said; "but when a man has brilliant natural abilities"—

"Ah, that's the very thing! there's no use for memory, then; but it's sometimes a misfortune, too, to have those brilliant natural abilities. 'Pon my soul, I sometimes wish I was an ass."

"Indeed!"

"'Twould be such a relief. There ain't a fellow of my acquaintance that doesn't apply to me now whenever he's in a difficulty. I'm the boy for getting them out of scrapes; there's no end of five-pound notes I've lent fellows, and given them such advice; 'pon my honour, I wish they didn't all think me so clever. They all thought I wrote 'Cicely, or the Adventures of a Coxswain,' but I didn't. It's a fact. I didn't, upon my honour."

"You mean Cecil, I suppose?"

"Exactly; but I told you I always forgot things. But it's the girls I'm such a fellow with. There ain't a girl in Liver-

pool that doesn't make me her confidant. I know the secrets of every one of them ;—'pon my soul I could make you laugh for a month."

"But is it only as confidant they employ you?" I enquired; "for though it's a very honourable post, still it strikes me to be of rather second-rate importance compared to the object of their attachment."

"You think they ain't in love with me," replied my friend; "stop till you've been a while in the town, you'll soon see whether they're in love with me or not. Some ain't—of course they can't all be—I confess that; for I hate boasting; but somehow I like to be second fiddle in these matters—I like to help people off; I daresay I've been the cause of marrying forty couples in this very town. Only last month I got William Snivett married to a girl with six thousand pounds."

"Indeed! how did you manage?"

"I took away her character, I spread reports among all my friends of what I had seen—though I never saw any thing—I shook my head mysteriously when she was mentioned, and said Snivett was a rascal if he didn't marry that poor deluded girl; her father came to me and threatened to prosecute for defamation; a great coarse beast of a fellow, a cousin from Aberdeenshire, came up to me in Lord Street, and held a stick over me, and begged me to consider myself horse-whipped; but I bound him over to keep the peace, and offered to spar with the old governor for fifty pounds; and the end of it was that the old fellow was devilish glad to hush it up, and gave his consent and all the money. They were married a month ago; and that ungrateful fellow, William Snivett, has made me write an apology in the newspapers, and threatened to kick me wherever we meet. Wasn't that a clever trick? 'pon my soul I wish I was a little stupider. Don't you think it would be better?"

"Oh no! I admire clever people of all things."

"Do you?" said my friend;—"literary people? fellows that write books?"

"Oh, of course! I think an author the first of men."

« Women! women! I mean women! We've got an uncommon stock of literary ladies in our town. Hanged if I don't know half-a-dozen myself. »

« And their secrets? » I enquired laughing.

My companion seemed absorbed in thought, and after a long pause suddenly asked me,

« Were you ever in Bristol, sir? »

« I have lived many years in the neighbourhood. »

« You have? That's all right. What a fellow I am for finding out things: there ain't such a nose in England. » He seemed so delighted with himself for having made the profound discovery, that he went on for a long time drinking bumpers and making speeches in praise of his own acumen. His egotism and vanity were very amusing, and, as he seemed very good-natured and obliging, I took rather a fancy to my new acquaintance. When we had sat a long time together, counterbalancing the extreme heat of the weather by the process I have already described, he proposed a walk into the streets before separating for the night. On a table at the door of the coffee-room was a tray filled with dirty tumblers, empty decanters, biscuit-plates, and other relics of an entertainment. The good-nature of my friend could not resist the opportunity of displaying itself.

« That poor fellow, the waiter, has got tired with his day's work, » he said. « I think I'll just carry these things to his pantry for him. It's in our way to the front door. » He accordingly lifted the tray and proceeded towards the street. My old enemy, the hideous chambermaid, hearing our steps, concluded it was somebody requiring her aid, and rushed forth from a corner with a bed-candle in her hand. But the amateur waiter not perceiving her approach, pushed against her with such force that in the recoil he tumbled fairly on his back, while tumblers, plates, and decanters fell in broken fragments on his face. He was a most hideous sight to see. Blinded with the dregs of so many jugs and bottles, and perhaps stunned with his fall and the shower of crockery on his head, he lay mute and motionless; and the waiter, on his arrival, was no less obstreperous in condemnation of his in-

trusive curate. At last my friend was raised, and on paying for all damage was allowed to depart.

“There ain’t such a fellow in England,” he said, “for handling a tray. I think nature must have meant me for a waiter; for I’m hanged if that horrid old chambermaid wouldn’t have killed any other man than me with her confounded candlestick poked right into my eye.”

I was delighted to find that he did not entertain a lower idea of his dexterity in consequence of his recent failure, and away we walked, arm-in-arm, towards the quiet part of the town. When we got to Queen Anne Street, he said, “By-the-bye, I promised to look after Sam Horrox’s sweetheart during his absence—he’s only to be away three weeks. Come down this side street, and you’ll see what a fellow I am for helping my friends.” He took me down a sort of lane, and telling me to follow his example, he climbed over a low wall, and leaped down in a little green at the back of one of the Queen Anne Street houses.

“Now hide yourself in that corner, and you’ll hear how I plead the cause of Sam Horrox;” so saying, he went close to the house and began to cough in a very marked manner, just under a window in which a light was visible.

“She’s not gone to bed yet—writing I daresay to poor Sam—how delighted she’ll be when I tell her how faithful he continues!”

“Have you heard from him since his departure then?” I asked.

“Not I; but I’ll tell her so, just to please her—Sophy!” The candle evidently was moved in the upper room—and encouraged by the symptom, he redoubled his coughing with more violence than before. The window was gently opened and a soft voice enquired—“Who’s there?”

“A friend.”

“Who is it? I don’t know your voice.”

“He wrote to me to-day—such a letter—all full of love—and told me to call on you to-night, and tell you he adored you. He’s a devil of a fellow for constancy, and, you may depend on it, he’s wishing he was here at this very hour.

What shall I say to the poor fellow in return? I shall write to morrow."

"The governor has been in a dreadful passion all day," replied the voice.

"Oh cuss him—he's a reg'lar beast! You ought to see what's said of him in the letter—'pon my soul 'twould do your heart good to see what an example is made of the old snob. What has he been flaring up about?"

"He says he hates all the Irish—and Irish officers in particular."

"Oh Lord!—he's a trump, that old scoundrel, after all. The letter is full of disgust at Irish captains."

"What letter?" enquired the voice.

"Your lover's,"—replied my friend—"he hates them all: one owes him no end of money for wine." (Sam Horrox, it appears, was in the wine trade.) "But he'll arrest him, and squeeze the soul out of him in the bankruptcy court."

"Who is to be squeezed?—I don't quite understand"—said the lady, perplexed.

"You, my dear, he's such a devil for squeezing hands."

"Who?"

"You know very well," replied my friend, "so don't come the pretty-behaved at this time of night. Tell me you are devoted to him, and long for his return—he'll be back from the London docks in three weeks."

"Is Captain O'Connor gone to London?"

"What the devil do I know?"

"Who are you?"

"Sam Horrox's friend—don't you know me?—I'm such a fellow for meetings and assignations!" At this moment the lady uttered a loud scream, the light was extinguished, and the back-door was suddenly opened. Two or three men rushed out into the little green, and pursued my friend. I luckily effected my escape over the wall, but his actions were not quite so prompt. Being somewhat heavy, and restrained by the tightness of his clothes, he was only able to jump to the top of the wall, where he lay spread across it, exposing an irresistible mark to the cudgels of his pursuers, who laid on

as if they were threshing a sack of wheat. The struggles of my friend were tremendous, and his bellowings immense. In his efforts, his garments in many quarters gave way, and at last he managed, more dead than alive, to tumble himself over the wall into the stable lane, and there he lay roaring for mercy as if the sticks were still in full practice on his ribs. But his enemies were not yet done with him. A little man climbed over the wall with great difficulty, and catching hold of my poor friend's collar, threatened him with tremendous punishment if he did not at once tell who he was, and his intentions in holding conversation with his inmates at that hour of the night. Thinking it high time to provide for my own safety, I betook myself to the Saracen's Head with all convenient expedition, and was just refreshing myself with a tumbler, when my acquaintance made his appearance.

"There ain't such a fellow in England," he said, "in getting out of a scrape—you wouldn't have managed to get away so cleverly—would you? Confess, now."

"'Pon my word," I said, "I don't see so much to boast of. You have been nearly beaten into a jelly."

"Yes, but I've escaped the police-office."

"How did you manage?"

"Why that old monster, it turned out, was the father of the wrong woman, and Sophy—the sweetheart of Sam Horrox, lived in the next house. They had been on the watch for two or three nights for some Irish captain that is paying his addresses to the young lady's fortune; and if I hadn't been devilish quick at inventing a story they would have had me before the magistrate in a moment. But I did them—you won't guess how? I'm a strange fellow, I must acknowledge."

"Can't possibly guess," I said, "you're such a wonderful person for expedients."

"Why, I offered them my card—but I hadn't any friend's in my pocket—so I told the old boy to take out his notebook and write down my address. And what do you think I told him? Why, I gave your name, old boy. Smith, says

I, lately from Bristol, lodging at the Saracen's Head. Wasn't that clever, he?"

"You atrocious scoundrel!" I said, grasping his throat, for I confess I saw so visibly the probable unpleasant effects of his story, that I lost my temper completely, "how dare you make use of *my* name in such a detestable subterfuge?"

"*Your* name," he said, almost stifled, and looking prodigiously alarmed, "it's any body's name—I said Smith—Smith from Bristol—do you think there never was a Smith in Bristol but yourself? Let me go—there's a good fellow!"

I pushed him from me with some violence—but it seemed that nothing could overcome his equanimity.

"Many fellows" he said, "would have been quite at a loss; but I'm such a good hand at management, that I put the old fellow on the wrong scent in a minute. There ain't a man in Liverpool could have made love at the wrong woman in the style I did. Horrox ought to be very much obliged to me."

"And so ought the Irish captain," I said bitterly; "he'll probably pay you his thanks in person."

"O Lord! that's nothing to what I've done in my time; but there's a great pleasure in being useful to one's friends—as you'll find in a short time."

"My dear sir," I said, "I beg to decline all your efforts in my behalf."

"Nonsense," he said, "you're bashful—and won't employ me because you haven't known me long."

"I've known you long enough to see that it is wiser to refuse your aid."

"Stuff—don't be shy," he answered, "let us sup together to-morrow, and I'll bet you you'll say there ain't such a fellow breathing for doing kind things. It's an exercise for my talents. I like to do them. You'll see before long—good night."

All the following day I confess that, even in business hours, I thought of the absurd behaviour of my new acquaintance, and the scrape he had got me into by assuming my name. On returning to the hotel, I was told that a gentleman had

been to call on me twice Just when I was preparing to sit down to dinner, the waiter announced a little fat old man, dressed in the style of a methodist preacher, with a rubicund visage, which contrasted strongly with the solemnity of his habiliments. He took a chair, and sat down near me.

• You're Mr. Smith, are you not, sir? •

I bowed.

• Living at the Saracen's Head? •

• As you see, sir. •

• Oh, then, there's no mistake, and you did me the honour of a visit to my house last night? •

I suppose I looked astonished, for he immediately added with a smile.

• Don't think I am angry in the slightest degree — perhaps I ought to apologize for the inhospitable reception I gave your companion. •

• He deserved all he got, • I said; • I wish you had punished him even more than you did. •

• Tastes differ, • said the little old man, • perhaps he thinks he had enough of it — but be that as it may, I feel highly obliged to you, I assure you, for your good opinion of the lady you visited. •

• There must be some mistake here, • I began; • the person I was with told you wrong—I never.—

• There is no mistake on the subject, • said my visitor; • my two sons are resolved on the point, and, as *they* have said it, I believe I can safely assure you that there is no mistake whatever. •

• You will allow me, sir, • I said, • with all possible respect for your sons, to inform you.—

• That you were in my garden last night, at one or two in the morning, serenading under a certain bed-room window—I know it—so you need give me no information on the point; but since we are both agreed as to the fact of your having paid us a visit, perhaps we can settle quite as comfortably here, as in our little back-green, the object of your politely stepping over our garden wall, and leaving us your address at that unusual hour. •

• I assure you, sir, I had no object whatever — I merely accompanied the person you astonished with the cudgel; he said something or other which was replied to by some young lady whom I did not see; and suddenly he was put to flight by your appearance; and of every thing else I am as ignorant as that pickled salmon. •

• It must be only a failure of your memory, sir; and my two sons, I fear, must come and refresh it. The lady you visited is at present an inmate of my house—a friend of my daughter's, sir. Since her arrival in Queen Anne's Street the attentions of an Irish captain, of the name of O'Connor, have been unremitting; and, as we have decided objections to his approaches, we were highly gratified that an English lover—a man of your quiet habits and respectable character—for I have made enquiries in quarters where you are well known—has cut out the military wooer, and I give you notice that your propositions are accepted, and that we shall most decidedly expect the pleasure of your company to-morrow morning at nine o'clock at latest. We breakfast punctually at that hour; and Sophy is of course impatient. •

• Sir, • I said, • your language puzzles me very much. •

• Oh, no! it's very plain language indeed. You have paid your addresses to my visitor. She is a friend of my daughter's—she is committed to my charge—and acting in the mean time as her guardian, I tell you that there are no objections to your suit, and that the marriage must take place within a month from this time. •

• By heaven, sir! you take a great liberty with a perfect stranger. •

• Not a stranger, • he said, • surely, when we have met before under such friendly circumstances in my back garden. But I will not detain you from your dinner. Sophy, I may tell you, has five thousand pounds, and expectations from her uncle for as much more. I beg to leave you my card, and I wish you a very good appetite for your dinner. •

I looked at the card, and saw • Trivett & Sons, packers and warehousemen—private residence, 152, Queen Anne's Street. •

I must say the pickled salmon remained untasted. I could

not imagine what the old gentleman could mean, and even doubted whether he was serious in his behaviour. One thing was very evident, that he was determined to force Miss Sophy on my hand whether I wished it or not; and such a reflection did not, of course, tend very much to raise her in my estimation. I determined at all hazards not to allow myself to be forced—no, not by all the packers and warehousemen in England—into a marriage with a person I did not know, and whose mode of yielding to one's entreaties was so very unusual. I will not conceal that there were other reasons that made the very idea of being entrapped into matrimony revolting and unendurable. Some impediments which circumstances had thrown in the way of a mutual attachment, which had subsisted for a long time between me and the niece of Mr. Spriggs—a former member of this circuit—had been in a great measure removed by the pleasure which that most calumniated gentleman had experienced in seeing his character placed in its proper light by the biography of him which I read not long ago to this society. He had written to me in the kindest spirit, and had even allowed me no very indistinct hopes of an early interview with his niece, and, in fact, with the realization of all my desires. He had given Miss Black permission to receive my letters, and I was in daily expectation of an answer to one I had sent her since my arrival in Liverpool. The idea of allowing myself, therefore, to be bullied in the way proposed by Mr. Trivett was inadmissible, and I made up my mind to treat any effort made to ensnare or force me with the indignation it deserved. I was engaged in these reflections when the waiter came up, and asked if it would be to join me at the table safe for Mr. Skivers? I said. "Who is he? By all means let him come in. Can it be a challenge? I thought; if so, I shall soon set this Mr. Skivers to the right-about." But in the midst of these reflections, my friend of the preceding evening walked up to where I sat, looking anxiously round at the other boxes, to assure himself that none of the Messrs. Trivett were in the neighbourhood.

"All right, I see," he said. "I'm such a fellow for knowing the way to give impudent fellows the slip!"

• It's a sort of knowledge, sir, I wish to heaven you would teach me,• I said, feeling very angry at seeing the individual who, I could not doubt, was the cause of all my embarrassment.

• That's right,• he replied, not perceiving the severity of my speech ; • you'll learn an immense number of things from me. I knew you would see I was an extraordinary sort of fellow before you knew me long ; and I think I may now say I've done your business.• So saying, he held out his hand and shook mine, as if he was congratulating me on some very great piece of good fortune.

• Waiter,• he said, «bring in the kidneys and a bottle of port-wine ; we have a great deal to do to-night, and had better victual the garrison. »

• If you mean, Mr. Skivers,• I began—

• Oh, sink the Mister ! Call me Tom. My name's Tom Skivers. »

• If you mean, Mr. Skivers, to include me in the number of people who have much to do to-night, or think you will persuade me to climb over any more garden walls.—

• And get walloped with any more cudgels, eh?• he added ; • gad, how the old walking-stick rained on your back ! But you shouldn't mind things of that kind. I've had a stick across my own back before now. »

• I beg to remind you, Mr. Skivers, that it was *your* back was the sufferer, not mine. And as to your having had sticks laid on your back, I can only say I'm not the least astonished, and moreover should not be much surprised, if my own cane took a fancy of the same sort. »

• 'Pon my soul, it does me good to meet with a man that enters so fully into the spirit of my behaviour. You think you've seen one of my cleverest performances ! Lord bless ye !—laughing at old Trivett, and escaping so neatly, was nothing to what you'll see yet. This very night I'll show you a masterpiece. But here come the kidneys. »

The man's good-nature was so imperturbable that it was impossible to continue angry with him long. We supped very amicably together, and rapidly emptied the decanter. I

was not without some curiosity to discover what the masterpiece was he calculated on showing me, and I questioned him on the subject in a way that I fear led him to believe that I was one of the most ardent of his admirers.

«I'll tell you what it is,» he said, «there's no use talking about it. I'm a man of action, and never waste time in words. Waiter, bring in a bottle of champagne. I always feel my genius brightened by a bumper or two of the sparkler.»

The waiter did as he was ordered, and proceeded to unroll the silver paper, and untwist the wire from the cork; but Mr. Skivers, who allowed no opportunity to escape him of showing his ingenuity, seized the bottle, and gave the cork a tremendous turn with his finger and thumb—a service which in such hot weather, and with such an effervescent beverage, was by no means required. The whole contents of the bottle spurted out in every direction, bestowing most of its attentions on the face and clothes of a respectable gentleman in the neighbouring box, who was instantaneously blinded by the shower, and only recovered his breath and eyesight, when Mr. Skivers (in the hurry of the moment, throwing the bottle among the tea-things of another quiet-looking individual in the box on the other side) began mopping his coat and countenance, to the manifest astonishment and perplexity of the object of these polite attentions.

«There never was such a hand at making a cork fly as I am!» exclaimed Mr. Skivers, while engaged in rubbing down his victim. «Waiters and people like that are generally so awkward. But I've a knack at most things, and opening a bottle is one of them.»

«Waiter!» cried the gentleman in the other box, who was evidently a Welshman from his accent, «py Cot here's a tevil of a strimmatch! The tea-pot is all proke, py Cot, and te hot water squirted all over my face. I'll stick the fork in the powels of the rascal that played the trick.»

«There isn't another fellow in Liverpool could have shied it so neatly,» said Mr. Skivers, looking round in a state of amazement at the Welshman's non-approval of so admirable

a performance. "Bring another bottle, waiter, and don't be so confoundedly awkward again."

Harmony, after a few words of explanation from me, was restored, and the waiter was allowed to perform his functions in peace. The sparkler, as he called it, seemed to have an inspiring effect on Mr. Skivers; he became prodigiously kind and attentive to every person in the coffee-room; and as he was really a good-hearted fellow, he made various efforts to sooth the ruffled tempers of the gentlemen who had suffered from his intromissions with the champagne. He lifted one of the candles from our table, and placed it on that of the gentleman whose face had suffered from the froth, who had quietly resumed the perusal of the *Times*, and was evidently deeply intent on the leader.

"Poor fellow, he's not very young now, and hasn't light enough!" he said to me. "Another candle will help him amazingly, and we can see quite well enough to drink. I'm always finding out ways of being useful."

Before however, he had time to sing his own praises much further, the old gentleman jumped up with something very like an oath, and the paper was in a flame. He threw it from him in immense alarm, and the whole double paper, in a state of complete conflagration, was floated into the Welshman's box, and unfortunately alighted on his head. In an agony of fear, and giving utterance to the most astounding cries and imprecations, he rushed up the coffee-room in a blaze; but Mr. Skivers got to the sideboard before him, and emptied the contents of an enormous jug, which was unluckily filled with beer, upon his head, and when the unfortunate gentleman succeeded in throwing off the burning paper, he found himself deluged and nearly blinded with the excellent double XX, for which the Saracen's Head has been long renowned.

"You owe your life to me, sir," said Mr. Skivers. "If it had not been for my presence of mind, I'm hanged if the other gentleman wouldn't have burned you to death; but there never was a man so ready as I am. I don't think there's another chap in Liverpool would have been so handy with the jug."

• Py Cot, I shall reward you for this if I live another day! • said the Welshman, grinding his teeth with rage.

• A medal, or piece of plate, of course, • replied Mr. Skivers. • Well, I don't care if you give me a small token; but if I were you, I would not allow the incendiary in No. 4 to escape. •

• Sir, • said that gentleman, out of breath with his alarm, and the violent efforts he had made to contain his anger, • you came and maliciously placed a candle beneath my newspaper, and might have set fire to the whole house. I will prosecute you for wilful fire-raising, if it cost me a thousand pounds. •

• You're a set of ungrateful fellows, • said Mr. Skivers, returning to where I had sat, an astonished spectator of these extraordinary events, • and I've a great mind never to lend a friend a candle, or extinguish a fire again, as long as I live. Waiter another bottle of champagne, and tell those two men to make less noise. That Welshman ought to pay for the beer, and the cups, and tea-pot. •

The two gentlemen left the coffee-room, probably to take legal advice, and Mr. Skivers, filling up a bumper of the sparkler, said—• Now, tell me candidly, if you ever saw such an ingenious chap as I am in your life? •

• In getting into scrapes, I never saw your equal, • I answered.

• And out of them, too? Oh, by George, I've too many brains! I sometimes wish I had fewer—but it's impossible. You'll see this very night. •

• Haven't I seen enough? • I asked. • I assure you I'm quite satisfied. •

• Enough! You've seen nothing yet; but at twenty minutes past twelve to-night—then I'll astonish you. •

• Why do you delay your performance so long? •

• She can't get ready before. •

• Who? •

Mr. Skivers winked in a very knowing manner, and ordered a third bottle of champagne.

Those we had already drunk had had their usual effect. I

was not nearly so much disinclined for an adventure as I had been before supper ; and as I had finally made up my mind about Mr. Trivett's 'astonishing proposition, and knew that in this free and enlightened country no man can be married against his will, I gave a loose to my spirits, and was in a short time nearly as frisky as my friend.

« She's an affectionate creature, » he said, « and so dreadfully clever. She ought to marry a schoolmaster—but some fellows are lucky and some aren't. I'm a famous fellow for saying pithy things. »

There was no denying the truth of a proposition so pithily enounced, although, at the same time, I did not quite see its application.

« I hope the luck you talk of, » I said, « is experienced in your own person ; for up to the present time, what with buffets, and breakages, and cudgellings, you've been rather unfortunate. »

« Me!— I never was unfortunate in my life ; and 'pon my soul, I b'lieve if I were to lay myself out for it, I might have my choice of all the girls in Liverpool. »

« But you've fixed on this clever one? »

« Lord bless you, she fixed it herself! The moment I talked of a post-chaise she offered to get ready her carpet-bag, and would be shockingly disappointed if any thing occurred to hinder the expedition. »

« Then, I hope nothing will occur, for disappointments of that kind are very difficult to bear. »

« Why— bless me! » he said, opening his eyes in astonishment, « how the deuce can any thing occur when I am near to make every thing straight? Haven't I told you that the whole matter is under my management? And I must candidly confess that there isn't a fellow anywhere so good at arranging an elopement. »

« An elopement! Why, what are you going to do? »

« Make a poor girl happy. » he said. « She has been sighing for some time. She's such a one to talk, and write, and paint flowers, and play the guitar, and work Daniel in the lions' den on the top of footstools. And, besides all that,

she's very fond of literature, and has written a book, 'The Loves of Diana,' a romantic poem; and, if it weren't that she's rather little, and has a squeaky voice, and one leg a little longer than the other, and something the matter with one of her eyes, and some pimples on her nose, and a complaint of the spine, and rheumatism in her wrist, and is thirty-nine, and has no money, I'm hanged if there would be a prettier girl than she is in England."

"She must be a prodigious beauty," I said, laughing.

"Oh, for them that look only to the intellect, she's perfection! I made the declaration to her this morning before breakfast. I told you I would show you what a genius I had before long—and, at twenty minutes past twelve, you'll be really amazed at my cleverness."

"But how am I to be a witness to it?" I enquired.

"By seeing it with your own eyes—don't be the least alarmed. To make every thing secure, I am going to drive the carriage myself. We shall take the railway at Preston, and post on from Lancaster. Nothing can be nicer; and, as I have no particular business, I really think it's the best thing I can do."

"But still I don't see," I said, "how all this can help me in appreciating your abilities."

"Why, won't you see it all? How the deuce should you be able to judge of it unless by looking on, and observing how admirably every thing is managed. You'll be inside, beside the lady, of course—but you'll be able to look out of the window. There never was such a fellow, I really believe, with such a fund of talent! I am actually sometimes astonished at myself."

"I don't the least wonder at it," I said; "but who is the lady all this time?"

"Come now, that's too bad," said Mr. Skivers, darting his forefinger facetiously into my ribs. "You've kept in your gratification very well, but don't try tricks on travellers. I saw you knew my secret from the very beginning."

"Pon my honour, I never suspected your secret—I knew nothing of your plots—and even now——"

"You never heard of Miss Towsey, perhaps — Theodosia — does that make you start? — called for shortness Dozy — and that makes such a pretty little name altogether, Dozy Towsey. It rhymes too, and that's just the thing for a poetess. So, now that the murder's out, my mind's at rest, and I see by your face you'll not be the cause of the poor girl's losing her journey."

"Why, if sitting beside her is all that's required, and you manage to drive expeditiously to Preston, I don't much care."

"The railway will do the rest. So now wrap yourself in a cloak — put your neckcloth up to your mouth, and your hat over your eyes, and let us be off. The poor creature is perhaps waiting for us already."

We finished the last bumper of the sparkler, and proceeded through a considerable portion of the town, and at last stopped at the entrance to a country-looking lane, on the road to Wavertree; and Mr. Skivers, as usual, began his serenade of coughs and spittings, as if he were a representative of sore-throat.

"What a deuce of a nuisance!" he said — "only look there! some person is giving a party in this lane, and half a dozen carriages are at the other end. How are we to find out our own? and how is Dozy Towsey to escape observation? Now, other fellows would despair under these circumstances, but you'll see how I'll manage." He left off his amatory exhortations, and went forward to reconnoitre. There was a great collection of flies and hackney-coaches, and among the number he could not distinguish the one he had ordered to be in waiting. Following at last a low whistle, which I took as a signal for my approach, I came up to him, and perceived by his side a very diminutive female figure wrapped up in a large cloak. The night was very dark. On seeing me, he placed the lady under my protection, who clung to me as if in great agitation, but said nothing. I was equally silent. Another low whistle brought us up to where Mr. Skivers had at last succeeded in discovering his vehicle, and opening the door himself (for, in fact, the driver had left his horses) — he pushed us in, and mounted the box. Before,

however, he had time to apply his whip so as to get his horses into motion, we heard a prodigious scuffle in front, and in a short time our friend was seized by the leg by a brawny-looking man, in a large coat and glazed hat, and pulled most mercilessly from his seat in spite of his utmost resistance.

‘I’ll teach ye to be a playing your tricks on my osses, I wool,’ said the man—‘I’ve a mind to knock your brains out,—or steal this here coach and them ‘ere hanimals.’

‘Let go my leg!’ cried Mr. Skivers, ‘you’ve split my trowsers with your infernal tags:—it was only a mistake after all; I thought this was my carriage.’

In the mean time he had scrambled down, partly voluntarily, and partly by force, and fell flat on the road just under the wheels. The successful charioteer mounted the box, and my friend twirled and twisted himself from his dangerous position just in time; for on a man coming out of the house nearest to where we stood, and crying in a loud voice, ‘Mr Trivett’s carriage!’ the coachman cracked his whip, and chirped to his horses, and inveigled them into a trot—‘Mr Trivett!’ I thought—‘here’s a concatenation of events!—the man in the whole world we had most reason to avoid.’—The little woman in the mean time clung so close to me, that I could hardly move. We pulled up at the little iron gate, and standing in the doorway, waiting for their carriage, I distinctly recognized my peremptory visitor of the morning, accompanied by a tall strong thick-whiskered man, who I concluded was one of his sons, and two ladies so enveloped in their cloaks that I could distinguish nothing either of their face or figure. At this moment both doors of our coach were opened. The driver storming like a demoniac at me when he perceived his unexpected fare, and Mr Skivers at the other, pressing us to retreat or all was over—we lost no time in bundling out, and fortunately the carriage he had really secured, was close at hand and ready to receive us. We sprang into it, while Skivers mounted the box, after whispering to us that he knew he had astonished us with his admirable abilities in all possible ways, particularly in

descending from a dicky—but rapid as we were, we did not effect our escape without being discovered. On the first roll of our wheel I heard the well-known voice of Mr Trivett calling me by name and ordering our charioteer to stop on pain of death. But Mr Skivers handled his whip with amazing dexterity, and all that was left for our pursuer was to order his jarvey to follow us wherever we went, and not to let us out of his sight for a moment. We were soon trotting gaily along in country roads; and as I felt assured that the tired animals in their street-coach could not possibly follow us above a mile, I began to enjoy the absurdity of the adventure, and turning to my companion asked her if she was alarmed.

“Near you,” she said in a languishing voice, “it is impossible to fear. The mind, directed by its sentiments to its true impulses, is unconscious of the agitations of ordinary nature, when expectation is fulfilled and hope is merged in realization.”

As I did not quite understand what she meant, I tried her on other subjects.

“Mr Skivers has been very active in his preparations,” I said.

“Words will always be inadequate to express the obligations he has laid me under; and though till this hour I never heard your voice, I think I may confide the sensibilities of my spirit to the sympathizing breast of a gentleman who has given me so convincing a proof of his regard. The female temperament, modified by circumstances of time and education, varies in various individuals. In me openness is the greatest characteristic—openness as expressive of mental power; and, therefore, I can have no hesitation in throwing myself unreservedly into the arms of the object of my choice.”

“He’s a happy man!” I said, wondering, at the same time, at the mutual attachment of two such extraordinary beings.

“Yes, he is a happy man—his talents I know, and of his reverence of literary pre-eminence I have the surest proofs. Oh, how little did I think of this blessed moment when I

used to sit playing the guitar to an open window in Pomegranate Lodge!

"Is that near here?" I asked.

"Near here—'tis on the Bath road, one sweet half-mile from Bristol; but whenever we are together there is Pomegranate Lodge—so it is near, yes, in my heart!" She took my hand and placed it on the portion of her body where she said her heart was; and probably that was the situation it had chosen, for there was certainly nothing else. I drew away my hand.

"You're cold," she said.

"Far from it," I answered, "I find it oppressively hot, and, if I knew the road, I should offer to change places with Mr. Skivers."

"When I say you're cold, I mean mentally; whence this apathy?—this cold indifference? 'Tis not what I expected on a journey of this kind. I expected a glance of flame, a soul of fire."

"I can only apologize for your disappointment," I said, "by reminding you that this *tête-a-tête* is quite unexpected on my part."

"And you are oppressed with the unwonted nature of your position; but be oppressed with feelings of uncertainty no longer. I am yours!"

"Mine, madam? 'pon my soul, you amaze me!"

"Do I? You did not know then the strength of thy Theodosia's mind, how infinitely her genius raised her above the formal pedantries of ordinary life. When I love, 'tis with my whole soul! and I fling myself on your bosom, certain of awakening a response to my own trusting, loving, burning sentiments."

"This is a scene that Mr. Skivers never led me to expect," I said.

"Nor me," she replied; "he led me to anticipate a different behaviour—he painted you sighing—dying! Could I resist the description?—could I forget the looks you had cast on my window at Pomegranate Lodge."

"I never knew such a place in my life."

“Ah! I know—these things you say to try me!—but tempt me not too far—the authoress of the ‘Loves of Diana’ can dip her pen in satire; but no—do you deny that you are filled with admiration of literary talent?”

“No, I do not deny it.”

“That you have loved me ever since you read my ‘Diana’—that you burn to possess a treasure so invaluable as me—all these things were told me by Mr Skivers; he found out that you were the same Mr Smith who used to watch my cottage, and listen to my music in the neighbourhood of Bristol, and he immediately devoted himself to annihilate both time and space, and make two lovers happy; and he has succeeded—has he not?” She again bumped herself violently against my breast, and I confess I did not know what to answer.

“I must really try to stop Mr Skivers.” I said at last, “and I shall walk back.”

“Back! back!” she cried, in a dreadfully shrill voice, “with ruined prospects, blighted hopes, and damaged reputation! I have two cousins in the militia—

“If you had five hundred in the yeomanry, I must still insist on leaving you. Stop, Mr Skivers! stop!”

But Mr Skivers was too busy flogging his unfortunate cattle to attend to what I said. Even Miss Towsy’s ejaculations, which were not unlike a railway whistle, were scarcely audible; but it struck me the highest notes of her voices must have reached him, for he turned round, and bellowing out, “Screaming there!—draw it mild, Mr Smith!” continued his flagellation of the exhausted horses. My situation was now quite intolerable. My romantic and literary companion could not be persuaded it was a mistake of her friend Mr Skivers, and that some other Mr Smith ought to be in my place. She continued, sometimes trying to coax, and sometimes to bully, till, losing patience entirely, I made an effort to open the door, and fling myself in desperation out of the carriage, although it was going at a rapid pace—the poor animals being excited to unusual exertions by the perpetual swearing and encouraging exclamations of the driver. While in this

wretched predicament, I suddenly felt a tremendous jerk, which sent me, with all my weight, on my little companion, who was at that moment in the midst of a moving appeal to my sensibilities; and I perceived that we were overthrown, but how it had been managed it was too dark to allow me to see. Mr Skivers had run against one of the long troughs at the door of a wayside inn, at which the horses are watered—the wheel had come off in the concussion, and we were cast suddenly down to the ground; but the charioteer was not so fortunate—he was propelled from his elevated seat with great force into the trough, which happened to be full of water, and as I have explained to you that he was of a very stout configuration, it will not surprise you to be told, that he fitted so closely between the sides, that it was almost impossible to pull him out. The people of the inn came to our aid with lights, and were no little astonished at seeing only a pair of very thick legs projecting, from their watering-trough, and hearing a voice half choked by the water bellowing for assistance. Miss Towsy was lifted out and laid on a sofa. Mr Skivers, the moment he was released, shook himself like a Newfoundland dog after a swim, and I was in hopes he was at last a little crest-fallen after so many misadventures.

“It ain’t every one, I can tell you,” he said, “could have driven round that corner in the way I did. Many fellows would have upset the coach altogether; but I was always a famous chap for handling the ribbons. Hark! by Jupiter there they are.”

“Who?” I asked.

“Who? why, the Trivetts—don’t you hear their wheels? That old blackguard has brought his walking-stick to a certainty. I’ll go and attend to poor Miss Towsy. I’m afraid you were a little too brisk, and have been too much for the poor girl’s spirits.”

“Brisk!” I cried, getting into an uncontrollable rage when I reflected on his behaviour. “What do you mean by playing off such a trick on me?”

“What trick?” didn’t she tell me a Mr Smith from Bristol

was in love with her? And didn't you tell me you were from Bristol? But I'm off—I hear that old murderer crying out for us to stop! And in a very few minutes, the carriage containing our pursuers pulled up where I was standing, and Mr Trivett immediately jumped out, and was shortly after followed by his son.

“I was afraid, Mr Smith,” he said, “you were under a slight mistake, and ran off with the wrong lady.”

“You happen to be quite correct, sir,” I replied; “but at the same time I entirely deny your right to interfere in any way with my proceedings.”

“Do you deny, sir,” enquired Mr Trivett, in a very determined voice, “that you are an engaged man?”

“You have no business to make the enquiry,” I replied; “and whether I am engaged or not, all I can tell you is, that it is not to the young lady who made such tender enquiries as to the absence of Captain O'Connor.”

“She has given up the captain,” he said, “when I explained who you were, and stated the very flattering proposals you had made——”

“I made no proposals whatever, sir.”

“When I stated the very flattering proposals you had made,” he continued, not minding my interruption, “she agreed to accept you at once.”

“She is very condescending,” I said, “especially to a person she has never seen.”

“Pardon me,” he replied; “she saw you as you leapt out of the carriage—she sees you at this moment; for she accompanied us in our pursuit, and, in fact, urged us to it by every argument in her power.”

“It strikes me, sir, that the Liverpool ladies are people of a very extraordinary kind. I was run away with to-night by one woman against my will, and another seems determined to marry me whether I will or no. May I see this lady, sir?”

“See her!—to be sure. Come out, my dear, and go with Mr Smith into the inn. I knew he would listen to reason, and prevent our having recourse to more disagreeable mea-

surfs. The lady, on this invitation descended from the carriage, and walked in silence by my side into the par-room, in which lights were still burning. When she saw we were alone, she threw back her cloak, and I saw before me the radiant countenance and laughing lips of my own Sophy Black! I need not say how great was my astonishment; but I checked my raptures on remembering how very particular she had been, in her conversation from the window with Mr Skivers, in her questions about the Irish captain.

She seemed to guess something of what was passing in my mind, for she immediately proceeded to explain. The object of the gallant officer's attentions was Mr Trivett's daughter; and as she was of course the confidant, and as in duty bound, entirely in favour of the lovers, she had acted as representative of her friend in receiving the messenger—as she considered him—of Captain O'Connor. Her surprise was great on perceiving it was a stranger, and of so extraordinary a kind as my friend Mr Skivers. On the following day, she soon recognized me from Mr Trivett's description, and as that gentleman's suspicions were raised by the visits of Captain O'Connor, she strengthened his belief that he was her admirer; and by that means, and by hurrying the party in pursuit of me, had left a good opportunity for the lovers to elope on this very night. Nothing could be more satisfactory, and I gained from her own lips a declaration that her happiness was now made complete, by the full approbation of my esteemed friend, her uncle, Mr Sprigge. On Mr Trivett's summoning us to the door, he perceived at a glance that matters were all as he had wished; and felt now assured that his rest would no longer be broken by defending his premises against the intrusion of the followers of the captivating visitor, whom her uncle had committed to his charge. "Get in, get in!" he said, "and let us get back as quick as possible—my daughter will be anxious about our return. You jump up beside the driver, Bill, and let Mr Smith come inside; we shall explain matters as we go."

And by dint of bustling and hurrying he soon got us safely into the carriage, and on the full trot on our homeward way.

I confess I forgot entirely both my friend Mr Skivers, and my late companion Miss Towsy. I was too much absorbed in the happiness of my position to think of anything else. But my attention was suddenly called ~~to~~ ^{back} my own situation, by the most appalling shouts and squallings proceeding from the back of the carriage. The coachman stopped, imagining he had run over five or six people in the dark, so prodigious was the noise. I jumped out, and in a moment recognized my friend Skivers seated on the hind part of the carriage, and writhing and jerking as if he were insane.

« You had better get off, » I said.

« I can't, they're sticking into me. »

« What do you mean? What is sticking into you? »

« The pikes—I'm like a prison-door, all studded over. I feel glued to the seat. »

I helped him down. « How the deuce did you get there? » I said.

« Why, I jumped up to be sure, to make my way back to Liverpool; there ain't such a fellow in England for jumping, and now that I'm down, I think I'm not very much wounded after all; the points are very blunt. 'Pon my soul! what a clever thought it was to leave old Dozy Towsy in the lurch, and get back at the old cannibal's expense! I don't think there's a chap in Liverpool would have sat so neatly on the pikes—do you think there is? Confess, now, I'm the cleverest fellow you ever saw in your life. »

I need add no more—a month ago, I was made happy with the hand of Sophy Black. I'm now engaged in winding up some of the concerns which my unexpected good fortune had forced me to leave unfinished; and if there is one regret that mingles itself with my perfect satisfaction, it is in thus putting an end to my connexion with this society, and my labours as historiographer of the Northern Circuit.

(BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.)

THE NURSE'S SONG.

BY

THOMAS B. SHAW.

I am weak, I am lean, I am old — old,
I am weak, and my blood is cold;
But ye know not the Power, nor the glowing Pride
Of the Nurse's mysterie;
As she sits,
In the gloom, by the Sick Man's side!

In the Miser's heart so chill — chill,
Blazed the torch of the Fever-Thrill;
And I listened with glee to his praying moan,
Half mumbled peevishlie;
As he thought
How no mercy he had shown.

• O, they lie in the coffer deep—deep,
• Gem, Bond, and golden heap:
• And my spendthrift son — • I laughed, for the Grave
Will brook no usurie!
And I thought
How the Nurse her share would crave!

Then the old man's eye grew dark — dark,
And his withered fist ye might mark,
How a Key it strained in its wavering grasp,
In death's extremitie;
And I thought
How its clutch I could soon unclasp.

Next eve the old house was bright — bright,
With torch and taper-light,
And it glimmered and rang with the shout and the glare
Of drunken revelrie;
And I knew
That the old man's Ghost was there!

Ere cock-crow I sat by the bed — bed,
Where the Miser's breath had fled;
And I chuckled to see how the Spendthrift lay
In his mortal agonie,
And I knew
That his Sire he'd join ere day!

Good Lord! how he grinned and swore — swore,
As the Poison gripped him so sore,
«How like ye the bowl that your Leman true
«Hath spiced so craftilie?»
And I laughed
At his lip so writhen and blue.

«The hand of that Lady fine — fine,
«Were softer,» I whispered, «than mine,
«But 'tis playing with the locks of a Gallant fair—
«Thy dearest friend was he:
«And they laugh
«As they talk of the Miser's Heir!»

I am weak, I am lean, I am old — old;
I am weak, and my blood is cold:
But ye know not the Power, nor the glowing Pride
Of the Nurse's mysterie,
As she sits
In the gloom, by the Sick Man's side!

TO ***

BY THOMAS B. SHAW.

I saw the sun-beams, o'er the sea-edge peeping,
Chase night's blue shade along the ocean-brim,
Calling each mountain-top to life, and creeping
Faintly among the greenwood alleys dim:

«And so my heart,» said I,
«First dared its cherished secret to confess;
«A joy whose language was a sigh,
«A dawning happiness.»

I saw the great sun in his glory burning,
Like God's own altar, in the midmost sky;
I marked his light to pearl and diamond turning
Each drop of dew, with wondrous alchemy:

«And so my love,» I said,
«Upon my noon of life shall calmly shine,
«And on its simplest act shall shed
«A solemn light divine.»

I saw at evening the cloud-squadrons muster,
Round the red sun, to herald him to rest:
Far o'er the wave there gleamed a line of lustre,
A kingly pathway to the purple West:

«And so,» thought I, «ev'n so,
«The Evening of our life shall glide away,
«Lit with a warm and tender glow,
«No transitory ray.»

I saw the moonlight its soft magic shedding
Along the windings of a quiet stream,
Paler than day, yet lovelier; and spreading
O'er all around a still and holy gleam:

And so, on to the grave,
As glides that moonlit water to the sea,
Our life shall glide—the joys that *Rapture* gave,
We'll find in *Memory*!

HOURS IN HINDOSTAN.

BY J. R. ADDISON.

THE TANK.

It is not an unusual practice in Bengal to bring up the children of your servants under your own roof, and, training them to servitude from their earliest age, make them, as soon as they are old enough, parts of your establishment. Natives thus brought up are not only found to be in general the best servants, but also the most attached. The wife of Tom Saunders, a good-hearted fellow, who lived in Writers' Buildings, had reared from extreme childhood the daughter of an old *ayah* (a nurse), who had died in her service. The girl thus brought up was about fourteen years of age when I first visited the family; and certainly, if ever I saw a beautiful native, she was the person I should have pointed out as that being. Her manner was mild and modest, her form perfect. Her love for her mistress was a something bordering on adoration; no wonder, then, that Mrs. Saunders prized her almost as her own child.

Some of my readers may not be aware that the Writers' Buildings of Calcutta stand in a part of the town called Tank Square, from the circumstance of the centre being occupied, like St. James's Square, in London, by a noble reservoir. As we have no pumps in the metropolis of Bengal, and few wells, the water used formerly to be taken from the river, and car-

ried in goat-skins by the *beestees* (water-bearers) to the different houses of their masters. When, however, Calcutta began to increase in size, this was found a terrible inconvenience, some parts of the city being nearly a mile from the stream; so, in course of time, they formed the present tank, about a quarter of a mile from the river, which supplies more than half the town with water.

One day, when I called on Saunders, I was rather astonished to hear that many natives, some few animals, together with several inanimate objects, had lately and unaccountably disappeared from the neighbourhood, and that on the preceding day the body of a black man had been discovered in the square dreadfully mangled, evidently destroyed by some ferocious beast of prey. The marks of the wound did not correspond with those which could have been inflicted by a jackal's tooth; nor was it possible, even in its most dreadful state of starvation, that such an animal would dare to attack a human being. A tiger could scarcely be in the city unknown. What animal, then, could thus have fallen upon and destroyed the unfortunate man? It was a question which every one asked, but no one could solve. Considerably mystified, I left the house, promising to call on the following morning.

In compliance with my pledge, my palanquin jolted up to Writers' Buildings next day. The family were in a state of agony and terror beyond my power to describe. Jumma (the girl of whom I have already spoken) had disappeared. She had left the house at five in the morning to draw some water for her mistress; since that hour (it was now three o'clock in the afternoon) she had not been seen or heard of. To suppose she had wilfully deserted from the service of her she loved so well, to fancy she had been persuaded to elope, was beyond belief. Her fate was wrapped in mystery. Like a true Englishman, I instantly suggested that she might have committed suicide; not that she had any cause to urge her to such an act; but, as this dreadful crime more often arises from sudden madness than any premeditated scheme, I could

not help thinking that the poor girl might have destroyed herself during an attack of temporary insanity.

Saunders instantly sent *punes* (messengers) off in all directions ; but each returned, after a short search, without hearing of the unfortunate Jumma. As a last resource, by my advice, it was settled that on the following evening the tank in the middle of the square should be dragged. I agreed to superintend the operation, and accordingly repaired to the spot at the time appointed.

At least a hundred men were in attendance with drag-nets, not of small meshes like ours, but strong and large ones, made of very thick cord. The signal was given, and the sweeping commenced. For a time nothing opposed their exertions. At length a jerk, a sudden plunge almost tore the nets from their hands. The natives stood aghast, as they were fully aware that there could be no large fish in this reservoir ; but, by dint of scolding, and the offer of an extra sum, I persuaded them to drop in still stronger tackle, and continue to drag the pond. It was soon evident that they had something extraordinary in their power, which, if allowed to remain longer in its proper element, might manage to get away. I therefore desired them instantly to haul the captive they had made on shore. This they did after some difficulty. No word can describe the alarm of the poor Indians, or my astonishment on finding that they had entangled within their nets an alligator some fourteen feet long !

How this animal could have got into the tank was, indeed, a puzzle to every one. That it should have been generated in this pond was highly improbable ; that it should have existed for so long a time (it was at least six or seven years old,) undiscovered, was almost impossible. Yet the only other position was equally astounding, namely, that it had crawled through half the town, and travelled unseen from the river to the reservoir. On these heads there was a general difference of opinion ; which party was right Heaven alone can tell. Suffice it to say, that the monster was soon despatched, and taken out of the nets. He was cut up before us all. With sickening horror I looked on ; but when I saw

a human arm dragged from its inside, when I beheld, and actually recognised the bangles of poor Jumma still encircling it, I could bear no more. I had not even courage to communicate the fact to Saunders. I jumped into my palanquin, and darted off to the fort, sick, and disgusted in body and mind.

THE SNAKE-CHARMER.

I confess, when I heard that the snake-charmer had arrived in the cantonment, I was quite delighted. Curious beyond measure to behold a specimen of his powers, I repaired early to the Commandant's, where I had agreed to breakfast, and afterwards became one of the spectators of his attempts to entrap, by fascination, some of these reptiles. It had long been suspected that Colonel E——'s garden was infested by more than one of these dreaded monsters; we therefore repaired thither, where we found the juggler awaiting us. The man had nothing extraordinary in his appearance—nothing attractive in his eye or manner. He was as common looking a native as I had ever seen. To what caste these people belong I know not; I rather suspect a very low caste.

When we entered the enclosure, we at once desired him to set about his task, which he did thus:—He placed himself immediately in front of the hole in which one of the serpents was supposed to lurk, placing at the same time a *kedgerceepot* (an earthen jar) near him, and desiring his assistant to cover the reptile with it on a certain signal being given. He then took from his *kummerband* (sash) a small pipe, which he instantly began to play on, in a style which, I confess, seemed to me anything *but* likely to *charm*. Its noise was that of the smallest and shrillest-sized fife, only differing from that instrument in being played upon at the end, in the same manner as a flageolet. The tune he performed was monotonous and disagreeable.

For about ten minutes, the piping of our juggler, which he accompanied with strange contortions, had no effect, and we

were once or twice on the point of turning away, when he entreated us by his looks to remain, and watch the result. At the end of that time we could see, by the fixedness of the man's eye, that he saw his victim approaching; in another instant the head of a large cobra capella peered from the hole. We naturally shrank back. The charmer, however, seemed rather delighted than dismayed as the monster emerged from its earthy home. Presently its whole length appeared. A more magnificent snake, I had never seen; and I must admit that it seemed fascinated by the juggler, who now slowly retreated a few paces, to show his power. As he moved, the serpent moved; when he stopped, the serpent did the same. The eye of the snake seemed magnetically riveted on that of the charmer, depending on, and watching his every movement. The man assured me afterwards that, had he ceased to play for a single instant the cobra capella would have sprang on him, and destroyed him. I certainly never saw anything more curious; but I must confess that the very close proximity of this death-dealing monster was by no means pleasing to my feelings.

When the man (followed at about five yards' distance by the snake,) arrived at a smooth spot in the middle of the garden, he suddenly squatted down, and began to play louder, and more energetically than before. The animal paused for a moment, then raising itself, stood upright, reared on its tail, in the same position as that which it often assumes previous to making the fatal spring. Imagining this to be the case, a trembling shudder went round that portion of the party who had never before witnessed a similar exhibition. The old hands, the regular *Qui Hi's* (a nickname given to Bengalees,) stood perfectly unmoved. They were aware of what was about to follow. The snake, thus painfully poised, began a sort of bounding up and down, keeping its eyes steadily fixed on the musician, almost in time to the tune he was playing. Europeans, who have never visited British India, may doubt the fact; but those who have been in the East will bear me out in the truth of the following assertion. The cobra capella actually danced for several minutes on its tail, appa-

rently charmed with the uncouth music the juggler was playing. In the meantime the native boy stole round, and on a certain signal given by his master, suddenly dropped the *kedgeree*-pot on the snake. A strong, waxed cloth was passed under it, drawn up, and tied. The fatigued musician got up, saluted to the company, and carried his captive into the house, where he had several others similarly imprisoned. In about half an hour the same thing was repeated with precisely similar effect. Out of the four snakes said to lurk in the garden one only escaped his fascination; and this one failure he ascribed to the presence of an evil eye amongst our followers. Even in these remote parts the same superstition respecting the 'Evil Eye' exists, that tinges the minds of half the students in the German Universities.

The next exhibition of his powers was given in the hall, when certainly he performed tricks and wonders, which I shall not, however, set down. Had I not seen them I should not have believed them; I cannot, therefore, expect that my readers should do so, and will not risk my reputation for veracity by relating them.

Being desirous of seeing a combat between a snake and its inveterate enemy, the mungooze, (an animal similar to the ichneumon of Egypt,) I requested the charmer to exhibit a fight of the kind. He instantly consented (as every one of these men carry not only snakes, but mungoozes with them,) and led us out into the compound—the field attached to almost every house in cantonments. Having expressed our fears lest any of the party might be injured by the reptile, he proposed that the exhibition should take place under an enormous pheasant-coop of worked wire, which was lying unused in the court-yard. This arrangement was acceded to, and, at our suggestion, the snake first taken in the morning was selected for the encounter. The mouth of the vessel in which he was enclosed was placed under the edge of the coop, and the covering suddenly withdrawn. In a moment after, the cobra capella darted out. The *kedgeree*-pot was then taken away, and the edges of the pheasantry let down. During two or three minutes the monster poked his nose all round

the enclosure, evidently wishing to escape ; but, finding this impossible, he quietly coiled himself up, freeing, however, his magnificent head from the folds, and remained in a sort of listening attitude.

Presently the man produced the mungooze, and let him in to his adversary. Never was I more surprised. This was the first time I had seen one. I had expected to behold a somewhat powerful opponent. Never could I have fancied that so small an animal would have dared to cope with serpents of the largest and deadliest kind ; such, however, was the case. The little creature, which now sniffed round the edge of the coop, was about half as large again as an English rat, of a mottled colour, with small red eyes, and would have been a very ugly animal had it not been for its tail, which was long, and bushy in circumference near the centre, almost as large as the little body to which it was attached. For a time the mungooze ran about without going direct up to the snake, which, however, having perceived its tormentor on its first entrance, had prepared to give him battle. Suddenly the tiny creature, which seemed to be little more than a single mouthful to its adversary, saw the snake, and without hesitation ran at it. So apparently unequal a contest I never beheld. The cobra capella had reared itself, and spread out its hood, a sort of fleshy cape it inflates when irritated, and which has given rise to its designation. The marks round its eyes resembled a pair of spectacles. Its marble-stained scales seemed all alive, as it raised itself some three feet high to meet the attack of the little savage, whose fiery eyes seemed suddenly to glow like red-hot cinders as it rushed towards its mighty enemy, and bit it. The snake darted at it, squeezed it, inflicted its dreadful wound, and then drew itself back. The mungooze was evidently disabled. Faint, and almost dying, it retreated. Many of us fancied the battle over, and regretted the untimely end of the courageous little beast. After limping about for some minutes, and even lying down with exhaustion, the mungooze began to poke its nose in the grass. What it swallowed none have ever been able to trace, though large rewards have been offered for the discovery.

What the herb is which this little animal partakes of, none can tell, but certainly its effects are miraculous; for, no sooner did the creature imbibe the sought-for antidote, than it suddenly recovered its pristine strength, and again attacked the serpent. This scene was re-enacted no less than seven times; each time the cobra appearing weaker and weaker, till actually tired out. The mungooze at length succeeded in catching the monster by the throat, and destroying it, to the surprise and admiration of all present.

To those who have not seen the manner in which goats are trained to play almost every trick by these men, it is extraordinary to witness the docility and intelligence they exhibit, performing some of the most curious and difficult gymnastics I ever saw attempted.

The final triumph of the juggler consisted in his attempt (which was crowned with success) to discover a thief who had hitherto eluded detection. Well might it be said,

«Finis coronat opus.»

In this case certainly it was well borne out. He left us most strangely impressed with his ability and powers, having extorted from an unsuspected robber a full and voluntary confession. His mode was most simple. He called for some dry rice, over which he performed sundry rites, and uttered several prayers. He then drew up every servant in the Colonel's establishment in a row, and giving each a handful of rice, desired them to chew it, informing them, in the most cool manner, that Vishnu would instantly point out the culprit by withholding from him the power of grinding the rice between his teeth. If he attempted to do so, one of the many arms would instantly annihilate him. He therefore called on them, one and all, to try their powers of crunching, promising that the thief should thereby be convicted, and the innocence of the others be made manifest. We naturally smiled at the simplicity of the test, little expecting that the result would prove satisfactory. How surprised were we, then, on seeing the snake-charmer walk straight up to one of the bearers, and instantly challenge him to spit out into a plate

the rice he had been vainly trying to chew. The man hesitated; his muscles seemed suddenly to collapse, and his sable countenance turned pale. In less than five minutes the unhappy wretch was on his knees, confessing his various depredations and embezzlements. The rice was untouched by his teeth, and however much we chose to laugh at the superstition, we could not help admiring the scheme which had thus extorted from the culprit a confession of his guilt.

I have since seen the same experiment tried to discover a thief, and, strange to relate, never knew it fail.

A SUTTEE.

This act of self-sacrifice, which was formerly a frequent event, and is often spoken of in England as an every-day occurrence in India, has now become so rare, that I did not hesitate to go and see a ceremony of the kind, which was announced as about to take place, although I had to travel nearly forty miles by "Dawk Baugy" to reach the spot, where it was to be consummated. Never did I pass a more unpleasant night than that in which I suffered myself to be jolted about in a palanquin across a detestable country. For I ought to state (in case my reader is not acquainted with this mode of travelling,) that journeying by "Dawk Baugy" is nothing more nor less than posting per palanquin, with four bearers, almost stark-naked, wearing only a very small covering to avoid absolute indecency, a turban on their heads, and a small pad on their shoulder, carrying you along at the rate of about four miles, or four miles and a half, an hour, a relief of the same number running beside them, to take the burden in turn at the end of about each mile and a half.

To travel in the day-time would have been to risk my life. It is true, I have often seen my fool-hardy countrymen do so, but I have ever myself looked upon such an act, unless on an occasion of life and death, as a deed of extreme folly or madness. What man in his proper senses, may I ask, would box himself up in a machine, little better, little

larger than a wadded coffin? (the ordinary length of a palanquin being eight feet, its breadth three, and depth about the same). Who, I ask, in such a wooden case would choose to jolt about for several consecutive hours under a sun, which darting on the *out*, soon causes the *inside* to glow like a baker's oven? And yet I have occasionally seen Europeans dance about Calcutta in one of these living sepulchres, till the wretched bearers have almost fallen from fatigue and heat!

On the occasion I now speak of, I travelled by night; but, alas! I gained little by it. Not a breath of air was stirring; the musquito flew in, and stung me; the beautiful fire-fly flitted about like a fiery star, while some parts of the jungle through which we passed seemed actually alive with them; the bushes appearing as a mass of brilliant and shining light. I could hear the screeching jackal, and more than once fancied I could distinguish the cry of the *•Fayho,•* which filled me with dread, as he is the constant companion of the tiger. As we passed along, our lights—for the four relief-bearers carried torches to frighten the wild animals, and direct our course,—occasionally scared the wild dog, who fled howling away. Birds, disturbed from their roosts, flew hooting over us. An exclamation now and then from my supporters would tell how fearfully they had beheld a snake in their path, or received a sharp puncture from a quill ejected by some alarmed porcupine. However naturalists may differ on this subject, I can positively affirm that these little animals have the power of shooting their quills forth when enraged or frightened. In the island of Ceylon I once saw the leg of a native severely wounded by one. In Bengal the porcupine is more rare, and less ferocious. But to return to my story.

Unable to sleep, unrefreshed by a single breath of air, I marked all these annoyances with terror and disgust, and inwardly vowed (unless most especially compelled to do so,) never again to travel per *•Dawk Baugy,•* The hours seemed interminable. It was in vain I attempted to court slumber. The monotonous song of the bearers sounded more gloomily than ever in my ears. Every disagreeable thought that had

ever rankled in my mind arose in dread array before me. No wonder, then, that I uttered an exclamation of joy, as they lowered my palanquin at the door of James M'Phail, an indigo-planter, who resided close to the place where the suttee was to take place.

It was just daybreak, but I found my friend up and stirring, doing the honours of his house to a large company of Europeans, who had come to behold the strange ceremony. Amongst others were a local judge, and another magistrate, who had ridden over officially to try and dissuade the wretched fanatic from immolating herself, and had brought with them two companies of sepoy, and their officers; to protect her, should she consent to forego the dreadful rite. The British orders on this head are most clear. The authorities are forbidden to interfere, or forcibly prevent the suicidal immolation of a religious enthusiast, who chooses to destroy herself on the funeral pile with the dead body of her husband; but at the same time they are commanded to be present, to urge the unhappy victim to avoid the dreadful sacrifice, and, in case of her consent, to promise her defence and support from the Government. A sufficient force is also marched to the ground to overawe and prevent any opposition by the natives, should the infatuated female relent from her fell purpose, and throw herself on the protection of the British authorities. After making an excellent breakfast, and taking half a dozen whiffs at the hookahs our host had provided for us, we sallied forth. We were just in time. The pile was placed in the centre of a large field. It was about twelve feet square, and four feet high. Every species of dry wood had been made use of to form it. The outward parts were of far more solid branches than the centre, which I could evidently see was filled up with brushwood and small twigs; so that when the edges were lighted, and the victim rushed to the centre, she would at once sink amidst the flames. The corpse of her deceased husband lay bare upon the pile, surrounded by his relatives as well as her own, who stood close to this part of the scene, uttering alternate lamentations and songs of joy. The players on the tom-tom (a sort of small noisy drum) were

seated on the opposite side ; the Brahmins and faketers stood at the head. A crowd of at least a thousand natives surrounded the inner ring, into which, as Englishmen, we boldly entered. Our sepoy's were drawn up at about two hundred yards distant, so as to show our power, but at the same time to prove our determination not to interfere, unless called on to do so.

Presently a hackary came creaking into the field, surrounded by religious men and women of all classes and orders, shouting, singing, and throwing flowers and aromatic powder under the feet of the oxen that drew the cart, and on the person of the female who sat inside it. It was evident that they were mad from excitement, or drunk from opium. Their gestures were frantic, their cries terrific. At length the hackary arrived beside the ring ; and the young girl sprang out of it. She was not above fourteen, and certainly one of the sweetest-looking natives I ever recollect seeing. The British judge instantly went up to her, and drawing her aside, energetically remonstrated with her on her wickedness and folly in thus sacrificing her life. She would scarcely hear him out. She was, I verily believe, more than half intoxicated, and seemed to pant for the coming moment, anxious to prove her unshaken constancy to her late husband, as well as desirous of showing her courage. Flying, therefore, from the magistrate, she rushed towards the Brahmins, who quickly handed her on to the pile, and, giving her a lighted torch, began a sort of chaunt, accompanied by the tom-toms, whilst they and others lighted their brands. Suddenly a signal was given, and the suicide herself threw her burning torch into the furze, which as instantly ignited. She then began to sing furiously, madly, dancing about on the fatal pile. At the same instant, her friends and the priests of Brahma set fire to it in every direction. The flames arose—I could still see the victim throwing herself about in every attitude of joy and triumph. At length the fire touched her, and human nature triumphed—I heard her distinctly scream. It was all that I was allowed to hear from her ; for at that moment every tom-tom, every instrument, every voice was raised as loud as possible, undoubt-

tedly to drown her cries. It was evident to me that agony had sobered her, and that she not only shrieked, but even attempted to escape her doom. But it was now, alas! too late. The crowd pressed close to the pile, and we were quietly, but effectually, squeezed out of the ring. I could still see the flames rising majestically from this pagan altar, and could, I fancied, hear the cries of the devoted victim; but it was, alas! now out of our power to assist her. She had refused our succour,—we were bound not to interfere. I turned away with an aching heart, and returned to Mr Phail's residence.

I visited the spot next day; the grass was burnt up where the pile had stood; nothing else betokened the sacrifice, or indicated the exact place where I had beheld the «suttee.»

(BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.)

THE CHEMIST'S FIRST MURDER.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD, ESQ.

... « I know not how to begin the story, » said the chemist, sighing heavily, while a slight spasm passed over his sorrowful face ; « but when I used to poison people— »

« I can't accept that for a beginning, » said I, interrupting him. « Your conscience is over-nice, too sensitive and suspicious by half. Begin, in plain, honest English, ' When I was a chemist—' »

« It means the same thing, » he answered. « The people in Albania, you know, always commence their stories with ' When I was a thief. ' »

« So might some of us in England, who belong to what Sydney Smith calls the undetected classes of society ; but you never heard a lawyer, when settled in his easy-chair, opening a narrative of the past with ' When I used to ruin half the parish, ' nor do retired members of parliament, referring to past periods of legislation, preface their anecdotes of patriotism with ' When I practised bribery through thick and thin. »

« You speak, » returned the chemist, sadly, « of people wiser than I am ; people who can very well bear their own reproaches, so long as they can contrive to escape the world's. But enough of this. When I was a pois—Well, then, when I was a chemist— »

« That's it—now go on. »

. . . . At that time London had the Byron fever. But London contains many Londons, and they all had it with greater or less virulence. Thinking and thoughtless London—those who read much, and those who never read anything—the large-souled, the little-souled, and the no-souled—every one took the infection. It became quite the fashion, all of a sudden, to *feel*. Iron nerves relaxed, hearts of stone broke to pieces inwardly. There might be some who did not know what to think—yet these could of course talk; and there might be a few who, from long-established habits, found it quite impossible to get fast hold of a feeling—still they could shed tears.

Society became a sponge, soaking up those briny showers of the muse, which only descended faster and faster, and the big rain came dancing to the earth. Young men wept until their shirt-collars fell down starchless and saturated; young ladies, sitting on sofas, were floated out of the drawing-room window into the centre of Grosvenor-square; and I verily believe that if those cantos (but they were not yet in existence) which found some little difficulty in making their way into families, *could* have got into a needle's eye, they would have extracted a tear from it.

For the ladies, however, I do not answer positively—I can only vouch for the condition of my youthful brethren. You might have seen them with the new volume—bought, mind—not borrowed; with the volume itself, not an American broad-sheet that had pirated its precious contents; with a wet copy of the first edition, not a smuggled, sneaking, cheating, French version; with this volume of world-enchancing wonders tenderly grasped, you might have seen them hurrying along the street, stopping every now and then, and just opening it so as to peep at the mighty line within—then hastening on a little way, repeating the half-dozen words that breathe—just read, until they were breathless—then, burning with curiosity for the passionate revelation, they would glide down a gateway, or shelter themselves at a shop-door, to dive a little further into the sea of thought, bringing up a pearl at every dip.

The sensation with which these young people first read—

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child?

constituted an epoch in their lives. It did in mine. That third canto was my first rock a-head. I never knew one bottle from another afterwards. All drugs became alike—merged into a drug. I hated Apollo in his connexion with physic, but I worshipped him in his poetical divinity. I did not aspire to write verse—my appreciation of it was too enthusiastic, exalted, and intense;—to read it, to understand it, to recite it silently, accompanying myself on the pestle and mortar, was sufficient ecstasy.

By degrees, rather rapid, the pestle and mortar accompaniment was omitted. I abjured all practical superintendence of the affairs of "the shop." I regarded with a scorn that bordered on disgust the people who visited it, with prescriptions testifying to their miserable and innately vulgar concern for the welfare of their bodies—I longed to read them a favourite passage or two, prescriptive of mental medicine. A sudden burst—

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go,

startled the matter-of-fact applicant for an ounce of that strengthening medicine; and an involuntary application of the ever-recurring line,

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child?

would elicit from the simple girl who came for hartshorn, the explanation, that in general it was, "only mother's is swelled."

Disgust naturally came in time, and with it, as a matter of course, total inattention to "business." Add to this the fact, that I was possessed, in the person of an apprentice, of one of those things called "treasures"—in short, a precocious genius—and it will readily be understood that a few mistakes in the mixing of medicines would occur every now and then.

Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared, inscribed in gold letters upon purple glass, neatly framed, figured in the window; and no doubt care was taken to prepare as many as might be presented; but the lad had unhappily an expe-

rimental turn, and he was always for throwing perfumes upon Dr. Somebody's violets.

When he had no particular ground for guessing how an improvement might be effected, he would hazard an alteration for the sake of change, just to keep his hand in; and the bottle to the extreme right, or the drawer to the extreme left, or the jar next to him, had an equal chance in these cases of being resorted to. The effect was sometimes to heighten, to an alarming degree, some peculiar influence delicately infused by the learned prescriber, and sometimes to neutralize altogether the essential principle of the prescription.

"Men have died from time to time," says the poet, "and worms have eaten them—but not for love." Can this be said of physic?

At that time, however, I heard of no disaster: Men died doubtless, and worms dined. This was perfectly natural. At the worst, if any mysterious case obtruded itself, and the death of a patient followed immediately upon his taking a new lease of life from the verdict of a physician, there was always the convenient broken heart to fall back upon. Broken hearts were then as plenty as blackberries.

"And some," says Manfred, pleasantly enumerating the various disagreeables whereof people perish—

And some of withered or of broken hearts,
For this last is a malady that slays
More than are numbered in the lists of fate.

We always used to set down any little inadvertence to the inevitable malady, the broken heart. A wrong medicine perhaps produced a very embarrassing and equivocal turn in the disease,—which came after a little while to look like a totally different complaint—and having an odd appearance with it, it was clearly a case of broken heart.

(The chemist groaned heavily, and appeared to labour under an attack of conscience.)

It was all very well while the mischiefs that arose, either from my own deliberate neglect, or the apprentice's speculative genius, were uncertain and obscure—so long as the body

of the victim was not laid right against the shop-door. But alas! a case occurred one afternoon—

(The speaker stopped at the very threshold of his confession, but after swallowing a glass of water, his faintness vanished.)

I was in the little apology for a parlour behind, reading the fourth canto, when the treasure of an apprentice, quitting his place at the counter, came to consult me upon something doubtful, either of quantity or ingredient, in a prescription just presented for preparation. I was in the heart of an enchanting, a soul-enchaining stanza. I had got to the line—

Though I be ashes, a far hour shall wreak
The deep prophetic fulness of this verse—

when in he broke with an impertinent, an intolerable inquiry. I answered, in the flush of my excitement, any thing—I named an ingredient or two for the compound off-hand, and bid him vanish—resuming the passage, and completing the stanza—

And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse,

All medicines, however mixed, seemed weak to that idea. Prussic acid could not, so it appeared to me, have kept pace with such poetry. Its effect upon my mind as I read was, to make the most dangerous and deadly poisons appear perfectly contemptible, and not worth the care and trouble of weighing them out in mere half-ounces!

But suddenly, after a little time, an idea stole darkly across my mind of drugs compounded, and pills delivered;—of an intrusion on the part of the young genius of the shop, an order given by myself in articulate and peremptory words, and medicines consequently mixed up!

But what a medicine was amongst them—and in what a quantity!

Oh, no—the thought was a frightful one to be sure—but it was only momentary! A horrible suspicion, an agonizing fear, an appalling flash—but it was too acute, too withering to last, and it was over. I sought again the fascinating spell of the poem—And I have loved thee, ocean!—Oh! Rome,

my country! — "There was a sound of revelry by night."

How! the spell failing! Passage after passage, that had never failed me before! Yes, it was in vain to attempt to read—in vain to affect the abstracted, the meditative mood. The dark, strong, subtle Thought would thrust itself into my brain, and hold down every idea that struggled to ascend to that more removed ground.

A sudden dash into an opposite extreme is sometimes effective in these cases; so I got up, walked about, and whistled considerably out of tune. But the horrid Idea took a tighter and more burning hold, and seemed to twist itself round my brain like a red-hot wire, as if it would never loosen again on the cool side of madness! I ceased whistling and walking about, flung myself into a chair, seized the magic volume, and opened it at the irresistible page—

Is thy face like thy mother's—?

Mine, as I glanced up at the little glass opposite, was like a maniac's. The likeness of the dreadful Thought was there—the form of the scowling and distorted Suspicion was over it—and it seemed to have remoulded all my features, and my very eyes could not recognise their own reflection in the mirror.

I dashed down the book—that broken wand of the enchanter—and rushed forward to learn the worst;—which was precisely what I *did* learn!

(Here the chemist swallowed another glass of water, and applied his handkerchief to his forehead.)

The customer was gone—so was the prescription—so were the pills. I elicited from my treasure of a lad a *verbatim* report of the instructions I had given, the medicine I had named, the quantity ordered—and I stood with the feeling of one impaled, just for a minute longer, to learn distinctly from his lips the deplorable but indubitable fact, that he had scrupulously and religiously observed my diabolical instructions. It was enough. By the force of my sensations, which I had hitherto struggled to suppress, I seemed to be literally shot out of the shop; and in thirty seconds was a consider-

able distance from the house, flying up the crowded thoroughfare insensible of impediments, and yet finding leisure to scrutinize every passenger's face, utterly unconscious that I had never beheld the features of the luckless being whom I sought.

Then back again I darted in the opposite direction, seeking the unknown, as if it were my own soul that had slipped from me, and inwardly offering as I went, worlds per minute, for the discovery of the lost man. All this time I was equally unmindful of the circumstance that he had been gone an hour, east, west, north, or south—I knew not—any more than I should have known his visage had I beheld it before me.

Frantic still, but breathless and exhausted, I returned. The tale was repeated, word for word—various bottles, their labels and contents, were anxiously inspected again and again; as though there were some remote possibility of a latent chance of mistake. There could be none—there *was* none. The stranger had most certainly gone away, bearing with him a box of pills, whereof, by a most pitiless direction inscribed upon the lid, he was to take two daily.

“Heaven!” I exclaimed, “be merciful to the Doomed One—he has but eight-and-forty hours to live! Four of those pills would carry destruction, certain as a gun-shot, to the heart of an emperor, or the pulses of a serf. Neither Turk, Jew, infidel, nor heretic could escape.”

“That’s as sure as death,” remarked my young treasure.

And as I turned to look upon the speaker, I thought I saw in his eyes the gloomy light of the condemned cell, and his voice had a harsh and grating sound, like the opening of the debtor’s door at the Old Bailey.

That night I wandered about the Park, shunning every body, yet peering as far as my fears allowed me into every face, expecting to see “poison” written there. What happiness past expression to have encountered the stranger—now, now—before bed-time! What an unspeakable relief to conscience, to be able to trace him out, to warn him of his peril, and avert his else inevitable fate! But this was hopeless! My thoughts ranged over all the consequences—the

speedy death—the searching inquiry—the prompt detection;

I well knew, to be sure, all the time, that the world is amazingly indulgent and charitable on all these occasions—I was aware that the public verdict universally agreed to in these cases of mistake, is that nobody on earth is to blame, and that the individual whose inadvertence proved fatal, is a person well known and greatly esteemed for his peculiar carefulness.

I was conscious that the chemist, so far from being deemed culpable, would most likely obtain, through the medium of the shocking occurrence, a character for caution that he never possessed before.

But this to me afforded no consolation, no hope of a respite from the pangs of remorse, and the sentence of the law. The tramp of horses and the rolling of wheels in the distance, sounded like the rattling of fetters. The night grew dark; the rays of the moon looked no brighter than the grating of a dungeon; and at length, as a sable cloud hung over the white vapour round it, there appeared to my affrighted eyes the image of a black cap upon the wig of justice.

Next day, I gathered courage enough to take an eminent physician's opinion as to the effects of such a medicine—two pills at a time until the box was empty!

His judgment was clear and final. The patient could not live to take a tithe of them.

I went to another distinguished authority with my supposititious case—he was equally distinct and undoubting. Four of them would have carried off Methuselah in the prime of life!

I returned home—to dinner.—Dinner!—The cloth resembled a large weekly newspaper, with wood engravings, faithfully representing the culprit as he appeared at the bar on the day of trial. At night I slept, indeed; but a jury of twelve well-fed Londoners were sitting on my stomach, determined not to retire because they were agreed upon their verdict.

Every hour, after the second day, I expected to hear of the inevitable calamity. I pictured the sufferer dying—I pic-

tured him dead. Then I recalled him to life, by that stomach-pump process by which the imagination in its extremity works, and felt that he might possibly survive through the third day.

But at length I *knew* he must be dead—and now for the revelation. Was he a son—a father? His relations would never permit him to perish so, without an inquiry. Was he married—would his wife be taken up on suspicion of having poisoned him! Was he a resident anywhere in the neighbourhood—and should I myself be summoned upon the inquest? Every question had its separate sting. Of ten thousand daily speculations, each inflicted its own excruciating torture.

But days rolled on—sunrise, noon, sunset, night—all regularly came round—and brought no discovery. Not a shocking occurrence, not a horrible event, was to be found in the journals, morning or evening.

It appeared, just at that time, 'as though the wheels of the world were rolling round without running over any body. In the vast crowd of society, not a toe was trodden on. Either the reporters were dead, or fatal accidents had gone quite out of fashion. It is true, that no stranger, during a whole fortnight, set his foot within the shop without throwing me into an ague-fit. It is true, that throughout the same period, my eye never fell upon man or woman clad in mourning, without turning to a ball of fire in my head, with the consciousness that it beheld one of the bereaved and injured relatives of my innocent victim. Still no sign of detection came; and although my bitter self-reproaches continued, my horror of the halter began considerably to abate. When——

(Here the chemist once more paused, and raising, not a glass, but a tankard of iced water to his lips, his disturbed countenance totally disappeared for a few minutes.)

——One afternoon as I was standing in a more tranquil mood at the farther end of the shop, gazing at the chimneys of the opposite house, and inwardly murmuring,

• Is thy face like—•

I proceeded no further with the apostrophe, for at that in-

stant my treasure of an apprentice flew to my side, crushed one of my toes under his thick shoe, and compressed his whole volume of voice into a soul-awakening whisper, as he said,

• This is *him*! •

Him! I immediately looked at the object so ungrammatically indicated.

There stood before me a tall, gaunt, sallow-visaged man of forty-five. His eyes were dull, and his jaws were thin. He looked like one who had suffered, whether abroad or at home, much sickness—had exposed an iron frame to severe trials in strong and searching remedies—had borne their effects well, and lived on in hope of a cure. There he stood—who was he? •

The treasure, in whose eye there was a ray of satisfaction, darted a significant glance at me, which seemed again to say, • This is *him*, • as he bent forward a little, over the counter, to ascertain the customer's wishes.

• Young man, • said the stranger—

His lips were quite dry, and his voice very hollow—

• Young man, observe me! •

Here he looked intently into the treasure's face, and continued with peculiar impressiveness—

• You prepared me some pills lately—I see you have not forgotten—some pills, I say—look, here is the prescription! Ah, you recognise it. Yes, it was you indeed who served me. Pray, mind then what I say. Let me have *another* box of those pills: *exactly*, mind, *exactly*, like the last; for never did I procure pills anywhere that did me half so much good! •

• Your story is interesting, • said I, encouragingly.

• I am no judge of that, • returned the chemist with a sigh; • but it is true. •

(NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.)

MISSIONARY LABOURS AND SCENES

IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

By Robert Moffat.

The grand avenue to the interior of Africa leads from the Cape Colony : it is easy of access, and commanded by the British nation. In this opinion, which we have been always disposed to maintain, we are now fully confirmed, by the perusal of Mr. Moffat's interesting volume. The hard and boundless plains of the Cape Colony, scantily clothed with vegetation, have awakened a roving disposition in their pastoral inhabitants, and taught them how to face all the dangers and difficulties of long journeys. Hence it is, that the traders of the colony think nothing of travelling 1,200 or 1,500 miles into the interior, where they spend a year or more at each visit, bartering with the natives. Nor is this kind of adventure confined to a few ; there are, perhaps, not less than 200 persons in the eastern division of the Cape Colony at present engaged in traffic with the interior. But at what distance is the probable limit of these trading journeys ? Where will they stop, or how far can they reach ? To these interrogatories we can only reply, that at the farthest point hitherto reached by these expeditions (in the vicinity of the southern tropic), there is no visible impediment to their further progress. Open plains, less naked and barren than towards

the south, still invite them onward, and from the natives they uniformly experience friendship and hospitality. Onward, therefore, we doubt not, they will continue to march.

But in the meantime, Christianity and civilization have struck deep root on the southern frontiers of the indigenous nations. The Batlapis, about 150 miles north of the Orange River, are now laying aside their savage manners, and patiently submit to missionary training. They read the Scriptures in their own language—an advantage which they owe chiefly to Mr. Moffat. Now it is observed, that the language of the Batlapis, which is at present taught grammatically at the missionary schools, extends, with slight variations of dialect, for many hundred miles through the interior, and is akin to all the languages of Africa, that of the Hottentots excepted, south of the equator. Indeed, the family of languages here referred to, extends several degrees, probably, beyond the equator in the interior of the continent, and as far as Camaroons on the western coast. In a few years, therefore, we shall have an adult generation of Batlapis trained in the missionary schools, and disposed to associate with Europeans, while their language and traditional acquaintance with native customs, will still enable them to engage in easy intercourse with their wilder brethren. These people, who are great travellers even in their present condition, and have explored the interior some hundred miles beyond the line reached by Europeans, will doubtless derive fresh courage, as well as curiosity, from knowledge, and will effectually aid us in penetrating to the hitherto inaccessible regions of equatorial Africa.

But before we indulge in speculations on the ultimate results of missionary labours in South Africa, we must give some account of their early progress; or rather we must follow the career of Mr. Moffat, from his first entrance into the wilderness, till he succeeded in planting a garden in the midst of it. In 1817, our author commenced teaching among the Namaquas in the desert north of Cape town, and in the following year, removed to the northern side of the Orange River, to the huts of Africaner, a Hottentot chief, once the terror of the Cape farmers. The society of wild Hottentots and

outcast Malattoes, offers little that is agreeable, and nothing can be more dull and monotonous than the every-day life of the desert. Speaking of a journey in the bush, our author observes:—

“Some may think that this mode of life was a great sacrifice: but habit makes it much less so than they suppose. It is true, I did feel it a sacrifice to have nothing at all to eat, and to bind the stomach with a thong to prevent the gnawing of hunger; and thus, under these circumstances, to break the bread of eternal life to the perishing heathen. Water was in general very scarce; sometimes in small pools, stagnant, and with a green froth; and more than once we had to dispute with lions the possession of a pool. My meals consisted frequently of a glass of milk in the morning, another at noon, and a third at night, either sweet, sour, or curdled; for the Namaquas had not the art of preparing it in the manner of the Bechuanas, which will afterwards be described. I had frequently pretty long fasts, and have had recourse to the ‘fasting girdle,’ as it is called; on more than one occasion after the morning service, I have shouldered my gun, and gone to the plain or the mountain brow in search of something to eat, and, when unsuccessful, have returned, laid down my piece, taken the Word of Life, and addressed my congregation.”

The wild beasts, to be sure, are lively, entertaining creatures, and we occasionally meet with a pleasant anecdote respecting their adventures. Take the following for example:—

“On our route homeward we halted at a spot where a novel scene once occurred, and which was described by an individual who witnessed it when a boy. Near a very small fountain, which was shown to me, stood a camel-thorn tree (*Acacia Giraffe*). It was a stiff tree, about twelve feet high, with a flat, bushy top. Many years ago, the relater, then a boy, was returning to his village, and having turned aside to the fountain for a drink, lay down on the bank, and fell asleep. Being awake by the piercing rays of the sun, he saw, through the bush behind which he lay, a giraffe browsing at ease on the tender shoots of the tree, and, to his horror, a lion, creeping like a cat, only a dozen yards from him, preparing to pounce on his prey. The lion eyed the giraffe for a few moments, his body gave a shake, and he bounded into the air, to seize the head of the animal, which instantly turned his stately neck, and the lion, missing his grasp, fell on his back in the centre of the mass of thorns, like spikes, and the giraffe bounded over the plain. The boy instantly followed his example, expecting, as a matter of course, that the enraged lion would soon find his way to the earth. Some time afterwards, the

people of the village, who seldom visited that spot, saw the eagles hovering in the air; and as it is almost always a certain sign that the lion has killed game, or some animal is lying dead, they went to the place, and sought in vain, till, coming under the lee of the tree, their olfactory nerves directed them to where the lion lay dead in his thorny bed. I still found some of his bones under the tree, and hair on its branches, to convince me of what I scarcely could have credited. The lion will sometimes manage to mount the back of a giraffe, and, fixing his sharp claws into each shoulder, gnaw away till he reaches the vertebræ of the neck; when both fall; and oft-times the lion is lamed for his trouble. If the giraffe happens to be very strong, he succeeds in bringing his rider to the ground. Among those that we shot on our journey, the healed wounds of the lion's claws on the shoulder, and marks of his teeth on the back of the neck, gave us ocular demonstration that two of them had carried the monarch of the forest on their backs, and yet come off triumphant.

The great desert situate between the countries of the Namaquas and Bechuanas, has been hitherto always described as impassable. Yet we find that it has been crossed by our author; though, unfortunately, his account of his journey over it is little calculated to satisfy geographical inquiries. Several rivers flow into that desert with a westerly or southerly course, and what becomes of them? Do they reach the Orange River? We may infer, from our author's silence, that they do not; but we should have been better pleased to have had his positive testimony on that point. The following description exhibits to us a total change of scene:—

Our course lay principally on the north side of the Orange River. Though we journeyed on the banks of a river in which there was abundance of water, and though the country was well inhabited, we suffered afflictively from thirst, as well as hunger; few villages being on the north side of the river, along which we travelled. We were sometimes compelled to scramble over rocky passes in the hills, only a fit abode for baboons, which were as plentiful as they were impudent. At other times we had to cross the river, to avoid the mountains on the opposite side, which arose, in the wildest grandeur, from the water's edge. On reaching the waterfalls, we were kindly received and treated by a Coranna chief, called Saul, (to whom I shall have occasion to refer when treating of the Bechuana mission), and there we halted one day. He had visited our station, and felt exceedingly thankful for the kindness I had shown him. I was glad of this renewed opportunity to preach, and he was glad

to hear again the messages of Divine grace. The Orange River here presents the appearance of a plain, miles in breadth, entirely covered with mimosa trees, among which the many branches of the river run, and then tumble over the precipices, raising clouds of mist, when there is any volume of water. We proceeded on our journey, and entered a valley covered with a species of mimosa, the thorns of which resembled fish-hooks. "The windings of the river sometimes flowed through immense chasms, overhung with stupendous precipices; and then like a translucent lake, with the beautiful towering mimosas and willows reflected from its bosom; and a rich variety of birds, of fine plumage, though without a song; wild geese, ducks, snipes, flamingoes, in perfect security, feeding on the banks, beneath the green shade, or basking in the sun's rays on the verdant islands, far from the fowler's snare."

Where, then, are those cascades and translucent lakes; those verdant islands, and those groves peopled with such a gay variety of brilliant plumage? They are situate in the midst of a tract, the heat of which has been frequently compared to that of a heated oven. They have on one side the great Bushmen's desert, in which it has been known to happen that not a drop of rain fell for five years in succession, and, on the other, that boundless expanse of sand, to which Mr. Campbell gave the name of the Southern Sahrà. It looks as if some enchanter had there, in the secluded valley, created for himself a little paradise, far removed, apparently, from the approach of mortal. When Mr. Moffat says that the country was well inhabited, he assuredly speaks carelessly, and would merely intimate that, in the early part of his route, he passed over a country which, compared with other parts of Namaqua-land, was well peopled. The falls alluded to by him are evidently the same which Mr. Thompson named "George the Fourth's Falls," and estimated to be 400 feet in height. This intelligent traveller saw them from the southern bank of the river, on that perilous journey through the Bushmen's desert, which had nearly cost him his life. It was fit that our author, with such a smiling landscape before his eyes, should feel disposed to enjoy the desert, and accordingly he here describes as follows one of the luxuries peculiar to it.

"Being ignorant of the locality, and not knowing where the inhabitants (Bushmen) might be, we made no fire, lest we should be

discovered, and we had nothing to roast. There were no trees, and we lay down between ridges or hills of deep sand. The wind was cold, and we had little covering, having left the half of our horses knocked up, and with them most of our carosses. The plan adopted by Mr. Haensel, a Moravian missionary, in similar circumstances, occurred to me, and, like him, I made a hole in the sand, and buried myself, leaving the head out. I soon felt very comfortable, and, extolling the plan, one of my companions imitated my example, and got under the earth. I then told him that the missionary whom we were imitating, having once submerged himself in the sand near the sea-shore, was occasionally disturbed by huge crabs approaching him, and these his faithful dog kept at a distance. My companion asked, 'And what are we to do if a lion comes?' 'We are safe,' I replied, 'for he will not eat heads when he can get whole bodies. This removed his fears; and I do not remember to have slept so comfortably during the whole journey, in which we had often very sorry accommodations.'

Before we quit the bush, we must relate one more anecdote illustrative of the manners of its motley inhabitants: —

Reclining on a rock one day, waiting till my shirt, which I had washed, was dry, I noticed a crow rise from the earth, carrying something dangling in its talons. On directing my companions to the sight, they said, 'It is only a crow with a tortoise; you will see it fall presently;' and down it fell. The crow descended, and up went the tortoise again to a still greater height, from which it dropped, and the crow instantly followed. I hastened with one of the men to the spot, and scared away the crow from the mangled tortoise, on which it was enjoying a feast. On looking around the flat rock there were many wrecks of former years; and on my remarking I did not think the crow was so cunning, my companion replied, 'The kites do the same thing;' which I have since frequently observed.

The object of Mr. Moffat's journey eastward was, to visit the Batlapis, among whom he has since laboured unremittingly, and with ultimate success. In 1801 the Dutch commissioners, Somerville and Truter, visited the interior for the purpose of buying cattle, and crossing the Orange River reached, for the first time, the Batlapis, respecting whom they made, on their return, a very favourable report. These people, when questioned respecting the nations dwelling further in the interior called them Bechuana, which merely means *similar* or *like ourselves*. As far as their knowledge of the country goes,

(and it reaches to a great inland sea, which appears to be on the confines of Benguela,) all the nations are Bechuana, and speak Sichuana, or a language which is everywhere radically the same. When Mr. Campbell visited the Batlapis in 1815, their king Mothibi said to him, "Send me missionaries, I will be a father to them." But when the missionaries arrived, and proposed, not to trade, but to teach, the king's countenance fell; and though the strangers were tolerated, they could make no impression on the people, who disliked their magisterial tone, and laughed at their "news." This king of the Batlapis died afterwards in an encounter with the king of the beasts, or in other words, Mothibi was eaten by a lion.

Such was the state of the Bechuana mission when our author joined it, and such it long continued, till perseverance in doing good, and the complete command of the finely-constructed and mellifluous Sichuana language acquired by our author, at length opened the hearts and ears of the people. It was during this period of doubtful success, that Mr. Moffat made a journey north-eastwards to the Bauangketsi, whose chief had sent an invitation to him.

This energetic chief, whose subjects, it is said, numbered 70,000, was especially pleased to see the white man come to him unarmed. He knew that he had been accused of attacking and murdering Dr. Cowan and Donovan, whose expedition, it is now known, perished at no great distance from Sofala. He did not, however, relish all the doctrines of the missionary. He shuddered at the idea of being "pushed from his stool" by those whom he had slaughtered. He thought that, in fairness, "when the brains are out, the man should die." The following passages illustrate the nature of his scruples: —

"Sitting down beside this great man, illustrious for war and conquest, and amidst nobles and councillors, including rain-makers and others of the same order, I stated to him that my object was to tell him my news: "In the course of my remarks, the ear of the monarch caught the startling sound of a resurrection. 'What!' he exclaimed with astonishment, 'what are these words about? the dead, the dead arise!' 'Yes,' was my reply, 'all the dead shall arise.' 'Will my father arise?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'your father will arise.'

‘Will all the slain in battle arise?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘And will all that have been killed and devoured by lions, tigers, hyenas, and crocodiles, again revive?’ ‘Yes; and come to judgment.’ ‘And will those whose bodies have been left to waste and to wither on the desert plains, and scattered to the winds, again arise?’ he asked, with a kind of triumph, as if he had now fixed me. ‘Yes,’ I replied, ‘not one will be left behind.’ This I repeated with increased emphasis. After looking at me for a few moments, he turned to his people, to whom he spoke with a stentorian voice: — ‘Hark; ye wise men, whoever is among you, the wisest of past generations, did ever your ears hear such strange and unheard-of news?’ * * Makaba then turning and addressing himself to me, and laying his hand on my breast, said, ‘Father, I love you much. Your visit and your presence have made my heart white as milk. The words of your mouth are sweet as honey, but the words of a resurrection are too great to be heard. I do not wish to hear again about the dead rising! The dead cannot arise! The dead must not arise!’ ‘Why,’ I inquired, ‘can so great a man refuse knowledge, and turn away from wisdom? Tell me, my friend, why I must not “add to words” and speak of a resurrection?’ Raising and uncovering his arm, which had been strong in battle, and shaking his hand as if quivering a spear, he replied, ‘I have slain my thousands, and shall they arise?’

Makaba dismissed his white friend, with the affectionate prayer that, for the future, no grass might grow (that is, that the path might be well trodden) between his town and the missionary station. A few years afterwards he was defeated and driven from his country, by another conqueror, who has himself since experienced in turn the vicissitudes of glorious war. We allude to the renowned Moselekatse, who, like the lion in the fable, has been depicted as a monster by his natural enemies, the Boers, and by those travellers who derived their information from the latter. Even Mr. Moffat says harsh things of him, the effect of which is not sufficiently countervailed by supplemental explanations. This warrior and savage, as he has been deemed, sent two chief men south-westwards into the country of the Batlapis, to learn respecting the missionaries, who and what sort of men they were, and to report “their news.” As these men had fears of being ill-treated on their return, by the tribes through whose country they passed, Mr. Moffat undertook to conduct them safely to their own frontiers, about 300 miles E. N. E.

from the Kuruman station ; but when arrived there, the earnest entreaties of the two chiefs, and the invitations of Moselekatse himself, induced him to go on to the residence of « the African Napoleon. » In this journey the country assumed a new character. « It was mountainous, and wooded to the summits. Evergreens adorned the valleys, through which streams of excellent water flowed in many a winding course towards the Indian Ocean » (Delagoa Bay). One of the most singular objects in the landscape is thus described : —

« Having travelled one hundred miles, five days after leaving Mosega we came to the first cattle outposts of the Matabele, when we halted by a fine rivulet. My attention was arrested by a beautiful and gigantic tree, standing in a defile leading into an extensive and woody ravine, between a high range of mountains. Seeing some individuals employed on the ground under its shade, and the conical points of what looked like houses in miniature, protruding through its evergreen foliage, I proceeded thither, and found that the tree was inhabited by several families of Bakones, the aborigines of the country. I ascended by the notched trunk, and found, to my amazement, no less than seventeen of these aerial abodes, and three others unfinished. On reaching the topmost hut, about thirty feet from the ground, I entered, and sat down. Its only furniture was the bay which covered the floor, a spear, a spoon, and a bowl full of locusts. Not having eaten anything that day, and from the novelty of my situation, not wishing to return immediately to the wagons, I asked a woman who sat at the door with a babe at her breast, permission to eat. This she granted with pleasure, and soon brought me more in a powdered state. Several more females came from the neighbouring roosts, stepping from branch to branch, to see the stranger, who was to them as great a curiosity as the tree was to him. I then visited the different abodes, which were on several principal branches. The structure of these houses was very simple. An oblong scaffold, about seven feet wide, is formed of straight sticks. On one end of this platform a small cone is formed, also of straight sticks, and thatched with grass. A person can nearly stand upright in it; the diameter of the floor is about six feet. The house stands on the end of the oblong, so as to leave a little square before the door. On the day previous I had passed several villages, some containing forty houses, all built on poles about seven or eight feet from the ground, in the form of a circle; the ascent and descent is by a knotty branch of a tree placed in front of the house. In the centre of the circle there is always a heap of the bones of game they have killed. Such were the domiciles of the impoverished thousands of the aborigines of the country, who, having been

scattered and peeled by Moselekatse, had neither herd nor stall, but subsisted on locusts, roots, and the chase. They adopted this mode of architecture to escape the lions which abounded in the country. During the day the families descended to the shade beneath to dress their daily food. When the inhabitants increased, they supported the augmented weight on the branches, by upright sticks, but when lightened of their load, they removed these for fire-wood.

Our limits, will not allow us to particularize the feastings and dancings which accompanied our author's introduction to the chief of the Matabele. Moselekatse's heart was 'white as milk; milk, indeed, was no longer white, but his heart was white.' Mr. Moffat, in concluding his account of the African Napoleon, observes. —

"On my journey to and from this polite, and, I might truly add, grateful barbarian, I received great attention, and was exposed to no annoyance. Having to pass through a country full of lions, a number of warriors constantly attended the wagons, whom I supplied with food out of the numberless presents of milk, grain, and slaughtered oxen which I had received from their munificent master. On more than one occasion as many as fifty dishes were brought from a village and placed before me."

A few years later this powerful chief was routed by the combined attacks of the Zoolus under Dingán, and the emigrant Boers: —

"Overwhelmed by such superior and unexpected forces, he fled to the north; and it merits notice, that before his departure he allowed all the captive Bahurutsi Bskhatta, and other neighbouring tribes, to return to their own land. This was a measure which astonished the natives, who have since congregated on the ancient domains of their forefathers; and if no foreign power again drive them from their native glens, they will ere long become the interesting objects of missionary labour."

There are now several missions established among the Bechuanas, from which people, converted and unconverted, the Missionaries generally meet with friendship and respect. Of the rising generation of natives, many read the Scriptures in their own language, and some have adopted European clothing. The men have been brought, in some degree, to assist the women in the labours of the field, and have learned to satisfy their wants by skilful industry. Thus we may be satisfied that their improvement rests on a secure foundation. Now, in connexion with this fact, let it be considered

with what facility the country of the Bechuanas (this name being taken in its widest sense) may be travelled over. The missionaries and colonial traders have travelled hundreds of miles with ox-wagons, at little expense, and have found a friendly welcome everywhere. They have also gathered much information from the natives. It is curious to compare Mr. Moffat's narrative of his journeys up the country, with those of certain travellers who have expended hundreds of pounds to bring home some meagre, and not very humane observations on the «savages» and «black fellows!» The dry and open plains, so favourable to wagon travelling, may perhaps extend quite through the continent; but we have evidence of their existence as far as lat. 10° S., or 1000 miles further than the most adventurous traders have yet advanced. If the dromedary were introduced into South Africa, which might be easily and advantageously done, the resources of travellers on those dry plains would be greatly increased. How far the Sichuana language, as spoken by the Batlapis, may extend northwards, or be understood, we cannot venture to assert, though we believe it to reach a long way; but we have no doubt that one thoroughly acquainted with it, would have little difficulty in making himself understood by the nations speaking kindred languages 1000 miles to the north, near the confines of Angola on the west, or on the shores of the great lake called Nyassi towards the east. This we say with confidence, founded on the careful comparison of six grammars and about fifteen vocabularies of different languages of the family in question. To the race speaking those languages belong probably two-thirds of the slaves exported from Africa, or nearly all taken by the Portuguese and the Arabs of Muskat. When these circumstances are all duly weighed, it can hardly be denied, that the Bechuana country is the quarter whence we have the best chance of exploring Africa, of civilizing Africa, and, by attacking the enemy in the rear, of rescuing that devoted continent from the oppression with which it has been so long afflicted. If our views on this subject be correct, then it will be hard to rate too highly the importance of the Bechuana Missions.

(THE ATHENÆUM.)

LIST OF NEW PATENTS.

Thomas Bell, of Saint Anstall, Cornwall, mine agent, for improvements in the manufacture of copper. July 29; six months.

Jules Lejeune, of Regent's park, engineer, for improvements in accelerating combustion, which improvements may be applied in place of the blowing machines now in use. July 29; six months.

John Stephen Woolrich, of Birmingham, chemist, for improvements in coating with metal the surface of articles formed of metal or metallic alloys. August 1; six months.

Alfred John Phipps, of Blackfriars-road, gentleman, for certain improvements in paving streets, roads, and ways. August 1; six months.

Joseph Whitworth, of Manchester, engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for cleaning roads, and which machinery is also applicable to other similar purposes. August 2; six months.

John Dry, of Beverley, agricultural implement maker, for certain improvements in thrashing-machines. August 2; six months.

Samuel Carson, of Covent Garden, gentleman, for improvements in purifying and preserving animal substances. August 3; six months.

Archibald Turner, of Leicester, manufacturer, for improvements in the manufacture of muffs, tippets, ruffs, mantillas, cloaks, shawls, capes, pellesines, boas, cuffs, slippers, and shoes. August 3; six months.

John Lee, of Bermondsey, gentleman, for improvements in wheels and axle-trees to be used in railways, and in machinery for stopping on, or preventing such carriages from running off railways, which improvements may also be applied to other carriages and machinery. August 3; six months.

Charles Henri Perrin, of Lombard-street, London, for some improvements in the construction of certain parts of the mechanism used in watches and chronometers, which improvements are also applicable to some kinds of clocks. August 8; six months.

David Napier, of Milwall, engineer, for improvements in steam engines and steam boilers. August 9; six months.

Thomas Walker, of Birmingham, stove-maker, for improvements in stoves. August 9; six months.

Richard Ford Sturges, of Birmingham, manufacturer, for a certain improvement in the manufacture of Britannia metal and plated wares. August 10; six months.

Dominic Frick Albert, of Gadishead, Doctor of Laws, manufacturing chemist, for a new combination of materials for the purpose of manufacturing a manuring powder. August 10; six months.

Moses Poole, of Lincoln's Inn, gentleman, for improvements in paving or covering roads and other ways. August 11; six months.

Joseph Betteley, of the Brunswick Anchor Works, Liverpool, chain cable manufacturer, for improvements in windlasses and machinery for moving weights. August 11; six months.

John Thomas Betts, of Smithfield Bars, gentleman, for improvements in covering and stopping the necks of bottles. (Being a communication.) August 11; six months.

George Roberts, of Liverpool Road, miner, for improvements in the construction of lamps. August 15; six months.

William Raybould, of Clerkenwell, brass founder, for a new or improved soldering iron. August 18; two months.

George John Newbery, of Cripplegate-buildings, artist, for certain improvements in producing damask and other surfaces on leather and other fibrous substances and fabrics. August 18; six months.

Nathan Defries, of Fitzroy-square, engineer, and Nathaniel Fortescue Taylor, of Mile End, engineer, for improvements in meters for gas and other fluids. August 18; six months.

William Ridgway, of Stafford, earthen-ware manufacturer, for a new method of conveying and distributing heat in ovens used by manufacturers of china and earthenware, and brick, tile, and quarry makers. August 18; six months.

Goldsworthy Gurney, of Great George-street, gentleman, for certain improvements in apparatus for producing, regulating, and dispersing light and heat. August 18; six months.

Richard Else, of Gray's Inn, Esq., for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for forcing and raising water and other fluids. August 18; six months.

Thomas Hendry, of Glasgow, mechanic, for certain improvements in machinery for preparing and combing wool, and other fibrous materials. August 25; six months.

David Redmund, of City Road, engineer, for improvements in hinges or apparatus applicable to suspending or closing doors and gates, and other purposes. August 25; six months.

PERMITTED TO BE PRINTED,

St. Petersburg, October 15th, 1842.

P. KORSAKOFF, CENSOR.

CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN

MR. PITT AND THE DUKE OF RUTLAND, LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND, 1781—1787.

(Privately printed.) London. 1842. pp. 474.

It has been laid down as a rule by a great orator of ancient times, that writing well is the best and surest preparation for speaking well. *Stilus optimus et præstantissimus dicendi effector et magister* are the words of Cicero. ⁽¹⁾ On the other hand, it seems natural to suppose that a man able and ready with his tongue should be still more able and ready with his pen. If he can without premeditation pour forth acute arguments in eloquent language, surely the advantages of leisure will supply the same acuteness and the same eloquence in at least equal perfection.

Neither of these conclusions, however, is entirely borne out by experience. Burke, whose writings will delight and instruct the latest posterity, often delivered his harangues to

(1) De Oratore, lib. i. c. 38.

empty benches or a yawning audience, and was known to his contemporaries by the nickname of 'the Dinner-Bell.'

'Too deep for his hearers, he went on refining;
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining!'

Fox, so pre-eminent as a debater, appears with small distinction in his authorship. Nay more, even the high skill of the Reporters' Gallery fails to give any just idea of the real merits of a speech as well or ill adapted to its hearers. Every one must have frequently felt surprise at his inability to discover—with the 'Times' or the 'Chronicle' in his hand—any good points in the speech which the night before has made the whole House ring with enthusiastic cheers; or, on the contrary, has wondered at the slight effect produced at the time, by what he afterwards reads with so much pleasure. We have heard a most eminent living statesman observe how very erroneous an idea, as to the comparative estimation of our public characters, would be formed by a foreigner who was unacquainted with our history, and who judged only from Hansard's 'Debates.'⁽¹⁾ Who, for instance, now remembers the name of Mr. Charles Marsh? Yet one of the most pointed and vigorous philippics which we have read in any language stands in the name of Mr. Marsh, under the date of the 1st of July, 1813.

It has, therefore, always been a subject of doubt and discussion notwithstanding the oratorical eminence of Mr. Pitt, whether he likewise excelled in written composition. Up to this time the general impression, we believe, is, that he did not. This impression has, in part perhaps, proceeded from the example of his father, the great Lord Chatham, whose style in his correspondence appears by no means worthy of such a mind—swelling, empty, cumbrous—and, even to his own family, seeking metaphors and epithets instead of preci-

(¹) We cannot mention Hansard's 'Debates' without noticing the valuable addition to them now in course of publication—Sir Henry Cavendish's Reports. These Reports (1768—1774) contain much curious matter—*inter alia*, upwards of one hundred new speeches of Burke;—they, in fact, go very far to fill up a hitherto hopeless gap in our Parliamentary history—and the publication, with its important appendices, does great honour to the skill and industry of the discoverer and editor, Mr. Wright.

sion and clearness. Another cause of that impression may have been that Mr. Pitt, whenever it was possible, preferred transacting business in personal interviews rather than in writing.

Of this usual course in Mr. Pitt a strong proof came under our own observation. Once, when the writer of this article was on a visit at Lowther Castle, the venerable Earl, who amidst advancing years never wearies in acts of courtesy and kindness to all around him, indulged his friend's curiosity with a large packet of letters addressed by Mr. Pitt to himself, and to his kinsman Sir James. These letters had been most properly preserved as autographs; but, with one or two remarkable exceptions, they were very short, and nearly in the following strain:—'Dear Lowther, Pray call on me in the course of the morning.'—'Dear Lowther, Let me see you at the Treasury as soon as you can.'—'Dear Lowther, When shall you be next in town, as I wish to speak to you?' in short, referring almost every subject to conversation instead of correspondence.

But whatever doubts may have been entertained as to Mr. Pitt's abilities for writing, are now, as we conceive, set at rest by a fortunate discovery in the House of Rutland. It may be recollected, that the late Duke was appointed by Mr. Pitt, in 1784, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and died as such, in 1787, at the early age of thirty-three. The Duchess, his widow, survived till 1831. Not long since, as their eldest son, the present Duke, was arranging Her Grace's papers, he unexpectedly lighted upon a long series of confidential communications between Downing Street and Dublin Castle. In this case it was manifestly impossible for the Prime Minister to hold personal interviews with the Lord-Lieutenant: in this case, therefore, Mr. Pitt wrote, and wrote most fully and freely. The greater part of the letters are marked 'private,' 'most private,' 'secret,' 'most secret,' and are evidently composed, not merely as between official colleagues, but familiar friends. The value of these documents to illustrate the history of the times and the character of Mr. Pitt could not fail to be apparent, and although there might be some ground

against their publication at present, the Duke of Rutland has in the most liberal manner consented that a certain number should be printed for the gratification of his friends.

Of the letters thus printed in the course of the present summer, we have had the honour to receive a copy, and we feel no hesitation in saying that—written though many of them were, in the very height of the session, or the utmost hurry of business—they appear to us models in that kind of composition. We can scarcely praise them more highly than by saying that they rival Lord Bolingbroke's celebrated diplomatic correspondence, of which, as we know from other sources, Mr. Pitt was a warm admirer. They never strain at any of those rhetorical ornaments which, when real business is concerned, become only obstructions, but are endowed with a natural grace and dignity—a happy choice of words, and a constant clearness of thought. Although scarce ever divided into paragraphs, they display neither confusion, nor yet abrupt transition of subjects, but flow on, as it were, in an even and continuous stream.

Of these merits, however, we shall now give our readers an opportunity of judging for themselves. Here, for example, is a confidential inquiry, which was addressed to the Duke of Rutland as to some faults imputed to his secretary, Mr. Orde (¹), and which, as it seems to us, most justly combines a zeal for the public service with a tenderness for personal feelings:—

'Mr. Pitt to the Duke of Rutland.

'[Secret.]

'Brighthelmstone, Oct. 28, 1785.

'My dear Duke,—I would not break in upon you in the course of your tour, if the business I wish to bring under your consideration was less pressing and important than it is. You will be so good as to understand what I have to say upon it as being in the most entire confidence and secrecy, as indeed the subject itself sufficiently implies. Various accounts have reached me from persons connected with Ireland, too material to the interest of your government, and, consequently, to us both, to make it possible for me to delay communicating the substance immediately to you, and desiring such

(¹) The Right Hon Thomas Orde. He had been Secretary of the Treasury, in 1782. In 1797 he was created Lord Bolton, and died in 1807.

farther information and advice as you alone can give. While all quarters agree in eulogiums, which do not surprise me, on every part of your own conduct, and on the prudence, spirit, and firmness of your government, the picture they give of the first instrument of your administration is very different. They state that Mr. Orde has incurred the imputation of irresolution and timidity, and a suspicion even of duplicity, still more prejudicial than his want of decision; and that if the management of the House of Commons, and the duties of secretary, are left in his hands, it will be impossible to answer what may be the consequences to Government even in the next session. This information you may imagine does not come directly to me; and I neither know how far it is to be depended upon, nor have any means myself of ascertaining it, but by stating it to you, who may be able to do so. I receive every such intimation with great allowance for a thousand prejudices or secret motives in which it may originate; but I still think it too serious to be wholly disregarded. From all I have had an opportunity of seeing, I give Mr. Orde credit for considerable abilities and industry, and for perfect good intention. I am, therefore, inclined to think such representations as I have mentioned at least greatly exaggerated. But I am sensible that his manners do not lead him to be direct and explicit in doing business, and that his temper is not decisive. This may make him not distinct enough in his dealings with men or personal objects, and content, without knowing as distinctly as he ought, on the other hand, what he has to trust to from them; and these circumstances will sometimes have the appearance, and generally the bad effect, of the qualities imputed to him. It is stated particularly, that when the commercial bill was brought forward he had neither taken sufficient pains to ascertain who were the friends of Government, nor to collect those who were certainly so, but had trusted to vague assurances and general expectations, which produced the consequences we saw. This I am more apt to believe, because I think, even now, after that session, he is not prepared to give any clear and satisfactory statement of the support on which Government may rely. I do not mention what passed on the commercial question as a thing to be lamented in the event: on the contrary, if the effect of more exertion in Mr. Orde had been to procure twenty or thirty more votes in the House of Commons, it would, as events have proved, perhaps have been a misfortune; but occasions might arise in which the same want of address or vigour might be fatal.

‘Upon the whole, if there is any reasonable ground for the suggestions I have mentioned, I think you will agree with me that it would be very desirable to open a retreat for Orde, and to endeavour to find some other person whom you would approve of to take his place. But, at the same time, this is not a resolution to be

'I should have stated, that if the change should take place, every management would be had for Orde's feelings, and it might be made to appear an act of choice in him.'

No copy of the Duke's reply to this letter is preserved among his papers, but it appears to have entirely acquitted Mr. Orde from blame, since Mr. Pitt, in his next communication (Nov. 13, 1785), thus rejoins :—

'I am, be assured, infinitely happy at finding the suggestions I had thought myself obliged to communicate to you, to so great a degree contradicted. Every idea of Mr. Orde's retirement will be totally laid aside in my mind.'

It may easily be supposed that -- the scene being laid at Dublin—there is no lack of applications for place and promotion. These the Lord Lieutenant, as was his duty, transmits to the Prime Minister. In one communication (June 16, 1784) he observes :— 'You are so unused to receive letters which contain no application, that if it were for form's sake only I must recommend'—and then follows the name of '*a friend*.' Foremost among such as these come demands for Irish Marquises or English Baronies, from noblemen of large parliamentary interest at Dublin. But to such requests Mr. Pitt states a strong objection (July 19, 1786) :—

'I am certainly very anxious to forward any thing you think material for the ease and success of your government, and extremely inclined to concur in showing a marked attention to its steadfast supporters; but I have no difficulty in stating fairly to you, that a variety of circumstances have unavoidably led me to recommend a larger addition to the British peerage than I like, or than I think quite creditable, and that I am on that account very desirous not to increase it now farther than is absolutely necessary.'

It is remarkable that the large multiplication of honours which has been charged against Mr. Pitt's administration took place at a subsequent period. We may therefore conclude that in advising or acceding to it, Mr. Pitt consulted rather the growing difficulties of the times than the natural dictates of his judgment.

We may remark, also — not merely as to the point of patronage or promotion, but as to every other subject treated in these pages—how pure appears the mind, how lofty the view

of the Great Minister. There is never the least approach—not even on the congenial soil of Ireland—to *a job*. While he shows every anxiety to gratify his colleagues, or to serve his friends, all his determinations, all his expressions, bear the stamp of the noblest public spirit.

Among the few persons for whose employment Mr. Pitt himself expresses a wish in these pages, it is interesting to trace the name of one who has since attained such high renown in the public service, and who still survives in a green and honoured old age—the then Earl of Mornington, the present Marquess Wellesley. In a letter of August 9th, 1784 (Lord Mornington being then but twenty-four years of age) Mr. Pitt says:—

‘The immediate object I have in writing at this moment is to state to you some circumstances relative to Lord Mornington, and to beg you to let me know how far the ideas I have conceived on the subject correspond with yours. I find he considers himself as entitled, from the assurances he received both from you and me (either personally or through Lord Temple), before you went to Ireland, to expect the earliest mark of the favour of government in that country which its circumstances could admit of. He expresses a full disposition to have made every allowance for the exigencies of a new government, at so critical a time, but I think he seems to imagine that there was an appearance of his pretensions being postponed, either without sufficient grounds, or without their being so confidentially stated to him as he supposed he had a claim to. He seems at the same time to feel a real zeal for the interests and credit of your government, and a strong sense of the marks of your personal friendship. I am very anxious, for all our sakes, that there should be no misapprehension on the subject, both from a high opinion of him, and from feeling (as I am sure you will) a great desire that any thing like an engagement, or even a reasonable expectation, should not be disappointed.’

And on the 13th of August following the Duke of Rutland thus replies:—

‘I can have no hesitation of saying that Lord Mornington shall have the first office which may fall worthy of his acceptance. His merits are very great, which I am sure I am one of the first men to allow. . . . Lord Mornington, as I have always stated to him, stands first for whatever may offer. I have his interest much at heart, as well from private regard as from a conviction of his powers to render the public essential service.’

One of most important and most difficult subjects which engaged the Duke's attention was that of Irish tithes, on which we find him (September 13th, 1786) refer to Mr. Pitt for direction :—

'The question of the tithes, with the commotions of the White-boys, will, I am apprehensive, form business for a very tedious session. A parliamentary investigation into the causes of their complaints will certainly take place, and is indeed become necessary. It is of the utmost consequence to prevent this question from falling into the hands of opposition, who would employ it to the most mischievous purposes, and who might raise a storm which it would not be easy to direct. This business is of extreme delicacy and complication. We have the most rooted prejudices to contend with. The episcopal part of the clergy consider any settlement as a direct attack on their most ancient rights, and as a commencement of the ruin of their establishment; whereas many individual clergymen, who foresee no prospect of receiving any property at all under the present system, are extremely desirous of a fair adjustment. The Established Church, with legions of Papists on one side and a violent Presbytery on the other, must be supported, however, decidedly, as the principle that combinations are to compel measures must be exterminated out of the country and from the public mind; at the same time the country must not be permitted to continue in a state little less than war, when a substantial grievance is alleged to be the cause. The majority of the laity, who are at all times ready to oppose tithes, are likewise strong advocates for some settlement. On the whole it forms a most involved and difficult question; on all hands it is agreed that it ought to be investigated: but then it is problematical whether any effectual remedy can be applied without endangering the Establishment, which must be guarded; and next, whether any arrangement could be suggested which the Church (who must be consulted) would agree to, adequate to the nature and extent of the evil complained of. In short, it involves a great political settlement worthy of the decision of your clear incomparable judgment.'

The letter of Mr. Pitt in reply is perhaps the most remarkable of this whole collection. It is dated Burton Pynsent, November 7th, 1786 :—

'I have thought very much since I received your letter respecting the general state of Ireland, on the subject suggested in that and your official letters to Lord Sydney. The question which arises is a nice and difficult one. On the one hand, the discontent seems general and rooted, and both that circumstance and most of the ac-

counts I hear seem to indicate that there is some real grievance at bottom, which must be removed before any durable tranquillity can be secured. On the other hand, it is certainly a delicate thing to meddle with the Church Establishment in the present situation of Ireland; and anything like concession to the dangerous spirit which has shown itself is not without objection. But on the whole, being persuaded that Government ought not to be afraid of incurring the imputation of weakness, by yielding in reasonable points, and can never make its stand effectually till it gets upon right ground, I think the great object ought to be, to ascertain fairly the true causes of complaint, to hold out a sincere disposition to give just redress, and a firm determination to do no more, taking care in the interval to hold up vigorously the execution of the law *as it stands* (till altered by Parliament), and to punish severely (if the means can be found) any tumultuous attempt to violate it.

‘I certainly think the institution of tithe, especially if rigorously enforced, is a great obstacle to the improvement and prosperity of any country. Many circumstances in practice have made it less so here; but even here it is felt; and there are a variety of causes to make it sit much heavier on Ireland. I believe, too, that it is as much for the real interest of the Church as for that of the land to adopt, if practicable, some other mode of provision. If from any cause the Church falls into general odium, Government will be more likely to risk its own interests than to save those of the Church by any efforts in its favour. If, therefore, those who are at the head of the clergy will look at it soberly and dispassionately, they will see how incumbent it is upon them, in every point of view, to propose some temperate accommodation; and even the appearance of concession, which might be awkward in Government, could not be unbecoming if it originated with them. The thing to be aimed at, therefore, seems, as far as I can judge of it, to find out a way of removing the grievances arising out of a tithe, or, perhaps, to substitute some new provision in lieu of it; to have such a plan cautiously digested (which may require much time), and, above all, to make the Church itself the quarter to bring forward whatever is proposed. How far this is practicable must depend upon many circumstances, of which you can form a nearer and better judgment, particularly on the temper of the leading men among the clergy. I apprehend you may have a good deal of difficulty with the Archbishop of Cashel; (‘) the Primate (²) is, I imagine, a man to listen to temperate advice: but it is surely desirable that you should have

(¹) Dr. Charles Agar, afterwards translated to the Archbishopric of Dublin. In 1795 he was created Lord Somerton, and in 1806 Earl of Normanton.

(²) Dr. Richard Robinson, Archbishop of Armagh. He had been, in 1777, created Lord Rocheby.

as speedily as possible a full communication with both of them; and if you feel the subject in the same light that I do, that, while you state to them the full determination of Government to give them all just and honourable support, you should impress them seriously with the apprehension of their risking every thing if they do not in time abandon ground that is ultimately untenable.

‘To suggest the precise plan of commutation which might be adopted is more than I am equal to, and is premature; but in general I have never seen any good reason why a fair valuation should not be made of the present amount of every living, and a rent in corn to that amount to be raised by a pound rate on the several tenements in the parish, nearly according to the proportion in which they now contribute to tithe. When I say a rent in corn, I do not actually mean paid in corn, but a rent in money regulated by the average value from time to time of whatever number of bushels is at present equal to the fair value of the living. This would effectually prevent the Church from suffering by the fluctuations in the value of money, and it is a mode which was adopted in all college leases, in consequence, I believe, of an act of Parliament in the time of Queen Elizabeth. I need to say that I throw out these ideas in personal confidence to yourself; and I shall wish much to know what you think of them, and whether you can make any thing of your prelates, before any measure is officially suggested. It seems material that there should be the utmost secrecy till our line is decided upon, and it must be decided upon completely before Parliament meets.

‘Yours faithfully and sincerely,
‘W. Pitt.’

We have been greatly struck at observing how closely the proposal thus hastily thrown out resembles the plan on which the English Tithe Commutation Act was recently framed. What deep heart-burnings — what violent collisions — might have been spared had Mr. Pitt’s enlightened policy prevailed fifty years before!

Other questions of paramount importance that are discussed between the Duke and the Minister refer to the celebrated commercial propositions. We may trace in these letters their gradual growth and development in the mind of Mr. Pitt. He states his first impressions as follows:—

‘*Mr. Pitt to the Duke of Rutland.*

‘*(Private.)*

Putney Heath, Oct. 7, 1784.

‘My dear Duke,—I have been intending every day for some time

past to trouble you with a letter: though in many respects I cannot write so fully as the important subjects in question require, till I receive materials of information which I expect from the result of Mr. Orde's inquiries, and from the various questions I have persecuted him with. I am in hopes now that your situation is such as to allow a little more respite from the incessant calls of the day, and to furnish leisure for going forward in the great and complicated questions we have to settle before the meeting of Parliament. I have desultorily, at different times, stated in my letters to him the ideas floating in my mind, as the subjects in question carried me to them; and I have not troubled you with any repetition of them, because I knew you would be acquainted with them as far as they were worth it, they certainly were neither distinct nor digested enough to deserve being written twice. I feel, however, notwithstanding the difficulty of deciding upon many of the delicate considerations which present themselves in the arduous business you have in your hands, that a plan must be concerted on all the points, and as far as possible adapted to all the contingencies that may happen, before the meeting of Parliament. The commercial points of discussion, though numerous and comprehensive, may certainly be ascertained and reduced to clear principles by diligent investigation. The internal question of Parliamentary reform, though simpler, is perhaps more difficult and hazardous; and the line of future permanent connexion between the two countries must be the result of both the preceding questions, and of such arrangements as must accompany a settlement of them. I am revolving these in every shape in my mind; and when I have the information which I hope to receive in Mr. Orde's next packets, I trust I shall be able to send you the best result of my judgment, which I shall wish to submit to your private consideration, in order to learn confidentially the extent of your ideas on the whole plan to be pursued, before it is formally brought under the consideration of the Cabinet here. I own to you the line to which my mind at present inclines (open to whatever new observations or arguments may be suggested to me) is, *to give Ireland an almost unlimited communication of commercial advantages, if we can receive in return some security that her strength and riches will be our benefit and that she will contribute from time to time in their increasing proportions to the common exigencies of the empire; and—having, by holding out this, removed, I trust, every temptation to Ireland to consider her interest as separate from England—to be ready, while we discountenance wild and unconstitutional attempts, which strike at the root of all authority, to give real efficacy and popularity to Government by acceding (if such a line can be found) to a prudent and temperate reform of Parliament, which may guard against or gradually cure real defects and mischiefs, may show a sufficient regard to the interests and even prejudices of individuals*

who are concerned, and may unite the Protestant interest in *excluding the Catholics from any share in the representation or the government of the country.*

Neither on parliamentary reform, nor on the contribution to be expected from Ireland in return for commercial advantages, did the Duke of Rutland take altogether the same view as his friend in Downing Street. Mr. Pitt accordingly reverts to both questions. Of reform in parliament he writes (October 8, 1784):—

‘What I venture to suggest for your consideration is, whether it be possible for you to gain any authentic knowledge (without committing yourself) of the extent of the numbers who are really zealous for reform, and of the ideas that would content them. By all I hear accidentally, the Protestant reformers are alarmed at the pretensions of the Catholics, and for that very reason would stop very short of the extreme speculative notions of universal suffrage. Could there be any way of your confidentially sounding Lord Charlemont without any danger from the consequences?’

And again (December 4, 1784):—

‘Parliamentary reform, I am still sure, after considering all you have stated, *must* sooner or later be carried in *both countries*. If it is well done, the sooner the better. I will write to you, by as early an opportunity as I can, the full result of all my reflections on the subject. For God’s sake, do not persuade yourself, in the meantime, that the measure, if properly managed, and separated *from every ingredient of faction* (which I believe it may be), is inconsistent with either the dignity or the tranquillity and facility of government. On the contrary, I believe *they* ultimately depend upon it. And if such a settlement is practicable, it is the only system worth the hazard and trouble which belongs to every system that can be thought of. I write in great haste, and under a strong impression of these sentiments. You will perceive that this is merely a confidential and personal communication between you and myself, and therefore I need add no apology for stating so plainly what is floating in my mind on these subjects.’

To the contribution which was expected from Ireland in return for commercial advantages, Mr. Pitt applies himself in several letters before the meeting of parliament with great warmth and earnestness. The longest of these letters we shall here insert, without any apology for its length, since, notwithstanding the haste with which, as the postscript mentions,

it was written, we think the reader will agree with us when we call it a masterly argument :—

‘ Mr. Pitt to the Duke of Rutland.

[Secret.]

‘ Downing Street, Jan. 6, 1785.

‘ My dear Duke,—You will receive by the messenger from Lord Sydney the official communication of the unanimous opinion of the cabinet on the subject of the important settlement to be proposed as final and conclusive between Great Britain and Ireland. The objects have been considered with all possible attention; and though minuter inquiry may still be necessary, with regard to some few points included in the propositions, we are so fully satisfied with the general principles on which they rest, that they are without hesitation transmitted to your Grace, as containing the substance of a system from which it appears wholly impossible for us to depart. I am confirmed by the opinion of Mr. Foster ⁽¹⁾ and Mr. Beresford, as well as Mr. Orde, that the complete liberty and equality in matters of trade which will by this plan be given to Ireland ought to give the fullest satisfaction on that subject; and if that opinion is enforced and supported by all the arguments it admits, and vigorous exertions used to circulate it, I trust your Grace will meet with less difficulty than has been imagined in obtaining from Ireland those measures on their part which are indispensable to accompany it, in order to make the advantage reciprocal, and of course to make the system either consistent or durable. I am not sanguine enough to suppose that any plan could at once be accepted with universal approbation. No great settlement of this extent was ever carried without meeting some, perhaps, strong objections, and without requiring much management and perseverance to accomplish it: but these will, I am sure, not be wanting on your part; and considering the strength of government in parliament, and all the circumstances of the country, it is impossible to believe that your friends and supporters should have really any hesitation, if they once understand, what they must know sooner or later, that the settlement between the two kingdoms, and of course the giving tranquillity to Ireland, and security to any interest they have at stake, must turn on this fundamental and essential point, *of reciprocity in the final compact to be now formed*. If the point is secured in parliament, *which I cannot allow myself to doubt*, I do not apprehend much additional clamour or discontent without doors. It will be difficult for malice and faction to find many topics calculated to catch the mind of the public, if the na-

(1) The Right Hon. John Foster, afterwards Lord Oriel, was at the time Speaker of the Irish House of Commons.

ture of the measure is fairly stated, and sufficiently explained in its true light.

'I am unwilling to trouble you at present very much at length, and have myself little time to spare; but yet I have the success of this whole arrangement so much at heart, from every personal and public feeling, knowing that your credit and my own are equally concerned with the interest of both countries, and the future prosperity of the empire, that you will, I am sure, forgive me, if I call your attention more particularly to what strikes me as the true state of *what* it is which we propose to give, and *what* we require in return. If it appears to you in the same light as it does to me, I trust you will feel the impossibility of our reconciling our minds to waive so essential an object. I assure you there is scarce a man whom I have here consulted who does not feel it at least as strongly as I do.

'The general tenor of our propositions not only gives a full equality to Ireland, but extends that principle to many points where it would be easy to have urged just exceptions, and in many other points possibly turns the scale in her favour, at a risk, perhaps a remote one, of considerable local disadvantages to many great interests of this country. I do not say that in practice I apprehend the effect on our trade and manufactures will be such as it will perhaps be industriously represented; but I am persuaded (whatever may be the event) that, by the additions now proposed to former concessions, we open to Ireland the chance of a competition with ourselves on terms of more than equality, and we give her advantages which make it impossible she could ever have anything to fear from the jealousy or restrictive policy of this country in future. Such an arrangement is defensible only on the idea of relinquishing local prejudices and partial advantages, in order to consult uniformly and without distinction the general benefit of the empire. This cannot be done but by making England and Ireland *one country* in effect, though for local concerns under distinct legislatures; *one* in the communication of advantages, and of course in the participation of burdens. If their *unity* is broken, or rendered absolutely *precarious*, in either of these points, the system is defective, and there is an end of the whole.

'The two capital points are, the construction of the Navigation Act, and the system of duties on the importation into either country of the manufactures of the other. With regard to the Navigation Act, it has been claimed by the advocates for Ireland as a matter of justice, on the ground that the same act of parliament must bear the same construction in its operation on Ireland as on Great Britain. Even on the narrow ground of *mere construction*, it may well be argued as at *least doubtful* whether the provisos in the act of 14th and 15th C. II. (by which it was in effect adopted by author-

ity of the Irish parliament) do not plainly do away that restriction on imports of colony produce from England to Ireland which is not done away by any proviso or otherwise with regard to the same importation from Ireland into England. On such a supposition it might be very consistent that the Act of Navigation should be enforced here (as it was by subsequent acts of parliament) in its original strictness, and in Ireland with those exceptions in favour of colony produce imported from hence which the provisos I allude to seem to have admitted; and the practice of more than a hundred years has been conformable to this distinction. But this is on the mere *point of construction*. The question is, not merely what has been or ought to be the construction of the existing law, but what is really fair in the relative situation of the two countries. Here, I think, it is universally allowed, that, however just the claim of Ireland is, not to have her own trade *fettered and restricted*, she can have no claim to any share beyond what we please to give her in the trade of *our colonies*. They belong (unless by favour or by compact we make it otherwise) *exclusively to this country*. The suffering Ireland to send anything to those colonies, or to bring anything *directly* from thence, is itself a *favour*; and is a deviation, too, for the sake of favour to Ireland, from the general and almost uniform policy of all nations with regard to the trade of their colonies. But the present claim of Ireland has gone further: it is not merely to carry produce thither, or to bring it from thence, but it is to supply us, *through Ireland*, with the produce of *our own colonies*, in prejudice, as far as it goes, of the direct trade between those colonies and this country. Can it be said that Ireland has any right to have the liberty of thus *carrying for us*, because we have the liberty of *carrying for them*, unless the colonies with whom the trade subsists are as much *their colonies* as they are *ours*? It may be true that the favour granted by former concessions in this respect is in some measure compensated by their securing in favour of our colonies a monopoly of their consumption; though it may well be doubted whether on any possible supposition they could be supplied from the colonies of any other country on terms of similar indulgence. But the liberty to be now given stands on a separate ground, and is a *mere and absolute favour*, if ever there was anything that could be called so. It is a sacrifice, too, which cannot fail to be magnified here, even beyond its true value, as a departure from the principles of the Act of Navigation, which has been so long idolized in this country. But what I principally state this for is to prove the *liberal and conciliating spirit* which induces us to agree to the proposal. I do not wish to exaggerate its probable effects. I do not expect that in practice it will materially interfere with the trade of this country; but it is unquestionably true that, even though we should not immediately lose by it, yet Ireland will be considerably

benefited, by opening so near a market, which will encourage her merchants to a freer speculation, and enable them to avail themselves more than they have hitherto done of the advantages they are already possessed of. Some persons here may, perhaps, even apprehend that the liberty of supplying our market may *gradually* enable them to lay in a stock for the supply of other markets also, which perhaps they could not do otherwise; and if that should be the effect, not only they will be gainers, but we shall be losers in the same proportion. On the whole, however, I am fully reconciled to the measure, because, even supposing it not to produce these effects, it must be remembered that it is a liberty which Ireland has strongly solicited, and on which she *appears to set a high value*. As such, it is the strongest proof of cordiality to grant it, in spite of prevailing and perhaps formidable prejudices; and in truth it establishes in favour of Ireland so intimate a connexion and so equal a *participation* with this country, even in those points where we have the fullest right to exclusive advantage, that it gives them an interest in the protection of our colonies and the support of our trade equal in proportion to our own.

I come now to the system of duties between the two countries; and here, too, I think Ireland has not less reason to be satisfied and to be grateful. By lowering our duties to the standard of Ireland, we put her in possession of absolute equality, on the face of the arrangement; but I think in truth we put her in possession of something more. If, however, it were bare equality, we are departing, in order to effect it, from the policy of prohibiting duties so long established in this country. In doing so we are perhaps to encounter the prejudices of our manufacturing [interest] in every corner of the kingdom. We are admitting to this competition a country whose labour is cheap, and whose resources are unexhausted; ourselves burdened with accumulated taxes, which are felt in the price of every necessary of life, and of course enter into the cost of every article of manufacture. It is, indeed, stated on the other hand, that Ireland has neither the skill, the industry, nor the capital of this country; but it is difficult to assign any good reason why she should not gradually, with such strong encouragement, imitate and rival us in both the former, and in both more rapidly from time as she grows possessed of a large capital, which, with all the temptations for it, may perhaps to some degree be transferred to her from hence, but which will at all events be increased if her commerce receives any extension, and will as it increases necessarily extend that commerce still farther. But there is another important consideration which makes the system of duties more favourable to Ireland than she could expect on the ground of perfect equality. It is this: although the duties taken separately on the importation of each article will be the same in the two countries, it is to be remembered,

that there are some articles which may pass from one to the other perfectly free; consequently, if the articles which in the actual state of the trade we are able to send to Ireland are those which pay *some* duty, if the articles which she principally sends to us are articles which *pay no duty*, can anything be plainer than that, although upon each article taken separately there is an appearance of impartiality and equality, the result of the whole is manifestly to a great degree *more favourable to Ireland than to this country?*

'The case I have just stated will actually exist with regard to the woollen and linen trade. We send you a considerable quantity of woollen, *subject to some duty*; you send us linen to an immense amount, *subject to none*. This single circumstance of the linen would have been a fair and full answer (even without any reduction of duties on the import of other articles) to the clamour for protecting duties. The whole amount of the British manufacture which Ireland actually takes from England, under a *low duty*, and on which she has threatened prohibitory duties, does not amount to so much as the single article of linen, which we are content to take from you, *under no duty at all*. I have stated all this to show that this part of the arrangement is in the same spirit with the other. What is it, then, that can reconcile this country to such concessions, under these circumstances? It is perhaps true that with regard to some of the articles of manufacture there are particular considerations which make the danger to us less than it might be imagined. In the great article of the woollen, if we confine the raw material to ourselves, and let Ireland do the same, perhaps the produce of Ireland, and what she can import from other places, can never enable her to supplant us to a great extent in this article. This undoubtedly must be our policy, and it makes part of the resolutions proposed: it can never, in my opinion, be thought any exception to the general freedom of trade, nor do I believe any man could seriously entertain any expectation of the contrary line being adopted. If each country is at liberty to make the most of its own natural advantages, it could not be supposed that we should part with a material indispensable to our staple manufacture. If there is any other similar prohibition on the export of raw material now in force in Ireland, it would be equally fair that it should be continued; but, on the other hand, it is essential that no new one should be hereafter imposed in either country, as this part of the system should, like the rest, be finally settled, and not left open to future discussion. But this consideration affects only the particular article of woollen. The fundamental principle, and the only one on which the whole plan can be justified, is that I mentioned in the beginning of my letter — that for the future the two countries will be to the most essential purposes united. On this ground the wealth and prosperity of the whole is the object; from what local sources they arise is indifferent. We trust to various circumstances in believing

that no branch of trade or manufacture will shift so suddenly as not to allow time, in every instance as it arises, for the industry of this country gradually to take another direction; and confident that there will be markets sufficient to exercise the industry of both countries, to whatever pitch either can carry it, we are not afraid in this liberal view to encourage a competition which will ultimately prove for the common benefit of the empire, by giving to each country the possession of whatever branch of the trade or article of manufacture it is best adapted to, and therefore likely to carry on with the most advantage. These are the ideas I entertain of what we give to Ireland, and of the principles on which it is given.

‘The unavoidable consequence of these principles brings me back to that which I set out with — the indispensable necessity of some fixed mode of contribution on the part of Ireland, in proportion to her growing means, to the general defence. That in fact she ought to contribute in that proportion I have never heard any man question as a principle. Indeed without that expectation the conduct of this country would be an example of rashness and folly not to be paralleled. But we are desired to content ourselves with the strongest general pledge that can be obtained of the intention of Ireland, without requiring anything specific at present. I must fairly say that such a measure neither can nor ought to give satisfaction. In the first place, it is making everything take place immediately on our part, and leaving everything uncertain on that of Ireland, which would render the whole system so lame and imperfect as to be totally indefensible. It would reserve this essential point as a perpetual source of jealous discussion, and that even in time of peace, when, with no objects to encourage exertion, men will be much more disposed to object than to give liberally; and we should have nothing but a vague and perhaps a fallacious hope, in answer to the clamours and apprehensions of all the descriptions of men who lose, or think they lose, by the arrangement. If it is indispensable, therefore, that the contribution should be in some degree ascertained at present, it is equally clear, on the other hand, that the quantum of it must not be fixed to any stated sum, which of necessity would either be too great at present, or in a little time hence too small. The only thing that seems reasonable is to appropriate a certain fund towards supporting the general expenses of the empire in time of peace, and leave it, as it must be left, to the zeal of Ireland to provide for extraordinary emergencies in time of war as they arise. The fund which seems the best, and indeed the only one that has been pointed out for this purpose, is the hereditary revenue. Though the effect will not be immediate, our object will be attained if the future surplus of this revenue beyond its present produce estimated at the medium of the four or five last years, is applied in the manner we wish. Such a fund, from the nature of the articles of

which it is composed, must have a direct relation to the wealth, the commerce, and the population of Ireland. It will increase with their extension, and cannot even begin to exist without it. Towards this country it will be more acceptable than a much larger contribution in any other way, because, if in fact the commerce of Ireland should be increased at our expense by our manufactures and trade being transferred in any degree thither, the compensation will arise in the same proportion. It has this further inestimable advantage, from being fixed according to a standard which will apply to all the future circumstances of the two countries, that it will, from the very permanence of the principle, tend to unite them more closely and firmly to each other. In Ireland, it cannot escape consideration, that this is a contribution not given beforehand for uncertain expectations, but which can only follow the actual possession and enjoyment of the benefits in return for which it is given. If Ireland does not grow richer and more populous she will by this scheme contribute nothing. If she does grow richer by the participation of our trade, surely she ought to contribute, and the measure of that contribution cannot, with equal justice, be fixed in any other proportion. It can never be contended that the increase of the hereditary revenue ought to be left to Ireland as the means of gradually diminishing her other taxes, unless it can be argued that the whole of what Ireland now pays is a greater burden in proportion than the whole of what is paid by this country, and that therefore she ought, even if she grows richer, rather to diminish that burden on herself than give anything towards lightening ours. Indeed, if this were argued, it would be an argument, not against this particular mode of contributing, but against any contribution at all. For if Ireland were to contribute voluntarily from time to time, at the discretion of her Parliament, it would, if the contribution were real and effectual, equally prevent any diminution of her own burdens;—only the mode and the proportion would be neither so certain nor so satisfactory. It is to be remembered that the very increase supposed to arise in the hereditary revenue cannot arise without a similar increase in many articles of the additional taxes; consequently, from that circumstance alone, though they part with the future increase of their hereditary revenue, their income will be upon the whole increased, without imposing any additional burdens. On the whole, therefore, if Ireland allows that she ought ever in time of peace to contribute at all, on which it is impossible to frame a doubt, I can conceive no plausible objection to the particular mode proposed.

‘I recollect but two or three topics that have been suggested as likely to be urged by those who wish to create difficulties. The first, if it applies at all, applies as an argument against any contribution of any sort. It is *that the wealth of Ireland is brought by*

absentees to be spent in this country. In the first place, the amount of this is indefinite, and the idea, I believe, greatly overrated. What this country gains by it I am sure is small. The way in which it must be supposed to injure Ireland is, by diminishing the capital in the country, and by obstructing civilization and improvement. If this is true, what follows? That the effect of this, as far as it operates to prevent the increase of trade and riches, will prevent also the existence or the increase of the fund on which the contribution is to depend. Therefore this argument, giving it its utmost weight, does not affect the particular plan in question. Besides this, Ireland in its present state bears this evil, and under these circumstances supports her present burden. If she grows richer, will she not be able to support, out of that additional wealth, some addition of burden, at least, without any increase of hardship or difficulty? But if Ireland states the wealth we are supposed to draw from her by absentees on one hand, we may state what she draws from us by commerce on the other. Look at the trade between Great Britain and Ireland, and see how large a proportion of what we take from her is the produce of her soil or the manufactures of her inhabitants (which are the great sources of national riches). How small, comparatively, the proportion of similar articles which she takes from us. The consequence is obvious, that she is in this respect clearly more benefited than we are by the intercourse between us.

The other topic is, that it is impolitic and odious that this arrangement should have the appearance of a *bargain*, and such an idea will render it unpopular with the public. If a permanent system is to be settled by the authority of two distinct legislatures, I do not know what there is more odious in a bargain between them than in a treaty between two separate crowns. If the bargain is unfair, if the terms of it are not for mutual benefit, it is not calculated for the situation of two countries connected as Great Britain and Ireland ought to be. But it is of the essence of such a settlement (whatever name is to be given to it) that both *the advantage* and *the obligation* should be reciprocal; one cannot be so without the other. This reciprocity, whether it is or is not to be called a bargain, is an inherent and necessary part of the new system to be established between the two countries. In the relations of Great Britain with Ireland there can subsist but two possible principles of connexion. The one, that which is exploded, of total subordination in Ireland, and of restrictions on her commerce for the benefit of this country, which was by this means enabled to bear the whole burden of the empire; the other is, what is now proposed to be confirmed and completed, that of an equal participation of all commercial advantages, and some proportion of the charge of protecting the general interest. If Ireland is at all connected with

this country, and to remain a member of the empire, she must make her option between these two principles, and she has wisely and justly made it for the latter. But if she does think this system for her advantage as well as ours, and if she sets any value either on the confirmation and security of what has been given her, or on the possession of what is now within her reach, she can attain neither without performing on her part what both reason and justice entitle us to expect.

'The only remaining consideration is, for what service this contribution shall be granted, and in what manner it shall be applied. This seems a question of little difficulty. The great advantage that Ireland will derive is, from the equal participation of our trade, and of the benefits derived from our colonies. Nothing, therefore, is so natural as that she should contribute to the support of the navy, on which the protection of both depends. For the rest, it seems only necessary to provide some proper mode of ascertaining to the Parliament of Ireland that the surplus is annually paid over, to be applied, together with other monies voted here for naval services, and to be accounted for, together with them, to the Parliament of this country. There can be but *one navy* for the empire at large, and it must be administered by the executive power in this country. The particulars of the administration of it cannot be under the control of anything but the Parliament of this country. This Principle, on the fullest consideration, seems one which must be held sacred. Nothing else can also prevent the supreme executive power, and with it the force of the empire, being distracted into different channels, and its energy and effect being consequently lost. As the sum to be received in this manner from Ireland can never be more than a part (I fear a small one) of the whole naval expense, as its amount from time to time will be notorious, and as it will go in diminution of the supplies to be granted here, the Parliament of this country will have both the means and the inducement to watch its expenditure as narrowly as if it was granted by themselves. Ireland, therefore, will have the same security that we have against any misapplication, and she will have the less reason to be jealous on the subject, because we have a common interest with her, and to a still greater extent, in the service which it is intended to support; and if any deficiency arises from mismanagement it will (according to this arrangement) fall, not upon them, but upon us, to make it good.

'I have no more to add. I have troubled you with all this from an extreme anxiety to put you in possession of all that occurs to me on one of the most interesting subjects that can occupy our attention in the course of our lives. You will, I am sure, forgive my wearying you with so much detail. I release you from it, in the persuasion that you will feel how much depends upon this

crisis for both countries, and in the certainty that your exertions, and those of your friends, will be proportioned to its importance. I will only add: that difficulties may be started at first, but I think they must vanish on discussion. At all events, believe me, my dear Duke, it is indispensable to us all, and to the public, that they should be overcome. By address and dexterity in the management of the business, and above all, by firmness and a resolution to succeed, I have no doubt that it will be found both possible and easy. I shall then have to congratulate you on your having the happiness to accomplish a scheme which may lay the foundation of lasting tranquillity and reviving prosperity to both countries

‘I am ever, with constant affection and attachment,

‘My dear Duke,

‘Your faithful and sincere friend,

‘W. PITT.

‘Downing Street, Friday, Jan. 7, 1785,

‘1/2 past 12, P. M.

‘I need hardly tell you that I am obliged to send you these sheets as they are, without the leisure either to copy or revise them.’

The commercial propositions, as is well known, did not prosper in the Irish parliament. On the 4th of July, 1785, the Duke of Rutland reports—

‘I have seen Mr. Grattan, but found him impracticable in a degree scarcely credible. I desired to be apprised of his objections, and stated my reliance on your disposition to modify, as far as candour could require, those parts which were deemed exceptionable in Ireland; but his ideas of objection were such as to render them impossible to be obviated. He said that he could admit nothing which intrenched on old settlements; that it seemed an attempt to resume in peace concessions granted in war; that rendering the fourth proposition conditional was of but little avail; that everything should be left to national faith, and nothing covenanted.

But the final blow, it will be seen, was struck in the month of August.

• ‘The Duke of Rutland to Mr Pitt.

‘MY DEAR PITT,

Dublin Castle, August 13, 1785.

‘I am most extremely concerned to inform you, that after a tedious debate, which continued till past nine in the morning, the House came to a division, when the numbers for admitting the bill were 127 to 108. You may well imagine that so small a majority as nineteen on so strong a question as the admission of the bill affords no great hopes as to the ultimate fate of the measure. It

will be an effort of our united strength to get the bill printed, that at least it may remain as a monument of the liberality of Great Britain, and of my desires to promote a system which promises such essential advantage to the empire. All my influence must likewise be exerted on Monday to defeat a motion from Mr. Flood, to the purpose of declaring «the four propositions, as passed in the Parliament of Great Britain, as destructive of the liberties and constitution of Ireland.» Such a declaration is of a nature too hostile to be endured for a moment. The speech of Mr. Grattan was, I understand, a display of the most beautiful eloquence perhaps ever heard, but it was seditious and inflammatory to a degree hardly credible. The theory and positions laid down both in his speech and that of Mr. Flood amounted to nothing less than war with England. This was distinctly told him in so many words by Mr. Pole. ⁽¹⁾ The Attorney-General ⁽²⁾ supported me in the most honourable and manly manner, and has committed himself without reserve. Our only line left is to force, if possible, the bill to be read, and then to adjourn, that men may have time to return to their senses. It grieves me to think that a system which held out so much advantage to the empire, and which was so fair between the two countries, should meet a fate so contrary to its deserts; and I may say Ireland will have reason to repent her folly if she persists in a conduct so dangerous, so destructive of her true interest, and repugnant to every principle of connexion between herself and Great Britain. I have only to add, that I still do not absolutely despond; but, be the event what it may, no alteration shall take place in my determination: I will never think of quitting my station while I can render an iota of strength to your government, or to the great cause in which we are embarked. I will write more fully after Monday. I was up all last night, and am quite worn out.

Believe me to be ever yours,

‘RUTLAND.’

We will add Mr. Pitt's reply:—

‘*Mr. Pitt to the Duke of Rutland.*

‘*Putney Heath, Aug. 17, 1785.*

‘My dear Duke, — I confess myself not a little disappointed and hurt in the account brought me to-day by your letter and Mr. Orde's of the event of Friday. I had hoped that neither prejudice nor party could on such an occasion have made so many proselytes against the true interests of the country; but the die seems in a great measure to be cast, at least for the present. Whatever it leads to, we have the satisfaction of having proposed a system which, I be-

(1) Now Lord Maryborough.

(2) The Attorney-General for Ireland was then the Right Hon. John Fitzgibbon, afterwards Lord Chancellor and Earl of Clare.

lieve, will not be discredited even by its failure; and we must wait times and seasons for carrying it into effect. I think you judge most wisely in making it your plan to give the interval of a long adjournment as soon as the bill has been read and printed. With so doubtful a majority, and with so much industry to raise a spirit of opposition without doors, this is not the moment for pressing farther. It will remain to be seen whether, by showing a firm and unalterable decision to abide by the system in its present shape, and by exerting every effort both to instruct and to influence the country at large into a just opinion of the advantages held out to them, a favourable change may be produced in the general current of opinion before the time comes for resuming the consideration of the bill. I am not at all sanguine in my expectations of your division on the intended motion on Monday last. Though an Opposition frequently loses its advantage by attempting to push it too far, yet, on such a question, and with the encouragement of so much success, I rather conclude that absurdity and faction will have gained a second triumph; but I am very far from thinking it impossible that reflection and discussion may operate a great change before the time which your Parliament will probably meet after the adjournment. I very much wish you may at least have been just able to ward off Flood's motion, lest its standing on the journals should be an obstacle to farther proceedings at a happier moment. It is still almost incomprehensible to me who can have been the deserters who reduced our force so low, and I wait with a great impatience for a more particular account.

All I have to say, in the mean time, is very short: let us meet what has happened, or whatever may happen, with the coolness and determination of persons who may be defeated, but cannot be disgraced, and who know that those who obstruct them are greater sufferers than themselves. You have only to preserve the same spirit and temper you have shown throughout in the remainder of this difficult scene. Your own credit and fame will be safe, as well as that of your friends. I wish I could say the same of the country you have been labouring to serve. Our cause is on too firm a rock here to be materially shaken, even for a time, by this disappointment; and when the experience of this fact has produced a little more wisdom in Ireland, I believe the time will yet come when we shall see all our views realized in both countries, and for the advantage of both. It may be sooner or later, as accident, or perhaps (for some time) malice, may direct; but it will be right at last. We must spare no human exertion to bring forward the moment as early as possible; but we must be prepared also to wait for it on one uniform and resolute ground, be it ever so late. It will be no small consolation to you, in the doubtful state of this one important object, that every other part of the public scene affords the most en-

couraging and animating prospect; and you have, above all, the satisfaction of knowing that your government has made a more vigorous effort (whatever be its ultimate success) than I believe any other period of Irish history will produce, since the present train of government has been established. I write this as the first result of my feelings, and I write it to yourself alone.

Believe me ever

Your most affectionate and faithful friend;

W. PITT.

In the extracts we have given relative to the commercial propositions there is one passage which at first sight may have excited the reader's surprise—where Mr. Pitt so emphatically declares his resolution 'to exclude the Catholics from any share in the representation or the government.' Strong expressions from the same minister who, in 1801, resigned office on finding his Royal Master refuse to concede the Roman Catholic claims! The words of the letter may, we say, have excited surprise at first sight—but at first sight only; for on examination it will be found that the principles of Mr. Pitt, on both occasions, were perfectly uniform and constant. He held, that so long as Ireland was a separate kingdom, with a parliament of its own, so long the Roman Catholics, forming a majority of the population, could not, with safety to the Established Church and Constitution, be admitted to a share—since their share would then be a large preponderance—in the representation: but that if the two nations were blended and mingled together by a legislative union, then the Roman Catholics, becoming only a minority of the population of the whole empire, might without danger be admitted to equal privileges. Such are the principles laid down by Mr. Pitt himself in the letter to the King, which is dated January 31st 1801, and which, in 1827, was first made public by Lord Kenyon. (1) We have no thoughts of here inflicting upon our readers any renewed discussion on the momentous question of the Roman Catholic claims; we are at present only concerned in showing that, whether Mr. Pitt's views upon this question be considered wise or unwise, salutary or pernicious, they were exactly the same in 1786

(1) See Quart. Rev. vol. xxvi. p. 290. Annual Register, 1827, vol. ii., p. 472.

as in 1801, and were alike pursued with lofty firmness. For their sake he was equally ready in the first year to hazard popularity, and in the latter year to sacrifice power.

We cannot leave the subject of Ireland without doing justice to the character and conduct of the Duke of Rutland. (*) Throughout this correspondence he appears to very great advantage, combining a frank and cordial spirit, and a delicate sense of honour, with good judgment, prudence, and vigilant attention to his duties. In reference to the very subject which we touched upon just now—the Irish Union—a prediction which he makes on the 16th of June, 1784, indicates surely no common degree of foresight and sagacity. He is speaking of the Irish volunteers; —

‘The volunteer corps were reviewed in the Phoenix Park about a fortnight since. Their numbers were much diminished from the former year, in spite of all the exertions made use of to alarm and irritate; so that I am in hopes this self-appointed army may fall to the ground without the interposition of government, which would prove a most fortunate circumstance. If some such event should not have effect, the period cannot be far distant when they must be spoken to in a peremptory and decisive manner. For the existence of a government is very precarious while an armed force, independent of and unconnected with the state, for the purpose of awing the legislature into all its wild and visionary schemes, is permitted to endure. The northern newspapers take notice of an intention in some of the corps to address the French king; and which they recommend as a very proper and spirited measure. No meeting for such a *laudable* purpose has yet taken place. I can scarcely believe it, though the madness of some of these armed legislators might go to anything. Were I to indulge a distant speculation, I should say that, without an union, Ireland will not be connected with Great Britain in twenty years longer.’

Irish subjects are not the only ones treated in this correspondence—there are also frequent and interesting touches of English politics. We will give from Mr. Pitt's letters three extracts referring to these at three very different periods.

(*) We may be pardoned for recalling to our readers the amiable impression of His Grace's private life and manners derived from the *Memoirs* of his venerated protégé, Mr. Crabbe, who, on Mr. Burke's recommendation, became domestic chaplain at Belvoir Castle in 1782, and owed all his subsequent preferments to the kindness of the House of Rutland.

The first when he and the Duke of Rutland were battling together in opposition, but with the prospect of power close before them; the second when Mr. Pitt, in power, had yet to struggle against an adverse and exasperated majority of the House of Commons; the third when Mr. Pitt, after appealing to the people, again met the House of Commons, and found himself as strong in parliamentary as in popular support.

The first is dated November 22, 1783; —

'We are in the midst of contest, and, I think, approaching to a crisis. The bill which Fox has brought in relative to India will be, one way or other, decisive for or against the coalition. It is, I really think, the boldest and most unconstitutional measure ever attempted, transferring at one stroke, in spite of all charters and compacts, the immense patronage and influence of the East to *Charles Fox, in or out of office*. I think it will with difficulty, if at all, find its way through our House, and can never succeed in yours. Ministry trust all on this one die, and will probably fail. They have hurried on the bill so fast that we are to have the second reading on Thursday next, Nov. 27th. I think we shall be strong on that day, but much stronger in the subsequent stages. If you have any member within fifty or a hundred miles of you, who cares for the constitution or the country, pray send him to the House of Commons as quick as you can. I trust you see that this bill will not easily reach the House of Lords; but I must tell you that Ministry flatter themselves with carrying it through before Christmas.'

The second is of March 28, 1784: —

'The interesting circumstances of the present moment, though they are a double reason for my writing to you, hardly leave me the time to do it. *Per tot discrimina rerum*, we are at length arrived within sight of a dissolution. The bill to continue the powers of regulating the intercourse with America to the 20th of June will pass the House of Lords to-day. That, and the Mutiny Bill, will receive the Royal Assent to-morrow, and the King will then make a short speech and dissolve the Parliament. Our calculations for the new elections are very favourable, and the spirit of the people seems still progressive in our favour. The new Parliament may meet about the 15th or 16th of May, and I hope we may so employ the interval as to have all the necessary business rapidly brought on, and make the session a short one.'

'The 24th of the following May is the date of our third extract: —

I cannot let the messenger go without congratulating you on the prospect confirmed to us by the opening of the session. Our first battle was previous to the address, on the subject of the return for Westminster. The enemy chose to put themselves on bad ground, by moving that two Members ought to have been returned, without first hearing the High-Bailiff to explain the reasons of his conduct. We beat them on this by 283 to 136. The High-Bailiff is to attend to-day, and it will depend upon the circumstances stated whether he will be ordered to proceed in the scrutiny, or immediately to make a double return, which will bring the question before a committee. In either case I have no doubt of Fox being thrown out, though in either there may be great delay, inconvenience, and expense, and the choice of the alternative is delicate. We afterwards proceeded to the address, in which nothing was objected to but the thanking the King expressly for the dissolution. Opposition argued everything weakly, and had the appearance of a vanquished party, which appeared still more in the division, when the numbers were 282 to 114. We can have little doubt the progress of the session will furnish throughout a happy contrast to the last. We have indeed nothing to contend with but the heat of the weather and the delicacy of some of the subjects which must be brought forward.

We close this volume with the earnest hope that it may not be the only one of its class to come before us. Every succeeding day, as it bears us further from the era of Pitt and Fox, removes more and more of the few who yet lingered amongst us, the contemporaries and friends of those illustrious men. Only last year we saw depart the sole surviving cabinet colleague of Pitt in his first administration; only last month the devoted widow of Fox. But Time should not all destroy; and while, on the one hand, it breaks the remaining links of living affection, so, on the other hand, it should cast aside the ties of official reserve—it should unlock the most secret scrutoire—it should draw forth the most hoarded paper. The words 'private' and 'most private' on the cover need be no longer spells to restrain us. We may now, without any breach of public duty—without any wound to personal feelings—explore the hidden thoughts, the inward workings of those two great minds which stood arrayed against each other, during twenty-three stormy and eventful years. We may trace them in their boyhood, and inquire whether, it was in part through careful training, or all by their endowments at

birth, that each of them inherited his father's gift of genius—that rarest of all gifts to inherit from a parent—as if, according to the fine thought of Dante, the Great Giver had willed to show that it proceeds from himself alone: —

‘Rade volte risorge per li rampi:
L’umana probitade, e questo vuole
Quei che la dà, perche da lui si chiami.’ (‘)

We may, perhaps, by the journal of some secretary or some trusted friend, pursue them in their country retirement, and their familiar conversation. We may walk by the side of Pitt along the avenue that he planted at Holwood, or sit with Fox beneath the wide-spreading cedar at St. Anne's. We may see the blotted notes from whence grew the elaborate oration still perused with delight; we may trace in some hasty sketch the germ of some great enactment by which we continue to be ruled. We may follow the rival statesmen in their far divergent paths through life, until their final resting-place, under the same stately roof, and within a few paces of each other: and thus, while such stores of information as the present volume supplies come gradually to light, both Pitt and Fox will no doubt become far better known to the present generation than they could be to the great mass of those amongst whom their own life was cast.

(QUARTERLY REVIEW.)

(‘) *Purgat.*, lib. vii., verse 121.

MY HONEY-MOON;

OR, DOMESTIC BLISS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COMIC LATIN GRAMMAR."

I HAVE often heard the complaint, that whereas almost all comedies and novels end with a marriage, which is supposed to be the beginning of a state of exquisite happiness, the world, (that is the single portion of it), is left in a state of ignorance as to what that happiness consists in. I purpose, in the following pages, to do something at least towards affording satisfaction on this point to those who stand in need of it, by giving them a sample of my own experience as a Benedict.

It is a twelvemonth to-day—this worked silk night-cap (affection's offering) which I now for the first time put on, reminds me of the fact—since my Laura made me the happiest of men. From the gay and festive scenes of the Metropolis, where the nuptial knot was tied, we hastened down to a delightfully snug little cottage, situated on the banks of the majestic Thames.

Never shall I forget those blissful emotions which I experienced when, on the second day of our joyful union, Laura and I, our morning meal (consisting of new-laid eggs, home-baked bread, fresh butter, delicious cream, fragrant Mocha, and some exquisitely-flavoured ham) having been despatched, walked forth into the morning sunshine down the gravel-path

of our little garden. The buds were coming out, and so (to speak of them as singers) were the little birds—the aerial goldfinch, the blackbirds in the gooseberry-bushes, and the lark on the plum-tree in its bloom. We walked together in a manner which we always adopt when nobody is looking at us. It is this. I take Laura's right hand in mine, and pass her arm around my left; then I do not let go of her hand, but continue to hold it, sustaining at the same time my own left hand with my right arm. In this way we wandered up and down the paths, and among the flower-beds. At first we did not say much,—that is, we did not *talk* much; but when our eyes met, there was a mutual exchange of eloquence which no words, I am sure, could ever have effected. We looked at each other, then smiled, then sighed,—then looked up into the clear blue sky, as if to ask what happier beings might dwell there. At length, after a long, but most expressive silence, my Laura spoke.

• Tootsicums! • she whispered, communicating to my left side the slightest possible impulse with her elbow. The endearing epithet which she applied to me was one with which affection had just enriched her vocabulary. She had read it in no book, culled it from no dictionary but that of the heart. Soft word!—it suited well her silvery tone—
• Tootsicums! • she said.

• Kitsy, Kitsy, Kitsy, • I replied, with a smile of fondness.

• What shall we have, dear, for dinner? • she inquired.

• Whatever you like, love, • I replied.

• No, dear,—what *you* like. •

• Well, sweet, shall it be a leg of mutton? But what do you like best, Tibby? • (I sometimes call her Tibby, as she calls me Tootsicums,) I asked. The affectionate creature, with a movement of feigned impatience, looked up, with one of those peculiar glances which always had such an effect upon me, into my face for an instant, and then fixed her eyes on the ground. There was no mistaking her meaning.

• Nay, • I said, • my soul's treasure, I meant, what do you like best to *eat*? •

« Oh! » she replied, « there are so many nice things, dear. There's *fricandeau* of veal, you know. »

« Yes, and veal-cutlets. »

« Yes, and curried chicken. »

« Yes, and haricot mutton. »

« Oh, yes! and—Law! oh, Tootsiums, what say you to a leg of pork—boiled, you know? ——— With peas-pudding? »

« Oh, yes!—with peas-pudding, » cried the delighted girl.—
« It will be so nice—I am so fond of it. »

« Now don't talk so, sir, » said the playful creature; « you mustn't—if you do, I shall beat you. »

« Kitsy, Kitsy, Kitsy, » was my reply to this pretty threat, imprinting as I thus expressed myself—but it is not fair, even for a husband, to kiss and tell.

« Don't, » said dear Laura; « see how you've bent my bonnet! » She said « don't » in a tone which converted « don't » into « do, »—with the addition of « you can't think how it gratifies me. » Beautiful example of affectionate irony!

« I'll never do so any more, » said I, rubbing my eyes, and pretending to cry like a little boy.

« You are sure, now? »

I answered by repeating the offence forthwith; at which Laura exclaimed, in her little bewitching way, « Oh, you naughty story! » slapping me at the same time on the shoulder, but also allowing her hand to remain there, which, if she had hit me ever so hard, would have taken all the pain away. Hereupon my arm almost unconsciously encircled her delicate form, and her hand continuing where she had placed it, we, as it were, instinctively began to waltz. We waltzed in and out of the flower-beds, up and down the gravel-path, all around the green, and then back again down to the summer-house. As we were whirling along, my dressing-gown happened to catch in a gooseberry-bush, and down I came, with dear Laura too, of course. My falling first, however, saved her; but as to myself, I fell backwards, and received an unpleasant bruise, and, what was worse, tore my new trousers.

« Jim! dear Jim! » almost shrieked my affectionate Laura!

totally regardless of self, "are you—are you hurt? Oh! speak—tell me—say!"

"No, dear, no; only a little! Now, don't look so: I'm not hurt much, I assure you—'tis only a trifle—'tisn't, upon my word," said I, trying to calm her fond alarm, though I was forced to rub myself all the while.

"Now, I know it hurts you very much," she replied. "Poor Tootsicums—let me tiss it, den, for him, and make it well!"

"Bless her little heart," I cried. "But see here, Tibby," (and I turned round,) "see here, what a misfortune!" I showed her what happened to my nether garment. "I must go and change."

"Law! Jim," said Laura, "there's no occasion for that. We won't dance any more, for *fear*, you know, you should get another tumble." So she put her arm round me, and I put mine round her, and we walked steadily in-doors.

Now, I know that there are a great many people who will laugh at all this, and call it foolish, and perhaps it may seem so to them; but it's very pleasant though, for all that.

After ordering cook to be sure and get the leg of pork ready exactly at five, and to take care and have some nice sprouts, and some kail, if she could get any, and also to make a roll-black-currant-jam-pudding, (which both of us are very fond of,) Laura got a needle and thread to sew up my trowsers. Just as she had finished the last stitch, the servant, without any warning, opened the door, and almost before she could announce him, in came Ruggles. Both my wife and I started so, that he must have thought it very odd; however, I contrived to put on a look of unconcern, and to introduce him to Laura as my particular friend,—which he is, though I certainly wished him at Jericho just then; more particularly as he is always quizzing somebody or other.

Having cordially welcomed my friend, I resumed my seat; but in doing so the needle, which Laura in her hurry had forgotten to remove, ran into me nearly a quarter of an inch, and made me jump up, and cry out as if I had been stung. I pretended that it was a shooting of one of my corns that

hurt me; but I think Ruggles knew better, for I saw that he was grinning under pretence of blowing his nose.

Dear Laura (she catches a thing directly,) saw in a moment that Ruggles was a bachelor, so, to tease him, she came and sat on the sofa by me, and hitched her little finger in mine, and then, smiling at him, said.

“Are you married, Mr. Ruggles?”

“No,” answered Ruggles, slightly shrugging his shoulders, and making a faint grimace, as much as to say, “I should rather think not.”

“Oh, he’s no soul, love, has he?” inquired Laura, looking up tenderly in my face.

“Not he, Tibby,” I replied.

Mr. Ruggles rubbed his hands with an air of much self-complacency.

“Ah! Ruggles,” I observed, throwing myself back upon the sofa, “when you are married you ’ll know better.”

“Won’t he, Tootsiums, dear?” said Laura.

“Well now, Ruggles, you ’ll stay and take lunch?” I asked. “Tibby, dear, is it ready?”

“I ’ll go and see, duck.”

“No it shan’t, dove. Let its Tootsiums ring.”

“No; I want to see cook, dear,—about,” she added, in a whisper at my ear, “about something nice.”

So she rose, and bounded to the door like a fawn: I tripping after her on tip-toe.

“Hey! little kiddlums; kiddlums, kiddlums, kiddlums!” I cried, gently compressing her shoulders as she made her exit.

“Oh, you tease!” she winningly exclaimed.

“Kiddlums!” I cried after her down the passage, (this was a new term of endearment for her, which had just come into my head,) “kiddlums!”

“Well, you idle thing; what?”

“Mr. Ruggles would like half-and-half.”

By the time Laura returned, lunch was ready. Thereat Ruggles acquitted himself in a manner which proved, to the entire satisfaction of Laura, the correctness of the character which I had ascribed to him. At length, after drinking a

glass of wine to our health and happiness, and taking a piece of cake away (given him by her, to put under his pillow,) to my inexpressible delight he departed:

When he was gone, Laura sang me "The last links are broken," and "We met," and "The soldier's tear," and several other pretty songs of that sort; and then she made me sing, "Oh, my love is like the red, red rose," and "The rose shall cease to blow," and "The Maid of Llangollen." But when I volunteered "A-going out a-shooting," she put her hand upon my mouth, and would not hear a word of it. After that we went for a walk, to see the little lambs at play, and get an appetite for dinner.

I leave the reader to guess how my Laura and I enjoyed our meal. We were quite alone; and every morsel that the sweet girl thought particularly nice, she insisted on cutting off her share, and making me eat it. I leave him also to imagine how delightfully the interval between dinner and tea was occupied. Nuts and wine by themselves are pleasant enough; but when we partake of them with those we love, they are exquisite. Sometimes we had a double nut, and then one would make the other bite half of it; now I caused Laura to take another glass of port, saying, "Come now, Tibby, you shall; it will do you good;" and then she would insist on feeding me with almonds and raisins. It was very pleasant indeed—*very*.

At last tea-time came. "Look here, Tootsiums," said Laura; "see, duckey, how nice. With that she removed a cloth, that concealed four dozen of the finest natives. 'I knew,' she continued, 'you would like something nice with your tea.'"

"Tibby, dear," I declared, putting the edge of my right hand across my throat; "I can't, indeed."

"Oh, fiddle! Now, Tootsiums, you shall. Law! oysters are so wholesome, you know. Now try. Come, sir, open your mouth. There!"

I did as I was bid; and really the natives were so capital, that I went on swallowing one after another, until, with some little assistance from Laura, the whole were demolished.

The tea-things being taken away, we wheeled the sofa up to the fire; and, feeling as if I should like to go to sleep, I reposed my head on Laura's lap, and thus delightfully pillow-ed, was fast sinking into slumber, when presently I felt—oh! such a pain in the chest. I could not repress an ejaculation of pain.

“Jim!” cried the sensitive girl, in accents of terror. “Oh! how you’ve frightened me! What is the matter?”

“Oh! Laura!” I answered, “I have such a pain *here*.”

“Goodness gracious, Jim! how ill you look! Oh, dear! let me ring, and send for a doctor. Do, pray!” And she rushed towards the bell.

“No, dear,” I said; “give me a spoonful of brandy. ‘Tis only a spasm that I am subject to. I shall be better presently.”

The sweet creature instantly did as I desired, and in a few moments I felt relieved.

“Now, Jim,” said she, when, coming a little to myself again, I began to smile, “I am sure you have caught cold. Do you know I am afraid those trowsers that you put on this morning were not aired. You don’t look well at all. You don’t indeed.”

“I rather think, dear, I must have caught cold, or something of that sort. What could it be else?”

“Come, now, Tootsicums; you shall let me make you some rum and honey; and then put little toots into hot water, and go to bed like a good boy; and then to-morrow you’ll be all well again.”

Who could have refused to take such affectionate advice, even if there had been no occasion for it? The hot water was fetched in, and placed before the fire. Laura insisted upon wrapping me up in her flannel dressing-gown, and binding my head with a silk handkerchief, besides putting me on one of her nightcaps, for fear of *tic*. Then she mixed the rum and honey, and made me drink it down hot, which I would not do, however, till she had first had some of it herself. So there I sat, with my feet in the tub, and the tumbler, with a spoon in it, in my hand; my Laura sitting

before me on a little stool, and renewing the hot water from time to time from the kettle; until she thought that it would weaken me to remain where I was much longer. The day having been thus delightfully spent, (my slight indisposition at the close of it being more than counterbalanced by the pleasure which I derived from Laura's fond solicitude,) my Tibby and her Tootsicums betook themselves to the couch of slumber.

TO THE EDITOR OF BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY (PRIVATE).

1 April, 1841.

Sir—If my wife, who has given me a great deal of trouble, and for whose engagements I have been obliged to state publicly that I am not responsible, should call at your office, and claim in my name the money for the paper, entitled *My Honey Moon*, sent to you some time ago, pray be so good as not to let her have it.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

(BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.)

ON THE
TCHERNOZEM.

BY **RODERICK IMPEY MURCHISON, F.R.S.**

(Since the accompanying sketch was read before the Geological Society of London, I have added to it the valuable analysis of the black earth by Mr. Payen, and have willingly acceded to the request of my friend Mr. Pusey to publish it in the volumes of the Agricultural Society.)

In previous communications respecting the geological structure of Russia in Europe, M. de Verneuil and myself gave a sketch of the superficial accumulations which are apparent in the northern governments of that empire. In conjunction with our associate, Count Keyserling; we shall revert to this subject, both with the view of adding to our former stock of knowledge that which has resulted from recent researches, and also to show in one connected memoir the relations of all the varied superficial detritus of Russia. The object, in the mean time, of this short notice is to call attention to a superficial deposit which occurs at intervals over enormous tracts in central and eastern Russia, and which, from the uniformity of its colour and composition, is without parallel in Europe. Though Pallas and the older writers upon Russia have briefly

noticed the occurrence of a black vegetable mould, they have neither described the extent of ground occupied by it, nor its composition; still less have they speculated upon its probable origin. The Baron A. Von Meyendorf, my companion in a part of my first journey, in a letter to M. Elie de Beaumont, has indeed spoken of this material as being one of the chief sources of the agricultural wealth of the empire.

Having recently, however, had the opportunity, in company with M. de Verneuil and Count A. Keyserling, of tracing the relations of this black earth over wider tracts than perhaps any modern observer, I have thrown together a few remarks which may serve to explain, 1st, the range and extent of the deposit, and its relations to the physical features of the land; 2ndly, its agricultural properties; 3rdly, its chemical composition; 4thly, the theory of its origin.

1. The black earth has its northernmost limit defined by a waving line which, passing from near Kief and Tchernigof, a little to the south of Lichwin, appears in the 54° of N. lat. in that tract, then advances in its course eastward to the 57° of N. lat. and occupies the left bank of the Volga west of Tcheboksar, between Nijny Novgorod and Kasan. In approaching the Ural chain, we saw no black earth to the north of Kasan, but we observed it plentifully on the Kama and around Ufa. Again, on the Asiatic or Siberian side of the Ural mountains we travelled through one large oasis of it near Kamensk, south of the Issetz river in latitude 56° N., and through another, between Miask and Sviask. Of its limits in the great Siberian plains we cannot speak from personal observation, but we were given to understand that it spreads over a considerable area in the eastern and central parts of that region. Nor can we exactly define its southern limits in these eastern longitudes, for although we met with it occasionally in the gorges of the chain and in the Baschkir country on both flanks of the southern Ural, and also in the steppes of the Kirghis, we cannot pretend to say if it extends far to the south of Orenburg. We know, however, that it is not to be seen in the flat southern steppes between that place and the mouth of the Volga which were traversed by

us ; for there the surface is strewed with fine submarine detritus containing numerous shells of the same species as those which now inhabit the adjacent Caspian. Nor have we seen any black earth to the south of Tzaritzin on the Volga, or on the steppes of the Kalmucks between that place and the mouth of the Don ; nor indeed anywhere except in very limited patches along the sea of Azof, or in other words on the southern face of the axis of elevation between the Dnieper and the Don, which is a prolongation of the Carpathian chain, and constitutes what is commonly called the granitic Steppe. It occurs, however, in great thickness on the slopes and plateaux on the northern side of that axis, where, as it really surmounts the carboniferous limestone with many seams of coal, a geologist who had not observed it in other places might at first sight be led to suppose that the black matter was due to the decomposition of the subjacent carboniferous strata (¹). It lies, however, upon rocks of all ages, and the great masses are included in the central region thus roughly defined. Geologically considered, therefore, the Tchernozem occupies the centre of a great trough as large as an European empire, having the detritus of the crystalline and older rocks for its northern and the low granitic steppes for its southern limits.

It is found at all levels, sometimes on plateaux, as on the right bank of the Volga, high above the adjacent plains, in various parallels, from $56\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ N. lat. to the high grounds extending to Saratof, and at heights of not less than 400 feet above the valleys ; in other places on slopes and undulations, and often in broad valleys, where the rivers, having cut through the deposit, expose its thickness on their banks. In the country where the southern limits of the northern drift are traceable, it is interesting to observe that its materials, reduced to small size, are overlapped by the black earth.

I may here remark, that on the plateaux and their sides, the black earth, like all the other alluvia of Russia, is con-

(¹) These coal-fields have since been described in the account of the general structure of central and southern Russia, communicated by myself and companions to the Geological Society of London.

stantly cut into by the ravines, called « avrachs » or « baltas » by the Russians, and which invariably show it to be the uppermost deposit. These ravines have been mentioned in a former communication ; but the attention of English geologists cannot be too frequently called to them, as the rapidity with which they are laid open after the ground has once begun to yawn, is something quite surprising to those who have been accustomed only to survey the trodden tracts of Europe and other parts of the world.

Central Russia, indeed, may be described as consisting, to a very great extent, of a series of undulations, composed of *incoherent* materials, or, in other words, as a country so devoid of a visible skeleton or framework, that the vast increment of clay, sand, or mud, which occupies her surface, is easily denuded when any adequate cause is brought into play. The opening or fissuring of these masses, then, is due, in the first place, to an extreme climate, which subjects the surface to intense and long droughts, alternating with heavy debacles, arising from the melting of thick coverings of snow and ice. During the hot and parching summers the argillaceous grounds necessarily split into rents, and wherever these occur upon slopes, the thaw of the succeeding spring liberating vast bodies of snow and water, the smallest crack of the previous year is enlarged in a few seasons into a broad and deep ravine, through which the masses of melted snow, mud, sand, and clay are transported into the adjacent river. It is the conjunction, therefore, of the very incoherent nature of the upper deposits of Russia with the extremes of her climate which explains the formation of the innumerable ravines that fissure her surface. It would indeed be a curious problem to ascertain to what extent these ravines encroach annually upon the best arable and pasture grounds of the empire, and in what progression this waste takes place ; as proved by the rapidly increasing deltas at the mouths of the Volga, Don, &c., and by the very perceptible silting up of the Sea of Azof. In no instance have I seen any means adopted to check this continual wear and tear, by which millions of tons of the richest soils are annually destroyed, and transported away by

the great rivers. In the mean time, the geologist has to thank these «avrachs» for most of his best sections, for it is generally near their mouths, where the denudation has been deepest, that the parent-rock or true subsoil is laid bare. I may here also state, that it is owing to the ravined nature of the sides of the hills, and the wide mouths of these gullies, that the great roads of Russia pass almost invariably over the highest table-lands, where the «avrachs» are, comparatively speaking, absent. Instead of travelling along the banks of the great water-courses, as we might think would be the case by an inspection of a physical map, it has been found impossible to maintain roads along these lower levels, — first, from their being inundated during certain seasons; and, secondly, by the innumerable mouths of the ravines, which defy all the efforts of bridge-makers, and are for ever changing their courses and dimensions.

Returning, however, from this allusion to a phenomenon which affects all the incoherent deposits of Russia, to our special subject, it must be clearly understood, that the black soil of which we are treating does not, by any means, occupy all the vast country in question. It occurs, indeed, in areas sometimes consisting of several large parishes, and is invariably the superior deposit, covering all other accumulations of clay, sand, &c. In thickness it varies from a few feet to 15 or 20 feet. In travelling over these black tracts in the dry summer of last year, my companions and myself were often, during a whole day, more or less surrounded by a cloud of black dust arising from the dried up «Tchernozem», which, even in rich grass countries, like those east of Odoyef, is of so subtle a nature as to rise up through the sod, under the stamp of the horse's feet, and form so dense a cloud, that on arriving at our station we were often amused at our chimney-sweep appearance (¹).

(²) Although it has been said that this black earth is unlike any superficial deposit in Europe, it is probable that the fine black earth of Hungary is merely a western limb of the great Russian accumulation. The «Tchernozem» is indeed somewhat analogous in colour, uniformity of deposit, and fertilizing properties, to the «Régur» or cotton soil of the central (Deccan) and southern (Trichinopoly, &c.) districts of

2. The «Tchernozem» is unquestionably the finest soil in Russia, whether for the production of wheat or grass. It is so fertile as arable land, that the farmers never apply manure; and, after taking many crops in succession, leave it fallow for a year or two, and then resume their scourging treatment. The natural productiveness of this soil has doubtless tended to confirm the prejudices of the peasants of Central Russia against the use of manure, enormous piles of which, the accumulation of ages, are seen behind most villages and towns, forming, between the houses and the river below them, hillocks of considerable magnitude, the export of which might really prove a very beneficial trade to those countries more advanced in agriculture, and whose poorer soils are worthless, without repeated dressings of manure. In the mean time, however, it is right to state that well-educated Russian proprietors of such lands in Central Russia are now labouring hard to overcome the ignorance of their peasants, and have in some instances succeeded in inducing them to manure their fields; whilst in the northern governments, where the soil and climate are more adverse to the cultivator, improved agricultural habits are becoming prevalent, and in all the military and German colonies manure is regularly harrowed in, the culture being occasionally as clean as in some parts of Western Europe.

In the central southern regions I may particularly cite M. Davidof, an extensive proprietor of black earth in the rich tract between Stavropol and Sysran, as one of the most spirited modern agriculturists. Educated in Scotland, where he acquired a taste for good farming, he is endeavouring, with the aid of his very intelligent agent, M. Brummer, and by the example of model farms, to lead the people to use manure and eat potatoes, a root generally abhorred by the Russian

Hindostan. In a memoir communicated to the Royal Society, in 1837, by Lieut. Newbold, of the Madras Army, that officer describes this Indian humus as being spread out in patches over wide tracts, and at all levels, and it is supposed by him to have been formed under water. In aspect, however, as well as in composition, the «Regur» differs from the «Tchernozem» in not being so black, in containing much coarser grains of sand, and also calcareous (tufaceous) concretions, which are attributed by Mr. Newbold to springs rising from the subjacent rocks.

peasant. Turnips or other green rotation crops being also unknown in the interior of Russia, I have little doubt that, with an improved system like that proposed and put in practice by M. Davidof, the agricultural products of Russia might be doubled.

It is not in my power to give an exact return of the crop yielded by the black earth, nor can I refer my readers to Schnitzler's Statistics of Russia, without cautioning them against what I presume to be an error, when that author states, that in good seasons this black ground, in the government of Tambof, returns from 10 to 15 for 1, and in other years from 7 to 10 for 1 (¹). With a knowledge of the *treatment* which this soil undergoes, such estimates must be overcharged, if viewed as average returns. More recently, indeed, the Baron A. von Meyendorf has prepared a useful statistical map, not yet pulished, in which the whole of Russia in Europe is divided into three regions—of forest, corn, and steppe. He also states that the agricultural region affords 20,000,000 of hectolitres of wheat; but I may observe, that the amount of this quantity which proceeds from the black earth cannot be known until its limits are defined. Nor would it have given a fair idea of the productiveness of this soil to have simply noted down the returns at this or that spot, where the plough had been long at work, and no manure used. The true test would be to show the amount of produce when the black earth is first changed from a state of steppe or grass to an arable condition. Eager as the Russian cultivator is to

(¹) The mode of computing the fertility of a soil by the return from a given quantity of seed, which is commonly used by foreign writers, is very fallacious, as it depends, in a great measure, on the quantity of seed sown on a given space. If a sack of wheat be sown broadcast on an acre of land, and the return be 5 quarters, this will be only 10 for 1; but if 5 pecks be dibbled, and 5 quarters reaped, which is not uncommon, the return is no less than 32 for 1: yet the fertility of the soil is not in that proportion. In the rich black earth a smaller quantity of seed is required; and, supposing 3 bushels sown per acre, an increase of 15 for 1 would only give 45 bushels—no very extraordinary crop for such land, in a climate peculiarly suited to the growth of wheat; and 10 for 1 would only be 30 bushels per acre—no very great average. There may, therefore, be no error in the statement of the return of the black soil of Tambof.—W. L. RICH.

convert such lands, there are still very wide tracts of Southern and Eastern Russia, and on the flanks of the South Ural, where no plough has yet broken in upon this fine virgin soil, and where it still is loaded with the richest crops of grass.

3. Chemical composition. On fracturing a hardened lump which I extracted six months ago from beneath 10 feet of subjacent similar earth, all jet black when moist, and which I had kneaded together to bring away, it offered in its dry state a slightly ferruginous brown tint; and I further perceived that besides the black matrix, grains of lighter-coloured sand were interspersed. Having submitted a portion of this mass to Mr. R. Phillipps, the Chemist of the Museum of Economic Geology, he has obligingly furnished me with this analysis:—

Silica	68.8
Alumina	13.5
Lime	1.6
Oxide of iron	7
Vegetable matter	6.4
Traces of humic acid, sulphuric acid, chlorine, &c.						1.7
						<hr/> 100

Dr. Daubeny, who has also interested himself in the examination of this black earth, and has detected about the same proportion of organic matter as that noticed by Mr. Phillips, thus expresses himself:—“The possession of a deep soil, easily penetrated by the roots of plants, and containing so large a per-centage of mild humus, would alone impart great fertility.”

The celebrated French agricultural chemist, M. Payen, who analyzed a portion of this black earth at the request of M. de Verneuil, says:—

“The composition of this earth is remarkable for the proportion of azotised matter which it contains, and the volume of the azote. The connection between this earth and the organic substance, when the latter is so rich in azote, appears to me to be essentially one of the surest indications of the fertility of soil, other conditions of chemical properties and mi-

neral composition being favourable. In this respect, and according to my compared analyses, the earth in question approaches very near to two of the most fertile soils of France, that of the Limagne d'Auvergne (valley of the Upper Loire) and that of the neighbourhood of St. Denis, near Paris, notably in the farms of Marville and Stains. I have great pleasure in authorising Mr. Murchison to publish this analysis and the opinion I here express, and shall be much honoured if these details find a place in the Memoir of the President of the Geological Society of London. *

ANALYSIS OF THE BLACK EARTH BY M. PAYEN.

100 parts of earth	{ 6.95 Combustible organic matter 93.05 Incumbustible matter —	{ Soluble in boiling hydro- chloric acid }	{ 13.755	Alumine	5.04
				Oxide of iron . .	5.62
				Lime	0.82
				Magnesia	0.98
				Alkaline Chlorides }	1.2
				Silica	71.56
				Alumina	6.36
				Lime (traces of)	
				Magnesia	0.24

or according to the quantities used in the analysis; { Earth. Org. matter. Incumbustible. } 0.237 soluble.
1.724 — 0.119 + 1.605 { 1.368 insoluble.

After detailing the minute proportions of these soluble and insoluble contents, M. Payen adds, that the analysis of the combustible organic matter indicated the presence in 100 parts of the original earth of

Water 4.81
Azote 2.45

7.26

4.140 grammes of the earth yielding 9.498 cubic centimetres of azotic gas (*).

(*) If we only consider the chemical elements of which this black earth, which is stated to be so fertile, is composed, the analysis does not afford us much information, without a knowledge of its mechanical texture. The same elementary substances may be so variously combined as to produce very different soils in respect to fertility. Thus, if 70 per cent. of silica were in the form of small crystals, such as we find in sea-sand, and the 13 per cent. of alumina combined with the 7 per cent. of iron and the sulphuric acid were mechanically mixed with the sand, the result would be a soil not much superior to that of Bagshot Heath; and although the 6 or 7 per cent. of organic matter, especially with a considerable portion of animal matter, would give it some fertility, it would never be fit for the growth of wheat, from a want of firmness. But if the alumina is combined with the silica, so as to form clay, and a portion of the silica only is in the form of fine sand, making with the clay a loamy soil, and the oxide of iron be a peroxide not hurtful to vegetation, then the organic matter intimately mixed with this soil will form the richest wheat-loam. This confirms an opinion I have ventured to express elsewhere—that, when the silica is in a very high state of division, and intimately blended with the alumina, it can no lon-

In order to avoid error, not pretending myself to be acquainted with the method of analysis employed by M. Payen, I here refer my readers to the original document. ⁽¹⁾

Whilst the analyses of these able chemists afford us nearly the same results as to the proportions of solid materials, we learn from M. Payen that the peculiar gaseous contents of the black earth may be the principal cause of its fertility. It would seem, indeed, that without a close attention to the proportion, not only of the soluble and insoluble constituents

ger be considered as sand; nor has it the porous quality by which sand is soon deprived of its moisture, and the organic matter is exhausted in it. This shows the necessity of a mechanical examination of a soil, which is so easily effected by sifting and washing alone, conjointly with an accurate chemical analysis, before we can form a correct opinion of the real fertility of a soil.—W. L. RUAM.

(²) Analyse de la Terre Noire, sur un échantillon transmis par M. Gourieff.

Analyse.

100 terre =	6.95 mat. organique combustible.	Solubles dans l'ac. chlorhyd. bouillant = 13.79	Alumine . . . = 5.04
	98.05 cendres		Ox. de fer . . . = 5.62
			Chaux . . . = 0.82
			Magnésie . . . = 0.98
			Chls. alcal. . . = 1.21
			Silice . . . = 71.56
			Alumine . . . = 6.36
			Chaux (traces).
			Magnésie . . . = 0.26
		Insolubles dans l'ac. chlorhyd. bouillant = 79.30	

Ou d'après les quantités employées pour l'analyse 1.724 } 0.237 soluble.
terre = 0.118 mat. org. + 1.605 cendre = . . . } 1.368 insoluble.

Mat. soluble dans ac. chlorhyd. bouillant =	0.237	Per 100.	Mat. insoluble ac. chlorhyd. bouillant =	1.368	Per 100.
Alumine	0.087	36.70	Silice	1.232	90.24
Ox. de fer	0.097	40.91	Alumine	0.110	8.03
Sulfate chx. = 0.036 } = chaux	0.014	9.90	Chaux	traces.	
Magnésie	0.017	7.17	Magnésie	0.008	0.90
Chlorures alcal. . . .	0.021	8.86			

DOSAGE DE L'AZOTE.

Données.

Mat. employée = 4.140	
Pression = 76.94	
Températ. = 19c ex	
Vol. gag. obt. = 9cc 9	
Mis vide = 9.100 } eau per cent.	
Perte = 0.290 } = 4.81	
A incinérer = 1.724 } cendre per cent.	
Cendres (rouges) = 1.609 } = 93.09	

Résultats.

Mat. normale employée = 4.140	
" sèche = 3.940	
" organique pure = 0.279	
Vol. récl. de l'azote = 9cc 498	
Poids " = 6ime 861	
Mat. normale = 1.66	
" sèche = 1.74	
" pure = 24.99	

of soils, but also to their gaseous contents and their mechanical aggregation, it must be very difficult to estimate their fertilizing powers. Thus, in looking through the various British soils analyzed by Mr. R. Phillips, I find that a red, brick-coloured earth, already alluded to, from a property of Lord Calthorpe, (as dissimilar as possible in aspect and aggregation from the Tchernozem of Russia, and differing also from it, I will venture to say, in produce,) has almost to minute quantities the same relative proportions of sand, clay, iron, and vegetable matter; though the Russian earth is black, permeable, and easily managed, and the English earth is red and tenacious. Again, we see by the comparisons of M. Payen with what very different soils in France he compares the Tchernozem of Russia.

4. When we speculate on the probable origin of the Tchernozem, the first impression might be that which the Baron A. von Meyendorf adopted in a letter to M. Elie de Beaumont, and which is indeed the prevalent opinion in Russia, viz. that it is humus arising from decayed forests or vegetables. But I am obliged to dissent from this opinion, seeing the uniform nature of the soil and its distribution at all levels without reference to the existing drainage; and also from the fact, that in no part of the empire¹⁶ did my associates or myself ever perceive a trace of trees, roots, or vegetable fibre in the black mass. It is in vain to say that such vegetables may have been entirely decomposed; for in the deep denudations which expose 15 to 20 feet of this matter, surely some remains of the forests or bogs would be found in the lowest parts of the solid earth, just as we find roots and branches of oak, pine, birch, and hazel in our peat bogs.

But if, for these reasons, it be impossible to adopt the hypothesis of simple terrestrial origin, and that we consider it a subaqueous deposit, with what known accumulation shall we compare the black earth?

Having referred to some of the difficulties which are to be overcome before the practical farmer can avail himself of the lesson which is offered to him in the crucible of the chemist, I will (claiming the forbearance of agriculturists) say a few

words on the geological relations of this Russian earth, and conclude with an attempt to explain the cause of its colour. With what known superficial deposit, then, are we to compare it? Is it to be placed in parallel with the equally finely levigated silt which the Germans call Löss, or with the upper diluvial mud which in Belgium, France, and Germany is said to bound the northern drift? Though this comparison is made by M. A. Erman, and has been alluded to by the eminent geologist M. E. de Beaumont, I do not conceive that it can be sustained. With the ordinary diluvial or drift clay the black earth has, indeed, nothing in common; for it does not contain a single transported pebble. Besides, it overlaps, and is never mixed with, that drift which occupies such large tracts of northern Russia. Again, the composition of the «Tchernozem» is most distinct from the Löss of Germany, which light-coloured, sandy, calcareous mass is abundantly filled with terrestrial and lacustrine shells in perfect preservation, clearly indicating that it was accumulated on the sides of ancient, wide, lacustrine rivers, which were barred up so as to form lakes in the way described by Mr. Lyell, just before the present configuration of the land was completed. The fact, also, that the Löss has not yet been seen on high plateaux, but occupies the sides and bottoms of the great valleys in which rivers flow, is in itself sufficient to prove that, although it may have been accumulated at nearly the same epoch, it cannot be considered as the exact equivalent of the «Tchernozem», which contains no terrestrial and fluvial remains, and is found at all levels without any relation to the existing water-courses.

Debarred, by the absence of any portions of plants in its composition, from referring it to the decay of ancient forests, and unable to compare it with any known deposit, from the absence of all organic remains, let us see whether the very peculiar nature of the physical, geographical, and geological conditions of Russia may not help us to a solution of the problem.

Unlike all great regions hitherto examined, central Russia is void of rocks of igneous origin or intrusive character, and all her strata deviate from horizontality only by the slightest un-

dulations. From this fact and from the incoherent texture of the rocks it is clear that her subsoil, which on account of its marine contents we know to have been formed *under the sea*, must have been raised and desiccated by very gradual and even movements. Judging from the evidences of geological succession also, and seeing that, without the aid of great fractures or dislocations in the crust of the earth, some of the older rocks of Russia, such as the mountain limestone, are covered conformably by the inferior oolite, whilst the lias and, to a great extent, the new red sandstone are wanting, we see in these facts the proofs that either the former bottom of the sea was raised above the waters and remained dry for long periods, or that, in this very tranquil region of the earth's surface, the absence of all widely-spreading powerful currents ceased, at intervals, to extend from the neighbouring seas and rivers. Pursuing this mode of reasoning from the more ancient phenomena to those which immediately preceded our own era, we are led by positive evidence to conclude that the whole surface of central Russia (however parts of it may have had formerly dividing barriers) was during that period again depressed beneath the level of the sea, in which the marine shells of the government of Archangel and the Southern Steppes were accumulated, and over which the sand, clay, pebbles, and blocks of the North, as we have before described, were deposited.

In all those parts where the strata show no signs of dislocation, the present physical features of the country, indeed, serve to explain the outline of the southern edge, or extreme range of the northern drift; for where high plateaux, like those on the left bank of the Volga between Nijny Novgorod and Kasan, stand out with their cliffs to the north, there we trace a well-defined limit beyond which that drift has not proceeded; and where, on the contrary, longitudinal valleys, like that of the Okka, open to the south, there we perceive that northern blocks have advanced from 50 to 150 miles farther. In no part, however, of the great northern region occupied by the northern drift is there a trace of the 'Tchernozem,' though yellow and white sands and stiff clays

abound, the latter constantly charged with transported pebbles like our English drift or diluvium.

Extending then as far southwards as currents, icebergs, and other causes, to which I have formerly referred, would transport them, and a *submarine* outline would permit the materials to advance, it is very natural to suppose that, where the northern drift ceased to advance, the bottom of the then sea, far removed from any currents, or unagitated by any disturbing force, would become covered with fine silt or mud, such as we know, from the soundings of hydrographers, is often found beneath mediterranean waters, far removed from the action of currents.

The absence of any marine shells in this fine sediment is, it is true, a negative fact, which, if unaccompanied by some explanation, might indispose my readers to admit this hypothesis. We must, however, bear in mind that, after their emersion, the central parts of Russia, if but slowly and slightly elevated, may have long remained in an intermediate state of mire or slough with little egress for water; so that the remains of delicate testacea (if they existed) may have been entirely decomposed by the alternations of aqueous and atmospheric agency. But whether we adopt this view or not, we cannot, I repeat, look at the very great uniformity of its composition over such vast tracts, and its independence of existing drainage, without rejecting any theory which would account for the production of the "Tchernozem" by subaerial causes only, and on these grounds we must, I think, account for its origin by aqueous deposit and the subsequent modifications which it underwent in passing into a terrestrial condition.

Lastly, I am borne out in this inference by the black colour of the soil; for whilst the eminent chemists above-cited have ascertained that soils of very different external appearance are nearly identical in their analysis with the black earth of Russia, the remaining difference, or that of colour, may be due in the English and French examples to the vegetable matter being less decomposed than in the case of the "Tchernozem," an argument I beg leave to adduce as an additional proof of the materials having been originally deposited under water.

SKETCHES IN LONDON.

AMATEUR DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES.

It is not my intention to write a long description of *Private Theatres* in London, this has been so ably done by *Boz* in his *Sketches* that it would be presumption in me to attempt to say anything in a general way, on this subject. My object in the following sketch, is to relate an adventure of my own, in the above line, into which I was unthinkingly led, being entirely, as will be seen, ignorant of the nature of my engagement, until it was, or at least, I thought it was, too late to retract.

Boz has, I think, *somewhat* exaggerated the state of the case, in his *Sketch*. (See *Sketches by Boz* Chapter 13); he has painted the devil a little too black. I would hope; or perhaps there has been an improvement since he wrote; at any rate my slight knowledge of *Private Theatres* induces me to say so.—

There are several Amateur Clubs, in London, of the highest respectability, whose performances always take place at one of the patent Theatres, and are really very creditable. Of these, the society called the *Shakspearians* is the first; and their performances, I may without fear of contradiction say, far overpass those of many professionals. Let it not be then supposed that I wish for a moment to say a word against such performances generally, so far from it, I consider that a private performance of a good play, when properly con-

acted, is one of the most rational and sensible recreations that young people can possibly adopt.

The mishaps of a misconducted affair of this kind should be no discouragement, but rather in the contrary, an encouragement to avoid the errors which therein appear—and I hope that none may be deterred from private acting by a perusal of the dismal account of:—

MY ONLY APPEARANCE ON ANY STAGE.

I always had a remarkable desire to figure on the boards, and therefore when a friend of mine called on me one evening, and invited me to take part in a private performance, that had been got up by a number of medical students &c. of his acquaintance, I hesitated not an instant, but cheerfully gave my consent, without even knowing what character would fall to my lot. My friend then informed me that the plays to be acted were *Hamlet* and the *Brigand*, and that the person to whom the part of *Prince Bianchi* in the latter piece had been allotted, had, at that late moment, (it was then Saturday, and the next Wednesday was the appointed day) refused to play,—therefore that character being vacant, he requested my kind acceptance of it.

“Give us hold” said I, taking the papers from him—*Scaramouch*, or *Macbeth*, *Romeo* or *Dennis Bulgruddery*; it’s all the same to me!—let me see what it is—hum—white wig—hum—velvet breeches—silk stockings—high shoes, large buckles,—(running over the costume, as appointed in *Cumberland’s British Theatre*, a volume of which he had handed me), “upon my word, this is strong!—a jolly old man, with the gout in his hand, and a dash of remorse for the sins of his youth,—very good, it will do, here goes to study it, you had better be off, my dear fellow! there’s no time to lose—Rehearsal on Monday evening at eight, I think you said—perfect by that time, you know, faint heart never”—but my friend was gone. I devoted my attention to learning the part, was at it till twelve o’clock, when I went to bed, and dreamt of fashionable audiences, and loud applause.

On Monday evening then, a little before eight, my friend called by appointment, to accompany me to the Rehearsal, and off we started. Up to this moment, I had never thought of enquiring where our performance was to take place, and to my present repeated questions on this subject, my companion laconically replied: "You'll see"—

We passed along "Gower Street" where I then lived, till we reached "Keppel Street," turned down into "Russell Square," there perforated into "Guildford Street," at the end of which, we turned to the right into "Gray's Inn Lane," slipped down a street on the left, which luxuriates in the title of "Wilson Street," towards the termination of which stood, and for aught I know still stands, a building, bearing the outward similitude of a barn, with perhaps just a flavour of a cow-house; at the door of this erection we discerned a motley and somewhat noisy group of young men, who were industriously employed in endeavouring by various facetious methods, to intimate to the person or persons within, that they were desirous of being admitted.

"This is the shop" said my friend "and there are some of the chaps,—How are you, my bricks—allow me"—here he introduced me. I could almost have dispensed with this ceremony—for the aspect of some of these gentry caused me, for the first time, to feel disposed to repent of my engagement.—In addition to several of them bearing a suspicious resemblance to tailors' apprentices, and cheesemongers' shopmen, I positively recognized one, as being an assistant box-keeper at "Sadler's Wells Theatre," who had, a short time previously, endeavoured to cheat me out of the change for sixpence, in purchasing a play-bill. The mode of salutation adopted by my friend did not exactly strike me as expressive of much respect. It appeared to me, that the denomination of "Brick" was not altogether suggestive of any very extensive feelings of esteem—this however was probably ignorance on my part, for I found, in after-dealings with these gentlemen, that this was the universally adopted title of politeness among them; in fact it was the "Shibboleth" of their *clique*.

There were several among them, however, whom I recognised

as Medical students, and as I afterwards found, that, according to the intimation already given me by my friend, this remarkable class of beings formed a larger proportion of our body, it may not be out of place here to indulge in a slight deviation from the course of my narrative, in order to give an accurate description, after the style of Dr. Butler, of the

MEDICAL STUDENT.

He is one who having the good fortune to possess monied parents, despiseth the low mechanical routine of every-day business, and with all the ambitious aspirings of glory-seeking youth, yearns for the flesh-dividing scalpel, the emolument of enormous fees, and the trumpet-voiced fame of Listonian talent, and Abernethian acumen. In the obscurity of the provinces his nether man is encased in leather gaiters, his legs in mud-coloured smalls, whilst a shaggy vest, and outré-built coat, reposing loosely on his ample shoulders, complete the *tout-ensemble*. But the purse-strings of his paternal relative are drawn; he is forthwith transmitted to the metropolis, to prosecute his medical studies, and he then emergeth from the chrysalis, not into the butterfly, but into the moth, for seldom is he visible but by candle-light: the bright sun, with his alchemic power of tinging all things he shines on with an aureate hue, shineth not for him; he goeth to bed when others leave the pillow of repose for matin labour or peripatetic recreation; he revelleth (while his money lasteth) in the delights of bottled stout and broiled kidneys; loose is his upper garment à la Taglioni, tight are his leg-integuments; boots of Northampton manufacture enclose his 'tarsus' 'metatarsus' and 'phalanges;' a shining gossamer tops his 'osteogenic process:' he visiteth not the lecture-room frequently, the number of times required by law for the gaining of his certificate sufficeth him; he anatomiseth the while he quaffeth porter, and masticateth bread and cheese, which he divideth with the dissecting-knife; he is one of 'night's minions' for he patroniseth free-and-easies, short pipes, froth-headed pewter vessels, and eke gin-and-water; of them he taketh more

than *quantum. suff.*; he chaffeth the 'new man' ⁽¹⁾, calleth him *green*, and gammoneth him to be 'Chancellor of the Exchequer.' When flush of the 'circulating medium' he wendeth his way to the 'Garrick's Head' 'Evans's' or the 'Coal-hole' ⁽²⁾, where he indulgeth until darkness waxeth pale; on his way home he ringeth bells, or, if unmarked by policeman's watchful eye, haply he wrencheth off a lion-headed knocker, the which tintinnabulations and spreeish deracinations shall, if he be observed and o'ertaken, consign him low to loathsome lonely cell in dim incarcerating station-house: next morning, by pompous magistrate he's fined, admonished and discharged; and thus life passeth gaily, until examination-time approacheth, and then he 'grindeth,' 'grindeth' ⁽³⁾ but in vain, he is all studiless; and so with sharp rebuff, he's sent 'To read his Celsus o'er again'. Such are Medical Students, and such were many of the collection which I have left standing round the door.

After a short interval of hammering and kicking at the door, and of throwing pebbles at a semi-circular window over the same, it was opened, and in we walked. We threaded a long dark passage, we ascended a few musty steps, and emerged upon the stage of 'Pym's Private Theatre'—and a nice place it was! Somebody turned on and lighted the gas at the foot-lights, which conveyed a sudden glare of light into the whole place, and a dirtier hole I never had the good fortune to enter. I never before had been 'on any stage' except a stage-coach, and was therefore utterly astounded at what I saw—the dreary walls, the miserably-daubed scenery—the prevailing smell of mouldiness and orange-peel—all combined gave me a most gloomy impression of the stage, till then supposed to be all splendour and dazzling finery. (By the way, it may perhaps be considered singular that a stage should

(1) 'New man' is the title given to a new student at the University.

(2) 'Garrick's Head, Evans's and the Coal-hole are three celebrated Supper-houses open after the theatres, where songs are sung, for the amusement of supper-eaters.

(3) 'Grinding' is the term applied to the endeavours of the student to read up for his examination, under a tutor appointed for the purpose—in order to make up for the neglect of the lectures.

smell of orange-peel, but it is a fact, that stages always do; it is accounted for however in the following manner; oranges are the most convenient kind of refreshment an actor can take during the performances, *as being in themselves, both meat and drink in a small compass, they are therefore universally resorted to, and the peel gets thrown about, and is never cleared away; hence the smell.)

My companions seemed quite at home at once; two, who it appeared were *Hamlet* and *Laertes* were rehearsing the fencing-scene, some were chasing each other in the pit, jumping about the boxes, or climbing into the gallery, and performing other like exploits. Soon all were assembled; and we began rehearsing the *Brigand,* *Hamlet* having been rehearsed on a former occasion. I went through my part, at least perfectly, and had the gratification of being told that I *acted like a brick*, which naturally greatly elevated my spirits, though from what I saw of some of my fellow players, I had some dismal forebodings as to the result of our enterprise, and felt indeed a desire to draw back; but I had promised—and therefore considered myself bound to go on.

The day arrived—Wednesday the first of April—not a bad day for what followed!—I arrived at the Theatre at six o'clock, where I found them all in a great bustle, and not a little confusion, for, on comparing notes they had discovered, that they had taken no account whatever of several of the minor parts in *Hamlet,* and now there was no one to undertake *Francisco,* none to play the *Second Gravedigger.*—When I made my appearance, an earnest and affecting appeal was made to my compassionate feelings, by the poor manager, which I could not resist, for after some demur, I positively agreed to be *doubled* into *Francisco* and *trebled* into the Second Gravedigger, both being easily learned.

I went up stairs to the dressing-room, where I found that most respectable and worthy dresser Mr. Nathan, who with his assistants, was engaged in decking out several young fellows, who appeared in various stages of forwardness.—There was *Hamlet* in his drawers, the *Ghost* in his shirt-sleeves, *Polonius* was having his head, and countenance generally,

powdered to give *him*, a rosy-looking youth, the appearance of age, but which having been considerably overdone, made him look exactly as if he had just plunged his head and shoulders into a flour-cask, and which subsequently caused the facetious portion of the audience to greet his every appearance, in the neighbourhood of the foot-lights, with loud cries of 'Oatmeal,' which considerably detracted from the tragic effect of several scenes, as may be well imagined.

I was soon plunged into a pair of red *tights*, surmounted with a kind of non-descript jacket, and having my face painted, my hair curled, a paste-board cap put on my head, yellow buskins on my feet, and a spear thrust into my hand, I was rather unceremoniously dismissed by Nathan, who intimated that no one could fail to recognize me as 'Francisco.'

Every body knows that 'Francisco' is the first individual that appears on the stage in 'Hamlet,' and therefore has of course to bear the first brunt, of the feelings of the audience, be they favourable or the reverse. When I went down below, and found that the spectators were pouring in, when I heard the awful noise they made, when I looked through the peeping-hole in the curtain, and saw the free and easy style and bearing of the young fellows, with which the place was crammed; some smoking cigars, others sitting astride, with their legs dangling over the sides of the boxes; when I saw all this, I—feeling perfectly convinced that there would be but little sympathy evinced among these gentry for the defects of a first appearance—experienced a very considerable tremulousness and fluttering of heart. However I was in for it, and could do nothing but put the best face on the matter.

The prompter rang up the orchestra, and they immediately struck up an 'Overture,' and I was much relieved to find that the band was really a good one, and that they performed their part in a very superior manner, eliciting great applause at its conclusion; as I thought that this would probably put the audience into good humour before we commenced, and perhaps induce them

"To be to our faults a little blind."

The music ceased—the bell rang—up went the curtain, and down went my courage, as I stood alone, fronting a theatre crammed to suffocation, with young fellows all ripe for a lark no doubt. I took a comprehensive glance of the whole place, and saw in the stage box, a manager of a neighbouring theatre and his wife, both in the broad grin of expectation, and I endeavoured to do, what ‘Boz’ justly observes no man ever yet succeeded in accomplishing, I endeavoured to ‘appear as if no one was looking at me and failed wofully therein.’ I ‘took the stage’ once, and then, in reply to the cry addressed to me from the wings, of ‘Who goes there?’ exclaimed in a tone of mild remonstrance ‘Nay, answer me, stand and unfold thyself.’ And was proceeding with the perspiration pouring down my face, to state that ‘T’was bitter cold, and I was sick at heart,’ when casting my eyes, to one side, I beheld the ghost, in sombre armour; with ‘his beaver up’ sucking a particularly large orange, with most undisguised relish. Being at that moment, just in that state of nervous excitement, in which it requires but an impulse, either to make one laugh or cry, I, in proof of my ‘heart-sickness,’ struck with the very ludicrous attitude of the spirit, burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, which was directly echoed by ‘Horatio and Bernardo’ and soon, was joined in by the whole house. Happily I had in proper course to walk off, this I did, and was immediately roundly abused by the Spirit of Hamlet’s father, aided and abetted by his dutiful son, (still in the body), for causing such an uproar; I told the ghost that ‘he should have chosen a more suitable time and place for taking refreshment, and that as ‘he was forbid to tell the secrets of the prison-house,’ so he should also have carefully concealed the fact of his standing in any need of bodily food, while in his spiritual character.’ This retort caused even his ghostly majesty’s face to expand, and on account of his chalky visage, he ‘grinned horribly a ghastly smile,’ and as the noise had ceased, and the play was proceeding, he was obliged to prepare to appear on the stage, so he vanished from my sight, and I ascended to dress for the gravedigger.

It took a considerable time to dress for this character. I had to take off « Francisco's » clothes, and content myself with very scanty attire, and that of a ragged description : it is considered necessary on the English stage, that whereas the first gravedigger sports some dozen and a half of jackets, the second, should be content with no jacket at all, for on their joint appearance on the stage, it is customary for the well *jacketed* gentleman to throw off all his upper clothing, which the other immediately puts on, while the first is hacking away at the interior of the grave ; this being a favourite stage 'gag,' which rarely fails to cause much laughter. I had to put on an old tow wig, and to have my face painted all sorts of colours, in-so-much that I positively did not know myself in the glass. All this took so long a time, that what with resting myself, taking refreshment &c., the Third Act had begun, when I again descended to the lower regions. Here I found confusion riding rampant. I learnt from my friend, (who took no part in 'Hamlet') the agreeable sobriquet ; that had been applied to 'Polonius' of 'Oat-meal !' I was also informed that Horatio had with much difficulty been persuaded to go on again, after his first appearance, as a young man in the pit had loudly declared for the benefit of all whom it might concern, « that he recognized in the face of this Danish officer, the '*mug*,' of an itinerant 'baked *tato* cove,' well known in the neighbourhood of the 'Victoria Theatre,' who also occasionally dealt out kidney puddings to the hungry, who nightly poured from the gallery of that fashionable resort. » This, of course was followed by repeated enquiries of « where he had left his *can* ? » succeeded by several anxiously-expressed desires, to know 'the price of *vegetables*.'

While my friend was relating all this, seated in the prompter's chair, Hamlet commenced his celebrated soliloquy, which by the way he delivered it, both in voice and gesture, was precisely in the style a ranting methodist parson usually delivers his denunciations of wrath upon all the world, from the pulpit of some « Little Bethel, » he was interrupted by a gentleman in the stage box expressing an affectionate concern for his welfare in a query as to « whether or no, his mother knew

he was out?—All these little additions to, and running commentaries on, the text, though of course calculated to afford the highest degree of gratification and amusement to the spectators, who were all in a state of most enviable delight, and seemed to think Hamlet the richest farce they had ever beheld, yet upon the actors themselves they had an inexpressibly irritating effect, and when the Prince came off the stage, after consigning Ophelia to a nunnery, he swore with much fervour, that he would after that night, never more waste his talents upon an ungenerous public, and that this should be the last time he ever made his appearance on any infernal stage:

But time would fail me, to tell of all the mishaps that occurred throughout the *Tragedy*!—To tell of the manifest evidence ‘Laertes’ gave of intoxication, to relate how, soon after ‘Polonius’ death behind the arras, he unthinkingly walked on the stage again, forgetting he was killed.

However, we had other duties yet to perform, the Brigand was to be played, and I was consoling myself with the reflection, that herein at least we should cut a better figure, as the actors were better chosen for this piece, when I was positively struck dumb, at learning that the youth who had undertaken the part of ‘Nicolo,’ with whom I had a crack scene, had taken fright at the complexion of the audience, and had actually bolted, and therefore this part was—‘*horrible, most horrible!*’ to be read by the wretch who had played the King in Hamlet; this was almost too much!—and I have since never ceased to wonder at my courage in determining to proceed notwithstanding.

Well—not to make a long story endless—the first Act went off pretty well, the only real misfortune which occurred being Massaroni’s unluckily pulling off his curly wig, together with his hat, on one occasion, and I began to take hope, that the second, until which I had nothing to do, would pass off as well—Vain hope!

When the curtain dropped on the first Act, a lady who had played therein, and had to change her costume for the second, craved some additional delay, to permit of her so

doing. Taking advantage of this, an aspiring youth, who having as yet done nothing, (an occupation, by the way, most fitted to his talents) and thirsting for applause, volunteered a song, to fill up the blank. In vain I protested against singing between the Acts, in vain I implored the manager not to permit it, pleading with tears in my eyes, his utter ignorance of a tune, uselessly I urged, that from personal experience I knew that the tooth-ache was an inevitable consequence of hearing his voice, all was to no purpose, the orchestra was bidden to strike up, and out he marched, and launched forth into «The old English Gentleman,» in as near an approach to the proper tune, as could be expected from him, and this bore a powerful resemblance to the then popular air of

«Nix my dolly pals, Fake away.»

At the conclusion of the first verse a youth in the pit rose and sung out '*Chorus!*' and following his example the whole assembled multitude, young and old, male and female, joined, and in every imaginable tune, and in several cases, in no tune at all, roared forth :

«Like a fine old English Gentleman,
One of the olden time.»

I was ready to cry with rage and vexation, and yet at the same time the effect was so truly ridiculous, that I threw myself into a settee, and laughed, till I could laugh no longer, about which time, the song concluded ; the audience having faithfully kept up the chorus to the end, and then set up a roar of applause, and encored it vehemently. But we were all ready, and filled with stern resolve: the curtain rose on the Second Act, and on my first appearance as 'Prince Bianchi'—my dress was scrupulously correct, my '*tout ensemble*' I thought perfect—and on I walked.

«———Expecting

- «An universal shout and high applause
- «To fill mine ear; when contrary I heard
- «On all sides, from innumerable tongues
- «A dismal universal hiss, the sound
- «Of public scorn: I wondered, but not long :»

for but too soon conviction came, a light broke on my mind, as I heard the cries of "Oatmeal,"—the secret was out, I had also abused the supply of powder about my head and visage, and in short agreeably reminded them of 'Polonius,' whose nickname they therefore kindly transferred to me. There I stood — amid hisses, roars of "*What! another Oatmeal?*" "*Encore the song!*" and other exclamations equally pleasant to my feelings; I paused a moment, then walked to the foot-lights, with the intention of addressing the crowd, my indignation however for a long time choked my utterance, I gasped—and gasped—but nothing came of it, till the audience seeing me opening my mouth, with intent to speak, took it into their many heads, simultaneously to keep silence for a short period, and thus I spoke:

"If there are any gentlemen here—*they* at least will hear me" (the silence was *dead before*, I might now call it *dead and buried*, for not a breath was heard). "Allow me to remark, that we are not servants of the public," (hear!) "all the expense of this performance falls on ourselves, if therefore any present are dissatisfied therewith, they, as our invited guests, which in reality they are, are bound either to keep silence, or leave the place!—Will you now suffer us to proceed?"—(Loud cries of "go on" and tumultuous cheering.)

I flattered myself I had made an impression, and I was allowed quietly to go on with my part, and all would have gone well, but for an intimate friend of mine, who was a spectator, and whose really brilliant powers of waggery had lain entirely dormant throughout the whole evening, but on seeing a pretty girl, who played my niece, in the course of the piece, rather in an affecting scene, throw her arms round my neck, he set up a remarkably loud and ridiculously correct imitation of a brood of young pigs squeaking; the effect was instantaneous and decided, it was too sudden and too natural to be withstood, and though at the time *acting* the agony of remorse, and *feeling* the direct fire of indignation, I burst out into a fit of laughter, as did my niece; and it may be well imagined that it was soon taken up by the whole multitude.

It was enough -- no one could wish for more, I walked to

the rope, by which the curtain rose and fell; and let it down — I then rushed up stairs, changed my clothes, and without exchanging a word with a soul, jumped into a cab, and went home to bed — and thus ended my first appearance on any Stage.

H. B

St. Petersburg, 1842.

THE ELM TREE:

A DREAM IN THE WOODS.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees.

As You Like It.

'Twas in a shady Avenue,
Where lofty Elms abound—
And from a Tree
There came to me
A sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmur'd overhead,
And sometimes underground.

Amongst the leaves it seem'd to sigh,
Amid the boughs to moan:
It mutter'd in the stem and then
The roots took up the tone;
As if beneath the dewy grass
The Dead began to groan.

No breeze there was to stir the leaves;
No bolts that tempests launch,
To rend the trunk or rugged bark:
No gale to bend the branch;
No quake of earth to heave the roots,
That stood so stiff and staunch.

No bird was preening up aloft,
To rustle with its wing;
No squirrel, in its sport or fear,
From bough to bough to spring;
The solid bole
Had ne'er a hole
To hide a living thing!

No scooping hollow cell to lodge
A furtive beast or fowl,
The martin, bat,
Or forest cat
That nightly loves to prowl,
Nor ivy nook so apt to shroud
The moping, snoring owl.

But still the sound was in my ear,
A sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmur'd overhead,
And sometimes underground—
'Twas in a shady Avenue
Where lofty Elms abound.

O hath the Dryad still a tongue
In this ungenial clime?
Have Sylvan Spirits still a voice
As in the classic prime—
To make the forest voluble,
As in the olden time?

The olden time is dead and gone;
Its years have fill'd their sum—
And e'en in Greece—her native Greece—
The Sylvan Nymph is dumb—
From ash, and beech, and aged oak,
No classic whispers come.

From Poplar, Pine, and drooping Birch,
And fragrant Linden Trees;
No living sound
E'er hovers round,
Unless the vagrant breeze,
The music of the merry bird,
Or hum of busy bees.

But busy bees forsake the Elm
That bears no bloom aloft—

The Finch was in the hawthorn-bush,
 The Black-bird in the croft;
 And among the firs the brooding Dove,
 That else might murmur soft.

Yet still I heard that solemn sound,
 And sad it was to boot,
 From ev'ry overhanging bough,
 And each minuter shoot;
 From the rugged trunk and mossy rind,
 And from the twisted root.

From these,—a melancholy moan;
 From those,—a dreary sigh;
 As if the boughs were wintry bare,
 And wild winds sweeping by—
 Whereas the smallest fleecy cloud
 Was steadfast in the sky.

No sign or touch of stirring air
 Could either sense observe—
 The zephyr had not breath enough
 The thistle-down to swerve,
 Or force the filmy gossamers
 To take another curve.

In still and silent slumber hush'd
 All Nature seem'd to be:
 From heaven above, or earth beneath,
 No whisper came to me—
 Except the solemn sound and sad
 From that MYSTERIOUS TREE!

A hollow, hollow, hollow sound,
 As is that dreamy roar
 When distant billows boil and bound
 Along a shingly shore—
 But the ocean brim was far aloof,
 A hundred miles or more.

No murmur of the gusty sea,
 No tumult of the beach,
 However they might foam and fret,
 The bounded sense could reach—
 Methought the trees in maysic tongue
 Were talking each to echt!—

Mayhap, rehearsing ancient tales
Of greenwood love or guilt,
Of whisper'd vows
Beneath their boughs;
Or blood obscurely spilt;
Or of that near-hand Mansion House
A Royal Tudor built.

Perchance, of booty won or shared
Beneath the starry cope—
Or where the suicidal wretch
Hung up the fatal rope;
Or Beauty kept an evil tryste,
Insnares by Love and Hope.

Of graves, perchance, untimely scoop'd
At midnight dark and dank—
And what is underneath the sod
Whereon the grass is rank—
Of old intrigues,
And privy leagues,
Tradition leaves in blank.

Of traitor lips that mutter'd plots—
Of Kin who fought and fell—
God knows the undiscover'd schemes,
The arts and acts of Hell,
Perform'd long generations since,
If trees had tongues to tell!

With wary eyes, and ears alert,
As one who walks afraid,
I wander'd down the dappled path
Of mingled light and shade—
How sweetly gleam'd that arch of blue
Beyond the green arcade!

How cheerly shone the glimpse of Heav'n
Beyond that verdant aisle!
All overarch'd with lofty elms,
That quench'd the light, the while,
As dim and chill
As serves to fill
Some Old Cathedral pile!

And many a gnarled trunk was there,
That ages long had stood,
Till Time had wrought them into shapes
Like pan's fantastic brood;

Or still more foul and hideous forms
That Pagans carve in wood!

A crouching Satyr lurking here—
And there a Goblin grim—
As staring full of demon life
As Gothic sculptor's whim—
A marvel it had scarcely been
To hear a voice from him!

Some whisper from that horrid mouth,
Of strange, unearthly tone;
Or wild infernal laugh, to chill
One's marrow in the bone.
But no—it grins like rigid Death,
And silent as a stone!

As silent as its fellows be,
For all is mute with them—
The branch that climbs the leafy roof—
The rough and mossy stem—
The crooked root,
And tender shoot,
Where hangs the dewy gem.

One mystic Tree alone there is,
Of sad and solemn sound—
That sometimes murmurs overhead,
And sometimes underground—
In all that shady Avenue,
Where lofty Elms abound.

PART II.

The Scene is changed! No green Arcade—
No Trees all ranged a-row—
But scatter'd like a beaten host,
Dispersing to and fro;
With here and there a sylvan corse,
That fell before the foe.

The Foe that down in yonder dell
Pursues his daily toil;
As witness many a prostrate trunk,
Bereft of leafy spoil,
Hard by its wooden stump, whereon
The adder loves to coil.

Alone he works—his ringing blows
Have banish'd bird and beast ;
The Hind and Fawn have canter'd off
A hundred yards at least ;
And on the maple's lofty top,
The linnet's song has ceased.

No eye his labour overlooks,
Or when he takes his rest ;
Except the timid thrush that peeps
Above her secret nest,
Forbid by love to leave the young
Beneath her speckled breast.

The Woodman's heart is in his work,
His axe is sharp and good :
With sturdy arm and steady aim
He smites the gaping wood ;
From distant rocks
His lusty knocks
Re-echo many a rood.

His axe is keen, his arm is strong ;
The muscles serve him well ;
His years have reach'd an extra span,
The number none can tell ;
But still his lifelong task has been
The Timber Tree to fell.

Through Summer's parching sultriness,
And Winter's freezing cold,
From sapling youth
To virile growth,
And Age's rigid mould ;
His energetic axe hath rung
Within that Forest old.

Aloft, upon his poising steel
The vivid sunbeams glance -
About his head and round his feet
The forest shadows dance ;
And bounding from his russet coat
The acorn drops askance.

His face is like a Druid's face,
With wrinkles furrow'd deep,
And tann'd by scorching suns as brown
As corn that's ripe to reap ;

But the hair on brow, and cheek, and chin,
Is white as wool of sheep.

His frame is like a giant's frame;
His legs are long and stark;
His arms like limbs of knotted yew;
His hands like rugged bark;
So he felleth still
With right good will,
As if to build an Ark!

Oh! well within *His* fatal path
The fearful Tree might quake
Through every fibre, twig, and leaf,
With aspen tremour shake;
Through trunk and root,
And branch and shoot,
A low complaining make!

Oh! well to *Him* the Tree might breathe
A sad and solemn sound,
A sigh that murmur'd overhead,
And groans from underground;
As in that shady Avenue
Where lofty Elms abound!

But calm and mute the Maple stands,
The Plane, the Ash, the Fir,
The Elm, the Beech, the drooping Birch,
Without the least demur;
And e'en the Aspen's hoary leaf
Makes no unusual stir.

The Pines—those old gigantic Pines,
That writhe—recalling soon
The famous Human Group that writhes
With Snakes in wild festoon—
In ramous wrestlings interlaced
A Forest Læocoon—

Like Titans of primeval girth,
By tortures overcome,
Their brown enormous limbs they twine
Bedew'd with tears of gum—
Fierce agonies that ought to yell,
But, like the marble, dumb.

Nay, yonder 'blasted' Elm that stands
 So like a man of sin,
 Who, frantic, flings his arms abroad
 To feel the Worm within—
 For all that gesture, so intense,
 It makes no sort of din!

An universal silence reigns
 In rugged bark or peel,
 Except that very trunk which rings
 Beneath the biting steel—
 Meanwhile the Woodman plies his axe
 With unrelenting zeal!

No rustic song is on his tongue,
 No whistle on his lips;
 But with a quiet thoughtfulness
 His trusty tool he grips,
 And, stroke on stroke, keeps hacking out
 The bright and flying chips.

Stroke after stroke, with frequent dint
 He spreads the fatal gash;
 'Till lo! the remnant fibres rend,
 With harsh and sudden crash,
 And on the dull resounding turf
 The jarring branches lash!

Oh! now the Forest Trees may sigh,
 The Ash, the Poplar tall,
 The Elm, the Birch, the drooping Beech,
 The Aspens—one and all,
 With solemn groan
 And hollow moan
 Lament a comrade's fall!

A goodly Elm, of noble girth,
 That, thrice the human span—
 While on their variegated course
 The constant Seasons ran—
 Through gale, and hail, and fiery bolt,
 Had stood erect as Man.

But now, like mortal Man himself,
 Struck down by hand of God,
 Or heathen Idol tumbled prone
 Beneath th' Eternal's nod,

In all its giant bulk and length
It lies along the sod!—

Ay, now the Forest Trees may grieve
And make a common moan
Around that patriarchal trunk
So newly overthrown;
And with a murmur recognise
A doom to be their own!

The Echo sleeps: the idle axe,
A disregarded tool,
Lies crushing with its passive weight
The toad's reputed stool—
The Woodman wipes his dewy brow
Within the shadows cool.

No Zephyr stirs: the ear may catch
The smallest insect-hum;
But on the disappointed sense
No mystic whispers come;
No tone of sylvan sympathy,
The Forest Trees are dumb.

No leafy noise, nor inward voice,
No sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmurs overhead,
And sometimes underground;
As in that shady Avenue,
Where lofty Elms abound!

PART III.

The deed is done: the Tree is low
That stood so long and firm;
The Woodman and his axe are gone,
His toil has found its term;
And where he wrought the speckled Thrush
Securely hunts the worm.

The Cony from the sandy bank
Has run a rapid race,
Through thistle, bent, and tangled fern,
To seek the open space;
And on its haunches sits erect
To clean its furry face:

The dappled Fawn is close at hand,
The Hind is browsing near,—

And on the Larch's lowest bough
The Ousel whistles clear;
But checks the note
Within his throat,
As choked with sudden fear!

With sudden fear her wormy quest
The Thrush abruptly quits—
Through thistle, bent, and tangled fern
The startled Cony flits;
And on the Larch's lowest bough
No more the Ousel sits.

With sudden fear
The dappled Deer
Effect a swift escape;
But well might bolder creatures start,
And fly, or stand agape,
With rising hair, and curdled blood,
To see so grim a Shape!

The very sky turns pale above;
The earth grows dark beneath;
The human Terror thrills with cold,
And draws a shorter breath—
An universal panic owns
The dread approach of DEATH!

With silent pace, as shadows come,
And dark as shadows be,
The grisly Phantom takes his stand
Beside the fallen Tree;
And scans it with his gloomy eyes,
And laughs with horrid glee—

A dreary laugh and desolate,
Where mirth is void and null,
As hollow as its echo sounds
Within the hollow skull—
«Whoever laid this tree along
His hatchet was not dull!

«The human arm and human tool
Have done their duty well!
But after sound of ringing axe
Must sound the ringing knell;
When Elm or Oak
Have felt the stroke
My turn it is to fell!

«No passive unregarded tree,
 A senseless thing of wood,
 Wherein the sluggish sap ascends
 To swell the vernal bud—
 But conscious, moving, breathing trunks
 That throb with living blood!

«No forest Monarch yearly clad
 In mantle green or brown;
 That unrecorded lives, and falls
 By hand of rustic clown—
 But Kings who don the purple robe,
 And wear the jewell'd crown.

«Ah! little recks the Royal mind,
 Within his Banquet Hall,
 While tapers shine and Music breathes
 And Beauty leads the Ball,—
 He little recks the oaken plank
 Shall be his palace wall!

«Ah, little dreams the haughty Peer,
 The while his Falcon flies—
 Or on the blood-bedabbled turf
 The antler'd quarry dies—
 That in his own ancestral Park
 The narrow dwelling lies!

«But haughty Peer and mighty King
 One doom shall overwhelm!
 The oaken cell
 Shall lodge him well
 Whose sceptre ruled a realm—
 While he who never knew a home,
 Shall find it in the Elm!

«The tatter'd, lean, dejected wretch,
 Who begs from door to door,
 And dies within the cressy ditch,
 Or on the barren moor,
 The friendly Elm shall lodge and clothe
 That houseless man, and poor!

«Yea, this recumbent rugged trunk,
 That lies so long and prone,
 With many a fallen acorn-cup,
 And mast, and ferry cone—

This rugged trunk shall hold its share
Of mortal flesh and bone!

«A Miser hoarding heaps of gold,
But pale with ague-fears—
A Wife lamenting love's decay,
With secret cruel tears,
Distilling bitter, bitter drops
From sweets of former years—

«A Man within whose gloomy mind,
Offence had darkly sunk,
Who out of fierce Revenge's cup
Hath madly, darkly drunk—
Grief, Avarice, and Hate shall sleep
Within this very trunk!

«This massy trunk that lies along,
And many more must fall—
For the very knave
Who digs the grave,
The man who spreads the pall,
And he who tolls the funeral bell,
The Elm shall have them all!

«The tall abounding Elm that grows
In hedgerows up and down;
In field and forest, copse and park,
And in the peopled town,
With colonies of noisy rooks
That nestle on its crown.

«And well th' abounding Elm may grow
In field and hedge so rife,
In forest, copse, and wooded park,
And mid the city's strife,
For every hour that passes by,
Shall end a human life!»

The Phantom ends: the shade is gone;
The sky is clear and bright;
On turf, and moss, and fallen Tree,
There glows a ruddy light;
And bounding through the golden fern
The Rabbit comes to bite.

The Thrush's mate beside her sits
And pipes a merry lay;

The Dove is in the evergreens;
And on the Larch's spray
The Fly-bird flutters up and down,
To catch its tiny prey.

The gentle Hind and dappled Fawn
Are coming up the glade;
Each harmless furr'd and feather'd thing
Is glad, and not afraid—
But on my sadden'd spirit still
The Shadow leaves a shade.

A secret, vague, prophetic gloom,
As though by certain mark
I knew the force-appointed Tree,
Within whose rugged bark
This warm and living frame shall find
Its narrow house and dark.

That mystic Tree which breathed to me
A sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmur'd overhead
And sometimes underground;
Within that shady Avenue
Where lofty Elms abound.

THE POACHER.

«But poverty, with most who whimper forth
Their long complaints—is self-inflicted woe,
The effect of laziness or sottish waste.—
Now goes the nightly thief prowling abroad
For plunder—much solicitous how best
He may compensate for a day of sloth,
By works of darkness and nocturnal wrong.»—Cowper.

It is a dreary winter's afternoon. The pure white snow lies in a thick crust on the ground, hiding the face of the country from our view, and the heavy clouds which rise like mountains in the northern sky, forewarn the farmer, as he casts a wistful look to the heavens, that there is yet much snow to fall. The rivers and ponds are completely sealed up, and the hoar-frost which has covered every tree and hedge, fringes the branches and twigs in fairy-like and fantastic shapes. The grey haze of approaching night already begins to envelope the earth, while the sun, fast travelling towards the verge of the western sky, gilds the wintry landscape with its chill departing rays. The wood-pigeons have left the turnips upon which they have been feeding, and settled for the night on the tall oaks in the hedge-row leading to the wood, the larks and other small birds, pined and starved, sit moping together with ruffled feathers on the cold hard ground, and the bleating of the sheep and lowing of the distant cattle, gathering around the waggons and folds which contain the evening fodder, are the only sounds that break in upon the death-like stillness of the scene.

In the wood, nothing is heard save the hoarse croak of

the carrion crow, the shrill call of the cock pheasant from his roosting place in the thick larch fir, or the rustling of the dead leaves and branches as a hare or rabbit steals timidly across the riding, with so light a step as scarcely to leave the imprint of its tiny feet on the snow. But a figure enters the wood, and as he casts his furtive glance around him, we have little difficulty in guessing his errand. The rusty blood-stained fustain shooting coat—the hat, which bears the marks of many a scuffle—the handkerchief loosely tied round the bare sinewy throat—the whole shabbiness of his outward exterior—the haggard, but determined countenance, all bespeak the poacher, even were he unaccompanied by that half-starved, wiry-haired, lurcher, which follows noiselessly at his heels, watching his every motion. He stops, and having carefully reconnoitred, he takes from one of the capacious pockets of his shooting coat a short gun, which, for convenience and concealment, unscrews both in the barrel and stock, and having fitted it together, and loaded, he proceeds down the riding, stopping every now and then to listen if any one besides himself is moving. The signal is given to the dog, which dashes into the wood, keeping within gun-shot of its master, and hunting regularly towards him. A hare soon crosses the track-way, out of shot, but the poacher well knowing the means by which it must leave the wood, runs forward to the gate at the end of the riding, while the dog follows mute upon the track of the hare. The man is right; poor puss having vainly attempted to double back to the top of the wood, makes for the open, and comes out through the hedge close to him. He fires, and the convulsive start, the sudden stagger, and the drooping ears, tell too plainly that the shot has told. The hare runs down the hill across the field towards the opposite hedge, leaving the track of her blood-stained footmarks on the treacherous snow, closely pursued by the lurcher, the poacher bringing up the rear. The chase is but short; loss of blood and exhaustion weaken her powers; she reels as she makes a last vain effort to reach the hedge; the dog rushes in—they both roll back into the hedge together, and one shrill cry proclaims the death struggle

over. The man comes up agitated and breathless by the exertion of running through the deep snow. Gun and hare are soon hid in his pocket, and he makes the best of his way from the field, fearful lest the report of his shot may have alarmed the keeper.

The shades of evening close around the landscape, and house and wood are hidden from the view, as the poacher returns to the village and seeks the low beer-house at its outskirts where all the village idlers and *ne'er-do-wells* nightly congregate, and where, amid the clamour of oaths and boisterous drunken revelry, lawless depredations and deeds of rapine and plunder are planned. Here, in the chimney corner (his dog, which never leaves him, lying at his feet,) smoking in sullen silence, sits the subject of our sketch. He takes but little part in the general conversation, yet, whenever any project is started, he is always appealed to, and his assent once gained, it is sure to be carried out, however wild or hazardous its nature. He is evidently regarded by the rest of the company with a kind of awe, and his word is law among his reckless associates. After an hour or so passed in this manner, the poacher, wishing all a surly good night, leaves the house and seeks the wretched cottage where poverty, neglect, and desolation reign over all, and unlatching the door, and groping his way to the barren cupboard in the corner, he strikes a light, and now the interior of the poacher's hovel is disclosed to view.

But little indication however of the owner's calling is displayed; one rusty flint lock gun hangs over the fire place, and a thick cudgel or two in the corner, are all that would raise a suspicion. No, the nets, snares, and other engines connected with his lawless trade, are carefully stowed away out of sight, and often have the constables and keepers confidently entered the house, armed with a search warrant, and left it again, baulked and disappointed, after a vain and fruitless search. The furniture is of the meanest description; one old table, a couple of chairs, and a rude pallet stretched out on the floor, complete the inventory. A bottle, half filled with gin, and a few short broken pipes on the mantel-piece,

add to the untidy appearance of the room; and the wild wintry wind whistles through the broken panes in the casement with a hollow melancholy sound. He throws himself down upon the bed in his clothes, and after a few hours of fitful broken slumber, he wakes, starts up, and pulls aside the ragged curtain at the window to admit the light of the moon, which now rides in tranquil majesty in the clear blue, cloudless sky, the pure carpeting of snow glistening in her bright mild beam, giving an appearance as though a myriad of diamonds strewed the ground. His tackle prepared, the poacher leaves the cottage quietly, and proceeding up the village lane, turns across the fields, and wends his way towards the cabbages by the wood sides, to which the hares and rabbits, literally starved by the inclemency of the weather and scarcity of food, resort in droves, to seek a scanty sustenance on the cabbage leaves and turnips. The nets and snares are soon down, and stationing himself under the wood, he gives the signal to his lurcher, who does the rest. Skulking down to the bottom of the field, the sagacious dog runs in and drives them upwards towards the spinny. They naturally make for the accustomed runs, but these are stopped, and entangled in the folds of the net; one blow from the poacher's stick puts an end to their struggles. Should he be lucky enough to avoid the watcher, as soon as his pockets or his sacks are filled, he bends his steps homewards; and in the bleak grey twilight of the winter's morn, the solitary forms of the poacher and his dog are occasionally met sneaking up the village street by the industrious peasant proceeding to his daily toil. The game is sent off by the higgler's cart, who, of course, has a share in the proceeds; and as the poacher's work is over for the day, he either idles away his time at the ale-house, or in the blacksmith's shop (the winter's resort of all the vagabonds in the parish,) or in skulking about the fields under the hedge rows, here and there planting a snare in a mouse or run if the coast is clear. Meet him when or where you will there is no mistaking the poacher. The shy morose look with which he regards a stranger—the idle saunter—the shabby appearance—and the *tout ensemble* of the man

leave but little to guess. One would wonder how a man can support himself by poaching; especially when in all well preserved districts every noted poacher is a marked man by the keepers, who are generally pretty vigilant. But this query is soon solved. It is only in dead seasons that the poacher can successfully pursue his calling, although he is ever on the look out to *do a bit* of poaching on the sly. And during the harvest and busy times when work is pressing, and hands are scarce, he can, if he pleases, always find employment. Besides this, never persuade us that the man who once gives way to the marauding habits of the poacher will confine his depredations wholly to the *preserve*. The hen-roost and fold possess equal attractions; and were there as little risk and punishment attending the crimes of burglary and sheep stealing, we should much oftener hear of the commission of these offences.

We have, in a previous part of our sketch; described the most frequent and, perhaps, the most destructive mode of poaching, a mode by which our manors are more thinned than any other, for there is no greater enemy to the keeper than snow. It is, however, the most harmless method, being almost always followed single-handed. But it is in the night, when a gang of poachers meet at a chosen wood, and bidding defiance to keepers and watchers, shoot the pheasants from the perch close to the very mansion-house, that those fearful conflicts take place, now, happily, but seldom heard of.

Let us fix upon any dark night about Christmas. The wind is boisterous and high, and when consequently the pheasants will roost low, and the sound of the guns be much less distinct than on a clear frosty night. The moon is in her last quarter, and ever and anon as the dark wintry clouds roll over her disk, she bursts forth, for a moment, with a pale sickly gleam, and shortly all is dark again. The place of rendezvous is either a lone beer-shop in the neighbourhood, or should there be no house of call at hand, a hay stack, or old lime-kiln, by the side of the wood. Here the poachers meet about midnight, frequently to the number of twelve or fifteen, some few carrying guns, others sacks, but

all armed with weapons, either of offence or defence. Some of the gang supply beer and tobacco, and when this is finished, and the men are well primed for any lawless deed, they enter the wood, taking their beat in whatever direction the wind and other circumstances will allow. The wind blows in hollow gusts, sweeping down the narrow ridings of the wood; the tall larch and elms bend and shiver like reeds before the blast, and the voices of the men, although close together, can scarcely be distinguished through the ceaseless din of the storm. The gang forms itself into two bodies, the gunners in front, and proceed regularly to their work. The pheasants, driven down by the violence of the wind, on such a night, roost on the lowest branches of the thick firs, and notwithstanding the pitchy darkness which hangs over the wood, the experienced eye of the poacher soon catches sight of them as they sit. The work of slaughter now commences. Gun follows gun in quick succession, and the pheasants, as soon as they fall crashing to the ground, are stowed away in the sacks of the carriers.

It is not long, however, before the report of a gun is borne upon the night-breeze to the watcher's ear, who is sheltering himself, under a huge oak, from the violence of the storm. He listens, another soon succeeds, and as he now knows there can be no mistake, the keeper's shrill whistle echoes through the wood, and in a few minutes three or four dark forms are gathered together, holding a council of war as to the best mode of proceeding. The poachers are evidently strong—the firing is brisk, intermingled every now and then with a shout of defiance, or a warning signal. A messenger is despatched to the head-keeper's lodge, who has returned home after having planted the watchers at their stations. He soon arrives with a reinforcement, all armed with sticks, the only weapons allowed them. No idea can be yet formed as to the strength of the poacher's gang, but as a decisive step must be taken, the keepers advance up the riding; and at the top, one of the poachers, who is watching, gives the alarm. They instantly form a square, mutual threats of defiance and challenges are exchanged, and as the poachers,

of course, refuse to surrender, the keepers rush in. It is fearful odds against them; the poachers muster above twelve, while the number of the keepers does not exceed eight, and add to this, that nearly half the poachers are armed with guns, the butt ends of which form dreadful weapons. But the keepers are all good men and true, and "thrice is he armed, who hath his quarrel just." For awhile the battle rages fiercely; the keepers, who have each a light handkerchief tied round one arm, to distinguish one another in the dark, sticking well together. Each party is alternately driven back, but in the end, right prevails, and the poachers are beaten off the field, leaving three of their men prisoners, and most of the game. But the keepers do not come off unscathed; more than one has a broken head, and one is dangerously wounded by a gun-shot, fired by a poacher as they retreat. The prisoners are carried up to the keeper's house, and in the morning, are taken before a neighbouring justice, and in *legal parlance*, fully committed for trial, and at the next assizes these ill-fated men are probably for ever banished from a land in which, had they not given way to the poacher's marauding habits, they might have lived happily and quietly, a credit to their calling, and "their country's pride."

Happily such scenes as the foregoing are every year becoming less frequent. Yet even now, a season rarely passes in our woodland districts, without one or more of these conflicts taking place; and even in our recollection, although the finger of time as yet presses lightly on our brow, one keeper, and more than one poacher well known to us, have lost their lives in these midnight encounters.

We have neither space nor inclination to enter into an argument as to the general good or evil resulting from the operation of the Game Laws, nor will we discuss the expediency of making game free to all. It is enough for our present purpose, that statutes protecting it *do* exist, and as long as this is the case, they surely claim the obedience of the subject as much as any other laws that occupy a niche in our penal code.

Let no one under a mistaken idea, defend the poacher on the ground that game is by nature the property of all, and that the love of sporting is so deeply implanted in the human breast, that man, in every station and every clime, will run any risk to gratify it. Viewing the crime in its mildest light, we must all acknowledge that the habits of the poacher must inevitably unfit him from following the avocations imposed upon his rank in life, and we all know when a man has lost his caste in society, how difficult it is ever to regain it. Such is the case with the poacher, punishment will surely follow crime, and when once a peasant has crossed the threshold of a goal, he has passed the first milestone on the road to ruin. All, therefore, who consider the poacher's crime as venial and light, would do well to bear in mind the following lines of Scott, which will go further in illustrating our argument than all we could write, were we to fill a page: —

Thus as in crowds the foul contagions pass,
Leavening and festering the corrupted mass;
Guilt leagues with guilt, while mutual motives draw;
Their hope impunity, their fear the law.
Their foes, their friends, their rendezvous the same,
Until the revenue hauled, and pilfered game,
Flush the young culprit, and example leads
To darker villainy and direr deeds.

July 1842.

Tono.

(NEW SPORTING MAGAZINE).

THE

VISION OF CHARLES THE TWELETH.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

Of all the singular apparitions or visions that have ever been set down, the vision of Charles XII. is, perhaps, one of the most curious, and decidedly the best authenticated relation of the kind on record, depending not upon the testimony of an individual, who, from nervous excitement, or other mental morbidness, might have fancied the whole scene, and afterwards transcribed his waking dream in the glowing terms of a fanciful imagination, but upon the concurrent authority of one of the most learned and grave characters in Sweden, supported in many of his assertions by the *concierge* of the palace. The original document is still in existence, and open to the inspection of every traveller who desires to see it. The whole is clearly and concisely written, and signed by the King, his physician (Dr. Baumgardten,) and the state porter. A note is attached in his Majesty's own hand-writing, stating his thorough conviction that so strange a vision must have been vouchsafed to him as a prophetic warning, and also his desire that the said document should be preserved among the State archives, in order to see whether the prediction would ever be accomplished. This note bears date some short time before Charles was killed (as well as I re-

collect about 1716). The complete fulfilment of the vision came to pass in 1792, above eighty-six years after its appearance. As I unfortunately did not take an exact copy of the MS. when on the spot, I can only relate it as nearly as I can remember, changing however the style of the narrative from the first to the third person.

It was a dark and gloomy night. The clock had struck ten. The ill-lighted room cast an additional gloom on the figure of Charles the Twelfth as he sat in front of a huge fire in his favourite saloon in the palace of Stockholm. Immediately in front of him, over the fire-place, was suspended the picture of his Queen, with whom, to tell the truth, he had just been disputing, and now sat in silent discontent, mentally comparing the charming form which hung before him with the now less beautiful figure of her Majesty, only breaking his sullen silence by occasionally muttering some curse on her altered temper.

When the King was in these moods he was always closely attended by his physician, Baumgardten. The re-action in a mind so buoyant as that of Charles, being proportionately dangerous, it was often feared he might commit suicide; so the doctor always remained near to him, seeking for a convenient opportunity to draw his mind back to livelier themes, to arouse him from the dreadful mental prostration to which he was subject.

On the evening in question Baumgardten had sat patiently for about an hour, alternately watching his Majesty, and the storm which was raging outside. But neither the view of the sullen monarch, nor the opposite wing of the palace, which formed the grand hall, where the state trials and similar events took place, could afford much amusement to the tired son of Æsculapius, who finding his patience begin to wear out, suddenly started up, and began pacing the room up and down, in the same manner that mariners pace the quarter-deck of a vessel at sea, occasionally stopping at the window

to look out on the black and gloomy pile of building I have mentioned.

Suddenly he started back. "Great heavens, sire!"

"Silence!" growled the King.

The doctor took two more turns across the chamber. At length he could contain himself no longer.

"What is this extraordinary appearance? Please your majesty some strange event is taking place in the hall of justice."

"Hold your tongue, sir, or I shall command you to quit the room!" replied the monarch, who felt much annoyed at these interruptions to his reverie, and which he believed arose from a mere desire to arouse him from his meditations.

The doctor paused, but after awhile curiosity got the upper hand of his better judgment, and walking up to the King, he touched him on the shoulder, and pointed to the window.

Charles looked up, and as he did so beheld to his great amazement the window of the opposite wing brilliantly illuminated. In an instant all his gloom, his apathy vanished. He rushed to look out. The lights streamed through the small panes, illuminating all the intermediate court-yard. The shadows of persons moving to and fro were clearly discernible. The King looked inquisitively at the doctor. At first he suspected it to be a trick to entrap him from his indulgence in moodiness. He read, however, fear too legibly written in the countenance of the physician to persevere in the notion.

The King and his doctor exchanged glances of strange and portentous meaning. Charles, however, first recovered, and affecting to feel no awe, turned to Baumgarten.

"Who has dared to cause the grand hall to be lighted up?" he exclaimed; "and who are they who, without my permission, have entered it?"

The trembling physician pleaded his utter ignorance.

"Go instantly and call the state-porter hither!"

Baumgarten obeyed, and returned with the terrified menial, to whom, however, he had not communicated the reason for his being sent for; but who, nevertheless, was sadly alarmed at being summoned before his royal master at this unusual hour.

"Where is the key of the eastern wing?" demanded the King, in a voice of unexpressed anger.

"Here, sire," replied the servitor, instantly producing it.

Charles started with surprise, but quickly recovering himself, asked, "To whom have you afforded the use of this key?"

"To none, your Majesty. It has never left my side."

"Who, then, have you given admission to?"

"To no one, sire. The doors of the eastern wing have not been opened for at least ten days."

"Could any one enter without your knowledge by a second key or entrance?"

"Impossible, sire. There are three locks to open before admission could be gained. The sentry would allow none to pass in without my accompanying them. No human being could possibly get in."

"Look there, then, and tell me the meaning of those lights?" rapidly demanded the King, who suddenly withdrew the curtain he had purposely let fall before the entrance of the *concierge*.

The poor man stared for a moment, and gasping for breath, totally heedless of the presence of his Majesty, fell back into a chair which stood near him.

"Arise, arise; I see you have had no hand in this strange affair," added the King, in a milder tone. "Get a lantern instantly, and accompany us to this building! We will pass round through the centre of the palace. Breathe not, however, a syllable to any one; but be quick."

In five minutes more the trio were on their route, and soon arrived at the door, which the King desired his trembling servitor to open. He did so: the brilliant light streamed upon the group. The affrighted porter instantly fled, while Charles, followed by Baumgardten, boldly stepped into the room, though his blood ran cold as he perceived it filled with a large assemblage of knights and nobles superbly arrayed, whose faces, though he saw, neither he nor Baumgardten could distinctly catch. They were all seated, as if a state-trial was going on. The high officers sat in gloomy silence, as one or two inferior officers moved noiselessly about. Presently the word

« Guilty » seemed to breathe through the room. A short, a solemn pause, and a door behind a temporary scaffold opened, and three men appeared, men apparently of rank, bound and prepared for execution. They were followed by the headsmen, and others bearing the block, &c. Not a word was uttered, — not a movement shook the assembled judges. The principal criminal laid down his head on the block, and the next instant it rolled from the scaffold, and actually struck the foot of Charles the Twelfth.

At this juncture every light disappeared. The King called loudly for assistance to secure the persons who had thus assembled, and committed violence beneath the royal roof. Before he had time to do so twice, the frightened porter rushed in, attended by several officers of the household, and servants bearing torches. Not a vestige of the vision remained. Everything was in its proper place. The very dust, which had been allowed to accumulate, rested on the furniture. Every door was well fastened; — scaffold, block, criminal, and judges, all were gone.

One only token remained to bear out the actual scene which had taken place: a large drop of blood had stained the stocking of the King, exactly on the spot against which the traitor's head had rolled.

The next day the record was drawn up from which this sketch is taken.

In 1792, Ankerstrom and his two principal accomplices justly suffered death for the murder of their sovereign, Gustavus the Third, King of Sweden.

MISCELLANEA.

WOOLWICH DOCK YARD.—One of the best pieces of granite masonry that we have ever seen is now executing at this dock-yard, in the construction of the new dry dock, it is built with blocks of granite of large dimensions, laid in radiating courses, and worked with great precision, and hammer dressed. Messrs. Grissell and Peto are the contractors to whom this work is intrusted under the direction and superintendence of Messrs. Walker and Burgess. A powerful steam-engine by Boulton, Watt, and Co. has been erected for the purpose of withdrawing the water within a very limited time when vessels are docked to be examined. Some idea may be formed of the magnitude and complete arrangement of the new dock when it is stated that it is sufficiently large to admit, for the purpose of being docked, ships of equal dimensions to the Trafalgar, of 120 guns, and that the volume of water requisite to float vessels of that size could by the power of the steam engine be completely withdrawn into the basin at high water or into the river at ebb tide in about 20 minutes, and in the event of the vessel examined being found sound and not in want of any repairs she might again enter the river ready for service without losing a tide. These are improve-

ments in celerity of movement which cannot fail to prove of great importance to the country in the event of war with any foreign Power at a future period. The engine connected with the dry dock has been erected in a handsome and substantially constructed building, and on the top an iron tank has been placed capable of containing 190 tons of water, and which will always be kept full in case of accidents from fire at the end of the yard in which it is situate.

LA VENDITA. "What have you done to Jones?" said Thompson to Smith: "He does nothing but abuse you," and immediately began to relate an infinity of bitter speeches, which would have irritated anybody but Smith; who quits the room, and returns in a quarter of an hour: "I have got my revenge!" cries Smith, exultingly. "What have you horse-whipped him?" "No, my good fellow, I have borrowed L.50 of him."

Prof. Vignoles exhibited some specimens of newly invented carpet tapestry. He explained that these works were made on the principle of the ancient mosaics, being composed of innumerable transverse sections of woolen threads. No painting, no colouring was used; all the effect was produced by ends of worsted about $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch long standing vertically, one end being seen, and the other cemented by India rubber to a cloth. The exact operation was yet a secret, but he believed that two frames of fine wire or perforated zinc (some with even 4000 perforations in an inch) were placed over each other exactly vertically, the distance being only regulated by the height of the room, in the present instance he believed about five feet. The picture to be copied being then traced on the top side of the upper frame, a workman passed threads of dyed wool through the corresponding holes in the top and bottom frames, of course, as in tapestry, varying his shades and colours until he is satisfied with the effect; this he can judge of by looking down on the upper ends of the threads, although to a person looking at the space between the frames, there seems only a confused and compact mass of worsted. When the workman is satisfied, the upper ends of the threads are covered with India rubber cement, and a cloth is laid

upon them also covered with cement; the ends of the threads firmly adhere to this cloth. By means of a sharp cutting instrument, the entire mass of threads is now cut through transversely at about $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch from the cloth, and this process being repeated, a fresh copy is obtained from every $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch: in the present frames, being five feet apart, 480 copies can be cut, and as there is no limit to the distance, except the height of the apartment, thousands of copies may be taken of each. Were this not the case, the invention, however ingenious, would be too expensive to be purchased except in solitary instances as specimens of curious art: but, from the facility of reproduction, this fabric was likely to come into general use for carpets, rugs, curtains, table and chair covers, &c.; for carpets and rugs it could be made with a longer nap, so as to give any degree of substance.

—A well known scapegrace, wishing to rally a friend who had a morbid horror of death, asked him, as they were passing a country church during the performance of a funeral, whether the tolling bell did not put him in mind of his latter end. — “No, but the rope does of your’s,” was the caustic reply.

ST. ROLLOX CHIMNEY.—This chimney is now finished. This extraordinary work was constructed under the superintendence of Mr. Andrew Thomson, the able engineer. The extreme height, from the ground to the copingstone, is 450 ft.; and, rising from a base forming the highest table-land of the city, the stalk is seen from a great distance in the surrounding country. In relative height, independent of the elevation of its base, it is little inferior to the loftiest superstructures in the world; in absolute height, it towers into the air incomparably higher. The great pyramid, Cheops, rises 498 ft.; but this includes a base of 150. The Strasburgh Cathedral is 474; St. Peter’s, in Rome from ground to pinnacle, 450, being exactly the altitude of the *monstre* chimney; St. Paul’s, in London, 370. The base of the chimney under ground is 46 ft. in diameter; at the ground 40; and at the top 13 ft. 6 in.

—ON A VERY SIMPLE MEANS OF ARRESTING EPISTAXIS. By Dr. Negrier, of Angers.

This consists in nothing more than closing with the opposite hand the nostril from which the blood flows, while the arm of the same side is raised perpendicularly above the head. In every instance in which he has had recourse to this means during the past three years Mr. Negrier has always found that it suspended the hemorrhage: a fact of which he offers the following explanation.

When a person stands in the ordinary posture, with his arms hanging down, the force needed to propel the blood through his upper extremities is about half that which would be required if his arms were raised perpendicularly above his head. But since the force which sends the blood through the carotid arteries is the same as that which causes it to circulate through the brachial arteries, and there is nothing in the mere position of the arms above the head to stimulate the heart to increased action, it is evident that a less vigorous circulation through the carotids must result from the increased force required to carry on the circulation through the upper extremities.

TWO CHAPTERS OF ROMANCE. In Hook's droll story of "Maxwell," the hero, who is the son of a surgeon, protects a young lady of romantic disposition from an imminent danger. "My deliverer!" she cries in a transport of gratitude. "By Jove!" says a facetious friend to the *preux chevalier*: "she takes you for your father!"

A novel-reading girl fell into a river, and when in great peril of "too much of water," was dragged out by a brave and skilful swimmer. As soon as she came to herself, she expressed her firm determination to marry her "brave preserver." "Impossible" cried her father: "What, is he not young?" "Yes!"—"Handsome?"—"Extremely."—"Why not then?"—"It was a Newfoundland dog."

A GRISLY BORE. Madame du Deffand said of a man who drawled out his words in an intolerable manner: "I wonder he is not bored to death with his own talking."

STUCCO PAINT CEMENT.—We have examined some specimens of this cement upon plaster, slate, and wood. It has all the appearance of stone, and forms a complete impermeable coating, and answers the combined purpose of both paint and cement; it is manufactured and sold in a fluid state, like white lead, and when used it is mixed with sand, in the proportion of 3 of the latter to 1 of the former, and laid upon brick-work in the usual manner. If used upon brick, it requires about 7 lb. of the fluid cement, and if upon plaster about 4 lb.; it is sold at 12s. per cwt. For damp situations, and for walls exposed to a south-western aspect in the country or on the sea side, it will be invaluable. Specimens may be seen at the Bernasconi Gallery, Chenies-street, Bedford-square.

PERMITTED TO BE PRINTED,

St. Petersburg, November 1st, 1842.

P. KORSKOFF, CENSOR.

Printed at the Office of the *Journal de St. Petersburg*.

AMERICAN NOTES FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

2 vols. Chapman & Hall. 1842.

When the public has devoured the scenes, characters, and dialogues in this book, it will be time enough to award to 'Boz' his peculiar place among the English tourists to America. For the present, then, we merely offer ourselves as tasters,—extracting from this eagerly-expected book as copiously as time and space will allow, and leaving criticism for some future day.

Many will be curious to see how one so masterly and minute in his portraiture of *terra firma*, deals with the perils of the deep. For the gratification of their curiosity, we will give a fragment or two from the voyage out. In the first, a party on board the tender are rapidly nearing the *Britannia* steamer, which is lying not far from the mouth of the Mersey:—

And there she is! all eyes are turned to where she lies, dimly discernible through the gathering fog of the early winter afternoon; every finger is pointed in the same direction; and murmurs of interest and admiration—as ‘How beautiful she looks!’ ‘How trim she is!’—are heard on every side. Even the lazy gentleman, with his hat on one side and his hands in his pockets, who has dispensed so much consolation by inquiring with a yawn of another gentleman whether he is ‘going across’—as if it were a ferry—even he condescends to look that way, and not his head, as who should say ‘No mistake about that!’ and not even the sage Lord Burleigh in his nod, included half so much as this lazy gentleman of might who has made the passage (as every body on board has found out already; it’s impossible to say how) thirteen times without a single accident! There is another passenger very much wrapped up, who has been frowned down by the rest, and morally trampled upon and crushed, for presuming to inquire with a timid interest how long it is since the poor President went down. He is standing close to the lazy gentleman, and says with a faint smile that he believes She is a very strong Ship; to which the lazy gentleman, looking first in his questioner’s eye and then very hard in the wind’s, answers unexpectedly and ominously, that She need be. Upon this the lazy gentleman instantly falls very low in the popular estimation, and the passengers, with looks of defiance, whisper to each other that he is an ass, and an impostor, and clearly don’t know anything at all about it.”

In the next extract the imposture of “the lazy gentleman” will be seen in all its true colours. After half-a-dozen very vivid pages, which will make qualmish those who affect to laugh at a winter voyage, in proportion as they fear it, comes what the musicians would call “a grand crash.”—

“A heavy gale of wind came slowly up at sunset, when we were about ten days out, and raged with gradually increasing fury until morning, saving that it lulled for an hour a little before midnight. There was something in the unnatural repose of that hour, and the after gathering of the storm, so inconceivably awful and tremendous, that its bursting into full violence was almost a relief. The labouring of the ship in the troubled sea on this night I shall never forget. ‘Will it ever be worse than this?’ was a question I had often heard asked, when everything was sliding and bumping about, and when it certainly did seem difficult to comprehend the possibility of anything afloat being more disturbed, without topping over and going down. But what the agitation of a steam-vessel is,

on a bad winter's night in the wild Atlantic it is impossible for the most vivid imagination to conceive. To say that she is hung down on her side in the waves, with her masts dipping into them, and that, springing up again, she rolls over on the other side, until a heavy sea strikes her with the noise of a hundred great guns, and hurls her back—that she stops, and staggers, and shivers, as though stunned, and then, with a violent throbbing at her heart, darts onward like a monster goaded into madness, to be beaten down, and battered, and crushed, and leaped on by the angry sea—that thunder, lightning, hail, and rain, and wind, are all in fierce contention for the mastery—that every plank has its groan, every nail its shriek, and every drop of water in the great ocean its howling voice—is nothing. To say that all is grand, and all appalling and horrible in the last degree, is nothing. Words cannot express it. Thoughts cannot convey it. Only a dream can call it up again, in all its fury, rage, and passion. And yet, in the very midst of these terrors, I was placed in a situation so exquisitely ridiculous, that even then I had as strong a sense of its absurdity as I have now: and could no more help laughing than I can at any other comical incident, happening under circumstances the most favourable to its enjoyment. About midnight we shipped a sea, which forced its way through the skylights, burst open the doors above, and came raging and roaring down into the ladies' cabin, to the unspeakable consternation of my wife and a little Scotch lady—who, by the way, had previously sent a message to the captain by the stewardess, requesting him, with her compliments, to have a steel conductor immediately attached to the top of every mast, and to the chimney, in order that the ship might not be struck by lightning. They, and the handmaid before mentioned, being in such ecstasies of fear that I scarcely knew what to do with them, I naturally bethought myself of some restorative or comfortable cordial; and nothing better occurring to me, at the moment, than hot brandy-and-water, I procured a tumbler-full without delay. It being impossible to stand or sit without holding on, they were all heaped together in one corner of a long sofa—a fixture extending entirely across the cabin—where they clung to each other in momentary expectation of being drowned. When I approached this place with my specific, and was about to administer it with many consolatory expressions, to the nearest sufferer, what was my dismay to see them all roll slowly down to the other end! And when I staggered to that end, and held out the glass once more, how immensely baffled were my good intentions by the ship giving another lurch, and their all rolling back again! I suppose I dodged them up and down this sofa for at least a quarter of an hour,

without reaching them once ; and by the time I did catch them, the brandy-and-water was diminished, by constant spilling, to a tea-spoonful. To complete the group, it is necessary to recognise in this disconcerted dodger, a very pale individual, who had shaved his beard and brushed his hair, last, at Liverpool : and whose only articles of dress (linen not included) were a pair of dreadnought trousers ; a blue jacket, formerly admired upon the Thames at Richmond ; no stockings ; and one slipper, »

Here is a specimen of the incidents of the voyager's daily life :—

« As to daily news, there is no dearth of that commodity. This passenger is reported to have lost fourteen pounds at Vingt-et-un in the saloon yesterday : and that passenger drinks his bottle of champagne every day, and how he does it (being only a clerk), nobody knows. The head engineer has distinctly said that there never was such times—meaning weather—and four good hands are ill, and have given in, dead beat. Several berths are full of water, and all the cabins are leaky. The ship's cook, secretly swigging damaged whiskey, has been found drunk : and has been played upon by the fire-engine until quite sober. All the stewards have fallen down stairs at various dinner-times, and go about with plasters in various places. The baker is ill, and so is the pastry-cook. A new man, horribly indisposed, has been required to fill the place of the latter officer ; and has been propped and jammed up with empty casks in a little house upon deck, and commanded to roll out pie-crust, which he protests (being highly bilious) it is death to him to look at. News ! A dozen murders on shore would lack the interest of these slight incidents at sea. »

The *Britannia* lay to at Halifax for seven hours, giving Mr. Dickens an opportunity of assisting at the opening of the Legislative Council ; but his *début* in America was made at Boston, as follows :—

« The indescribable interest with which I strained my eyes, as the first patches of American soil peeped like molehills from the green sea, and followed them as they swelled, by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, into a continuous line of coast, can hardly be exaggerated. A sharp keen wind blew dead against us ; a hard frost prevailed on shore ; and the cold was most severe. Yet the air was so intensely clear and dry and bright, that the temperature was not only endurable, but delicious. How I remained on deck, staring about me until we came alongside the dock, and how, though I had

had as many eyes as Argus, I should have had them all wide open, and all employed on new objects—are topics which I will not prolong this chapter to discuss. Neither will I more than hint at my foreigner-like mistake, in supposing that a party of most active persons, who scrambled on board at the peril of their lives as we approached the wharf, were newsmen, answering to that industrious class at home; whereas, despite the leathern wallets of news slung about the necks of some, and the broad sheets in the hands of all, they were Editors, who boarded ships in person (as one gentleman in a worsted comforter informed me) ‘because they liked the excitement of it.’ Suffice it in this place to say, that one of these invaders, with a ready courtesy for which I thank him here most gratefully, went on before to order rooms at the hotel; and that when I followed, as I soon did, I found myself rolling through the long passages with an involuntary imitation of the gait of Mr. T. P. Cooke, in a new nautical melo drama. ‘Dinner, if you please,’ said I to the waiter. ‘When?’ said the waiter. ‘As quick as possible,’ said I. ‘Right away?’ said the waiter. After a moment’s hesitation, I answered ‘No,’ at hazard. ‘Not right away?’ cried the waiter, with an amount of surprise that made me start. I looked at him doubtfully, and returned, ‘No, I would rather have it in this private room. I like it very much.’ At this, I really thought the waiter must have gone out of his mind; as I believe he would have done, but for the interposition of another man, who whispered in his ear ‘Directly.’ ‘Well, and that’s a fact!’ said the waiter, looking helplessly at me. ‘Right away.’ I saw now that ‘Right away’ and ‘Directly’ were one and the same thing. So I reversed my previous answer, and sat down to dinner in ten minutes afterwards, and a capital dinner it was. The hotel (a very excellent one) is called the Tremont House. It has more galleries, colonnades, piazzas, and passages than I can remember, or the reader would believe; and is some trifle smaller than Bedford Square.

A new air is given to the Unitarian city of Boston in the following lively paragraph:—

‘When I got into the streets upon this Sunday morning, the air was so clear, the houses were so bright and gay, the sign-boards were painted in such gaudy colours; the gilded letters were so very golden, the bricks were so very red, the stone was so very white; the blinds and area railings were so very green, the knobs and plates upon the street doors so marvellously bright and twinkling; and all so slight and unsubstantial in appearance—that every thoroughfare in the city looked exactly like a scene in a pantomime. It rarely happens in the business streets

that a tradesman, if I may venture to call anybody a tradesman where everybody is a merchant, resides above his store; so that many occupations are often carried on in one house, and the whole front is covered with boards and inscriptions. As I walked along, I kept glancing up at these boards, confidently expecting to see a few of them change into something; and I never turned a corner suddenly without looking out for the clown and pantaloons, who, I had no doubt, were hiding in a doorway or behind some pillar close at hand. As to Harlequin and Columbine, I discovered immediately that they lodged (they are always looking after lodgings in a pantomime) at a very small clock-maker's, one story high, near the hotel; which in addition to various symbols and devices, almost covering the whole front, had a great dial hanging out—to be jumped through, of course. The suburbs are, if possible, even more unsubstantial-looking than the city. The white wooden houses (so white that it makes one wink to look at them), with their green jalousie blinds, are so sprinkled and dropped about in all directions, without seeming to have any root at all in the ground, and the small churches and chapels are so prim, and bright, and highly varnished, that I almost believed the whole affair could be taken up piecemeal like a child's toy, and crammed into a little box.

We shall pass Mr. Dickens's notes on the public institutions at Boston. He describes at length the interesting case of Laura Bridgman, the deaf, dumb, and blind child, which has already been laid before our readers too fully to demand attention anew. Nor shall we quote his account—reported with the true *Pickwick* accuracy—of the sermon of Father Taylor, because that good man, and the peculiar nature of his pulpit eloquence, were, if we recollect right, vividly presented to us by Miss Martineau. On his way to Lowell, a railroad journey gives Mr. Dickens an opportunity to describe one phase of Transatlantic travelling and scenery.

"I made acquaintance with an American railroad, on this occasion, for the first time. As these works are pretty much alike all through the States, their general characteristics are easily described. There are no first and second class carriages, as with us; but there is a gentlemen's car and a ladies' car: the main distinction between which is, that in the first, everybody smokes; and in the second, nobody does. As a black man never travels with a white one, there is also a negro car; which is a great blundering clumsy chest, such as Gulliver put to sea in, from the kingdom of Brobdignag. There

is a great deal of jolting, a great deal of noise, a great deal of wall, not much window; a locomotive engine, a shriek, and a bell. The cars are like shabby omnibusses, but larger: holding thirty, forty, fifty, people. The seats, instead of stretching from end to end, are placed crosswise. Each seat holds two persons. There is a long row of them on each side of the caravan, a narrow passage up the middle, and a door at both ends. In the centre of the carriage there is usually a stove, fed with charcoal or anthracite coal; which is for the most part red-hot. It is insufferably close; and you see the hot air fluttering between yourself and any other object you may happen to look at, like the ghost of smoke. In the ladies' car, there are a great many gentlemen who have ladies with them. There are also a great many ladies who have nobody with them; for any lady may travel alone, from one end of the United States to the other, and be certain of the most courteous and considerate treatment everywhere. The conductor or check-taker, or guard, or whatever he may be, wears no uniform. He walks up and down the car, and in and out of it, as his fancy dictates; leans against the door with his hands in his pockets and stares at you, if you chance to be a stranger; or enters into conversation with the passengers about him. A great many newspapers are pulled out, and a few of them are read. Everybody talks to you, or to anybody else who hits his fancy. If you are an Englishman, he expects that that railroad is pretty much like an English railroad. If you say, 'No,' he says 'Yes?' (interrogatively), and asks in what respect they differ. You enumerate the heads of difference, one by one; and he says 'Yes?' (still interrogatively) to each. Then he guesses that you don't travel faster in England; and on your replying that you do, says, 'Yes?' again (still interrogatively); and, it is quite evident, don't believe it. After a long pause he remarks, partly to you, and partly to the knob on the top of his stick, that 'Yankees are reckoned to be considerable of a go-ahead people too,' upon which you say 'Yes,' and then he says 'Yes,' again (affirmatively this time); and upon your looking out of window, tells you that behind that hill, and some three miles from the next station, there is a clever town in a smart location, where he expects you have concluded to stop. Your answer in the negative naturally leads to more questions in reference to your intended route (always pronounced *rouf*); and whenever you are going you invariably learn that you can't get there without immense difficulty and danger, and that all the great sights are somewhere else. If a lady take a fancy to any male passenger's seat, the gentleman who accompanies her gives him notice of the fact, and he immediately vacates it with great politeness. Pe-

lities are much discussed, so are banks, so is cotton. Quiet people avoid the question of the Presidency, for there will be a new election in three years and a half, and party feeling runs very high: the great constitutional feature of this institution being, that directly the acrimony of the last election is over, the acrimony of the next one begins; which is an unspeakable comfort to all strong politicians and true lovers of their country: that is to say, to ninety-nine men and boys out of every ninety-nine and a quarter.

Except when a branch road joins the main one, there is seldom more than one track of rails; so that the road is very narrow, and the view, where there is a deep cutting, by no means extensive. When there is not, the character of the scenery is always the same. Mile after mile of stunted trees: some hewn down by the axe, some blown down by the wind, some half fallen and resting on their neighbours, many mere logs half hidden in the swamp, others mottled away to spongy chips. The very soil of the earth is made up of minute fragments such as these; each pool of stagnant water has its crust of vegetable rottenness; on every side there are the boughs, and trunks, and stumps of trees, in every possible stage of decay, decomposition, and neglect. Now you emerge for a few brief minutes on an open country, glittering with some bright lake or pool, broad as many an English river, but so small here that it scarcely has a name; now catch hasty glimpses of a distant town, with its clean white houses and their cool piazzas, its prim New England church and schoolhouse; when whir r-r-r! almost before you have seen them, comes the same dark screen: the stunted trees, the stumps, the logs, the stagnant water—all so like the last, that you seem to have been transported back again by magic. The train calls at stations in the woods; where the wild impossibility of anybody having the smallest reason to get out, is only to be equalled by the apparently desperate hopelessness of there being anybody to get in. It rushes across the turnpike road, where there is no gate, no policeman, no signal: nothing but a rough wooden arch, on which is painted 'WHEN THE BELL RINGS, LOOK OUT FOR THE LOCOMOTIVE.' On it whirls headlong, dives through the woods again, emerges in the light, chatters over stail arches, rumbles upon the heavy ground, shoots beneath a wooden bridge which intercepts the light for a second like a wink, suddenly awakens all the slumbering echoes in the main street of a large town, and dashes on hap-hazard, pell-mell, neck-or-nothing, down the middle of the road. There—with mechanics working at their trades, and people leaning from their doors and windows, and boys flying kites and playing marbles, and men smoking, and women talking, and children crawling, and pigs

hurrowing, and unaccustomed horses plunging and rearing, close to the very rails—there—on, on, on—tears the mad dragon of an engine with its train of cars; scattering in all directions a shower of burning sparks from its wood fire; screeching, hissing, yelling, panting; until at last the thirsty monster stops beneath a covered way to drink, the people cluster round, and you have time to breathe again.

Most encouraging is our author's account of the Lowell factories and the Lowell factory-girls, upon whose Magazine, it will be remembered, we reported a twelvemonth ago. An idea of the numbers and prosperity of these young women is conveyed by the fact, repeated by our author, that on the occasion of a visit from General Jackson or General Harrison, he walked through three miles and a half of these young ladies, all dressed out with parasols and silk stockings.

Worcester, like Lowell, has an air of unsubstantial newness, which could hardly fail to strike eyes as keen as our author's:—

All the buildings looked as if they had been built and painted that morning, and could be taken down on Monday with very little trouble. In the keen evening air, every sharp outline looked a hundred times sharper than ever. The clean card-board colonnades had no more perspective than a Chinese bridge on a tea-cup, and appeared equally well calculated for use. The razor-like edges of the detached cottages seemed to cut the very wind as it whistled against them, and to send it smarting on its way with a shriller cry than before. Those slightly-built wooden dwellings behind which the sun was setting with a brilliant lustre, could be so looked through and through, that the idea of any inhabitant being able to hide himself from the public gaze, or to have any secrets from the public eye, was not entertainable for a moment. Even where a blazing fire shone through the uncurtained windows of some distant house, it had the air of being newly lighted, and of lacking warmth; and instead of awakening thoughts of a snug chamber, bright with faces that first saw the light round that same hearth, and ruddy with warm hangings, it came upon one suggestive of the smell of new mortar and damp walls.

From Worcester Mr. Dickens journeyed to Springfield, and thence to Hartford, by the Connecticut river, on a steam-boat

so tiny, that (to quote *verbatim*) "we all kept the middle of the deck, lest the boat should unexpectedly tip over; the machinery, by some surprising process of condensation, worked between it and the keel,—the whole forming a warm sandwich, about three feet thick." But we must "go a-head," or we shall never get to New York. Arrived there, it is hard to decide which way we should turn — so lively is our guide, with a picture in every line, and a colour in every word. The *Daguerreotype* of Broadway with its throngs,—the visit to the Tombs, must be left; the latter all the more willingly, because we shall go with Mr. Dickens into the prisons of Philadelphia. The following extract embraces many "curiosities":—

"They are the city scavengers, these pigs. Ugly brutes they are; having, for the most part, scanty brown backs, like the lids of old horse-hair trunks: spotted with unwholesome black blotches. They have long, gaunt legs, too, and such peaked snouts, that if one of them could be persuaded to sit for his profile, nobody would recognise it for a pig's likeness. They are never attended upon, or fed, or driven, or caught, but are thrown upon their own resources in early life, and become preternaturally knowing in consequence. Every pig knows where he lives, much better than anybody could tell him. At this hour, just as evening is closing in you will see them roaming towards bed by scores, eating their way to the last. Occasionally, some youth among them who has over-eaten himself, or has been much worried by dogs, trots sprinkingly homeward, like a prodigal son: but this is a rare case; perfect self-possession and self-reliance, and immovable composure, being their foremost attributes. The streets and shops are lighted now; and as the eye travels down the long thoroughfare, dotted with bright jets of gas, it is reminded of Oxford Street or Piccadilly. Here and there, a flight of broad stone cellar-steps appears, and a painted lamp directs you to the Bowling Saloon, or Ten-Pin Alley: Ten-Pins being a game of mingled chance and skill; invented when the legislature passed an act forbidding Nine-Pins. At other downward flights of steps, are other lamps, marking the whereabouts of oyster-cellars — pleasant retreats, say I: not only by reason of their wonderful buckery of oysters; pretty nigh as large as chess-plates, (or for thy dear sake, heartiest of Greek Professors!) but because of all

kinds of eaters of fish, or flesh, or fowl, in these latitudes, the swallows of oysters alone are not gregarious; but subduing themselves, as it were, to the nature of what they work in, and copying the coyness of the thing they eat, do sit apart in curtained boxes, and consort by twos, not by two hundreds! But how quiet the streets are! Are there no itinerant bands; no wind or stringed instruments? No, not one. By day, are there no Punches, Fantocinis, Dancing-dogs, Jugglers, Conjurors, Orchestras, or even Barrel-organs? No, not one. Yes, I remember one. One barrel-organ and a dancing monkey—sportive by nature, but fast fading into a dull, lumpish monkey, of the Utilitarian school. Beyond that, nothing lively; no, not so much as a white mouse in a twirling cage. Are there no amusements? Yes. There is a lecture-room across the way, from which that glare of light proceeds, and there may be evening service for the ladies thrice a week, or oftener. For the young gentlemen, there is the counting-house, the store, the bar-room: the latter, as you may see through these windows, pretty full. Hark! to the clicking sound of hammers breaking lumps of ice and to the cool gurgling of the pounded bits as, in the process of mixing, they are poured from glass to glass! No amusements? What are these suckers of cigars and swallows of strong drinks, whose hats and legs we see in every possible variety of twist, doing, but amusing themselves? What are the fifty newspapers, which those precocious urchins are bawling down the street, and which are kept filed within, what are they but amusements? Not vapid waterish amusements, but good strong stuff; dealing in round abuse and blackguard names; pulling off the roofs of private houses, as the Halting Devil did in Spain; pimping and pandering to all degrees of vicious taste, and gorging with coined lies the most voracious maw; imputing to every man in public life the coarsest and the vilest motives; searing away from the stabbed and prostrate body-politic, every Samaritan of clear conscience and good deeds; and setting on with yell and whistle and the clapping of foul hands, the vilest vermin and worst birds of prey. —No amusements!

We must take, too, a glimpse into that Alsatia of New York—the Five Points:—

• Here are lanes and alleys, paved with mud knee deep: underground chambers, where they dance and game; the walls bedecked with rough designs of ships, and forts, and flags, and American Eagles out of number: ruined houses, open to the street, whence,

through wide gaps in the walls, other ruins loom upon the eye, as though the world of vice and misery had nothing else to show: hideous tenements which take their name from robbery and murder: all that is loathsome, drooping, and decayed is here. Our leader has his hand upon the latch of 'Almack's,' and calls to us from the bottom of the steps; for the assembly room of the Five-point fashionables is approached by a descent. Shall we go in? It is but a moment. Heyday! the landlady of Almack's thrives! A buxom fat mulatto woman, with sparkling eyes whose head is daintily ornamented with a handkerchief of many colours. Nor is the landlord much behind her in his finery, being attired in a smart blue jacket, like a ship's steward, with a thick gold ring upon his little finger, and round his neck a gleaming golden watch-guard! How glad he is to see us! What will we please to call for? A dance? It shall be done directly, sir: 'a regular break-down.' The corpulent black fiddler, and his friend who plays the tambourine, stamp upon the boarding of the small raised orchestra in which they sit, and play a lively measure. Five or six couple come upon the floor, marshalled by a lively young negro, who is the wit of the assembly, and the greatest dancer known. He never leaves off making queer faces, and is the delight of all the rest, who grin from ear to ear incessantly. Among the dancers are two young mulatto girls, with large, black, drooping eyes, and head-gear after the fashion of the hostess, who are as shy, or feign to be, as though they never danced before, and so look down before the visitors, that their partners can see nothing but the long fringed lashes. But the dance commences. Every gentleman sets as long as he likes to the opposite lady and the opposite lady to him, and all are so long about it that the sport begins to languish, when suddenly the lively hero dashes in to the rescue. Instantly the fiddler grins, and goes at it tooth and nail; there is new energy in the tambourine; new laughter in the dancers; new smiles in the landlady; new confidence in the landlord; new brightness in the very candles. Single shuffle, double shuffle, cut and cross-cut; snapping his fingers, rolling his eyes, turning in his knees, presenting the backs of his legs in front, spinning about on his toes and heels like nothing but the man's fingers on the tambourine; dancing with two left legs, two right legs, two wooden legs, two wire legs, two spring legs—all sorts of legs and no legs—what is this to him? And in what walk of life, or dance of life, does man ever get such stimulating applause as thunders about him, when, having danced his partner off her feet, and himself too, he finishes by leaping gloriously on the bar-counter, and calling for something

to drink, with the chuckle of a million of counterfeit Jim Crows, in one inimitable sound.

We shall now accompany Mr. Dickens in his visit to the Eastern Penitentiary, Philadelphia. We are not prepared once again to argue the question of the solitary system. Its consequences, however, as might have been expected, struck our tourist forcibly: and his impressions are registered in pages which will fascinate some persons as strongly as the most powerful passages in 'Oliver Twist':—

• The first man I saw was seated at his loom at work. He had been there six years, and was to remain, I think, three more. He had been convicted as a receiver of stolen goods, but even after this long imprisonment, denied his guilt, and said he had been hardly dealt by. It was his second offence. He stopped his work when we went in, took off his spectacles, and answered freely to everything that was said to him, but always with a strange kind of pause first, and in a low, thoughtful voice. He wore a paper hat of his own making, and was pleased to have it noticed and commended. He had very ingeniously manufactured a sort of Dutch clock from some disregarded odds and ends; and his vinegar bottle served for the pendulum. Seeing me interested in this contrivance, he looked up at it with a great deal of pride, and said that he had been thinking of improving it, and that he hoped the hammer and a little piece of broken glass beside it 'would play music before long.' He had extracted some colours from the yarn with which he worked, and painted a few poor figures on the wall. One, of a female over the door, he called 'The Lady of the Lake.' He smiled as I looked at these contrivances to wile away the time; but when I looked from them to him, I saw that his lip trembled, and could have counted the beating of his heart. I forget how it came about, but some allusion was made to his having a wife. He shook his head at the word, turned aside, and covered his face with his hands. 'But you are resigned now?' said one of the gentlemen, after a short pause, during which he had resumed his former manner. He answered with a sigh that seemed quite reckless in its hopelessness, 'Oh yes, oh yes! I am resigned to it.' 'And are a better man, you think?' 'Well, I hope so: I'm sure I hope I may be.' 'And time goes pretty quickly?' 'Time is very long, gentlemen, within these four walls.' He gazed about him—heaven only knows how wearily!—as he said these words; and in the act of doing so, fell into a strange stare, as if he had forgotten something. A moment afterwards he sighed heavily, put on his spectacles, and went about his work again.

Other figures are drawn with a like impressive truth; but we can only make room for two more:

There were three young women in adjoining cells, all convicted at the same time of a conspiracy to rob their prosecutor. In the silence and solitude of their lives, they had grown to be quite beautiful. Their looks were very sad, and might have moved the sternest visitor to tears, but not to that kind of sorrow which the contemplation of the men awakens. One was a young girl; not twenty, as I recollect; whose snow-white room was hugg with the work of some former prisoner, and upon whose downcast face the sun in all its splendour shone down through the high chink in the wall, where one narrow strip of bright blue sky was visible. She was very penitent and quiet; had come to be resigned, she said (and I believe her), and had a mind at peace. 'In a word, you are happy here?' said one of my companions. She struggled — she did struggle very hard — to answer yes; but raising her eyes, and meeting that glimpse of freedom over-head, she burst into tears, and said, 'She tried to be; she uttered no complaint; but it was natural that she should sometimes long to go out of that one cell: she could not help *that*,' she sobbed; poor thing! I went from cell to cell that day; and every face I saw, or word I heard, or incident I noted, is present to my mind in all its painfulness. But let me pass them by, for one more pleasant glance of a prison on the same plan, which I afterwards saw at Pittsburgh. When I had gone over that, I asked the governor if he had any person in his charge who was shortly going out. He had one, he said, whose time was up next day; but he had only been a prisoner two years. Two years! I looked back through two years of my own life — out of jail, prosperous, happy, surrounded by blessings, comforts, and good fortune — and thought how wide a gap it was, and how long those two years passed in solitary captivity would have been. I have the face of this man, who was going to be released next day, before me now. It is almost more memorable in its happiness than the other faces in their misery. How easy and how natural it was for him to say that the system was a good one! and that the time went 'pretty quick — considering;' and that when a man once felt he had offended the law, and must satisfy it, 'he got along somehow;' and so forth! 'What did he call you back to say to you, in that strange flutter?' I asked of my conductor, when he had locked the door and joined me in the passage. 'Oh! that he was afraid the soles of his boots were not fit for walking, as they were a good deal worn when he came in; and that he would thank him very much to have them mended, ready.' Those boots had been taken off his feet, and put

away with the rest of his clothes, two years before; I took that opportunity of inquiring how they conducted themselves immediately before going out; adding that I presumed they trembled very much. 'Well, it's not so much a trembling,' was the answer—though they do quiver—as a complete derangement of the nervous system. They can't sign their names to the book; sometimes can't even hold the pen; look about 'em without appearing to know why, or where they are; and sometimes get up and sit down again, twenty times in a minute. This is when they're in the office, where they are taken with the hood on, as they were brought in. When they get outside the gate, they stop, and look first one way and then the other; not knowing which to take. Sometimes they stagger as if they were drunk, and sometimes are forced to lean against the fence, they're so bad: but they clear off in course of time.»

Our notice would not be complete without a glimpse at the interview of two such distinguished persons as "Boz" and The President of the United States:—

«The President's mansion is more like an English club-house, both within and without, than any other kind of establishment with which I can compare it. The ornamental ground about it has been laid out in garden walks; they are pretty, and agreeable to the eye; though they have that uncomfortable air of having been made yesterday, which is far from favourable to the display of such beauties. My first visit to this house was on the morning after my arrival, when I was carried thither by an official gentleman, who was so kind as to charge himself with my presentation to the President. We entered a large hall, and having twice or thrice rung a bell which nobody answered, walked without further ceremony through the rooms on the ground floor, as divers other gentlemen (mostly with their hats on, and their hands in their pockets) were doing very leisurely. Some of these had ladies with them, to whom they were showing the premises; others were lounging upon the chairs and sofas; others, in a perfect state of exhaustion from listlessness, were yawning drearily. The greater portion of this assemblage were rather asserting their supremacy than doing anything else, as they had no particular business there, that anybody knew of. A few were closely eyeing the moveables, as if to make quite sure that the President (who was far from popular) had not made away with any of the furniture; or sold the fixtures for his private benefit. After glancing at these loungers; who were scattered over a pretty drawing-room opening upon a terrace which commanded a beautiful prospect of the

river and the adjacent country; and who were sauntering, too, about a larger state room called the Eastern Drawing-room; we went up stairs into another chamber, where were certain visitors, waiting for audiences. At sight of my conductor, a black in plain clothes and yellow slippers, who was gliding noiselessly about, and whispering messages in the ears of the more impatient, made a sign of recognition, and glided off to announce him. We had previously looked into another chamber fitted all round with a great bare wooden desk or counter, whereon lay files of newspapers, to which sundry gentlemen were referring. But there were no such means of beguiling the time in this apartment, which was as unpromising and tiresome as any waiting room in one of our public establishments, or any physician's dining-room during his hours of consultation at home. There were some fifteen or twenty persons in the room. One, a tall, wiry, muscular old man, from the west; sunburnt and swarthy: with a brown-white hat on his knees, and a giant umbrella resting between his legs; who sat bolt upright in his chair, frowning steadily at the carpet, and twitching the hard lines about his mouth, as if he had made up his mind 'to fix' the President on what he had to say, and wouldn't bate him a grain. Another, a Kentucky farmer, six-feet-six in height, with his hat on, and his hands under his coat-tails, who leaned against the wall and kicked the floor with his heel, as though he had Time's head under his shoe, and were literally 'killing' him. A third, an oval-faced, bilious-looking man, with sleek black hair cropped close, and whiskers and beard shaved down to blue dots, who sucked the head of a thick stick, and from time to time took it out of his mouth, to see how it was getting on. A fourth did nothing but whistle. A fifth did nothing but spit. And indeed all these gentlemen were so very persevering and energetic in this latter particular, and bestowed their favours so abundantly upon the carpet, that I take it for granted the Presidential housemaids have high wages, or, to speak more genteelly, an ample amount of 'compensation:' which is the American word for salary, in the case of all public servants. We had not waited in this room many minutes, before the black messenger returned, and conducted us into another of smaller dimensions, where, at a business-like table covered with papers, sat the President himself. He looked somewhat worn and anxious, and well he might: being at war with everybody—but the expression of his face was mild and pleasant, and his manner was remarkably unaffected, gentlemanly, and agreeable. I thought

that in his whole carriage and demeanour, he became his station singularly well.»

We warn our expectant readers that the second volume of these 'American Notes,' is as rich in matter as the one we are here compelled, reluctantly, to close.

(THE ATHENÆUM.)

HUNTING JOHN DORY.

BY GEORGE SOANE.

MATTHEW MUCHMORE was a fat little gentleman, on short legs, with a glistening eye, a round shiny face, and so unctuous withal that he involuntarily impressed you with the idea he must have oil in his veins instead of blood, like other people. He was a man of exquisite taste—not in music, nor yet in painting, and still less could it be said of him that he was particularly distinguished for his taste in dress, or dancing, or any such frivolities; no, it was in the matter of turtle and venison, champagne and Burgundy, that he was truly great; in these his taste was pre-eminent. Some foolish folks, whom I know, can see nothing to admire in this faculty of appreciating good things, and make it a great merit that their coarse throats can swallow anything. But why should not taste be as much cultivated in the tongue as in any other organ? Surely there is quite as much merit in being able to point out and relish the various niceties of some exquisite dish—niceties imperceptible to the vulgar,—as in the faculty of enjoying pictures with the eye, or music with

the ear. So thought and reasoned the great Matthew, and, by the beard of Plato, many worse systems of philosophy have been and still are current in the world. It unluckily, however, chanced with him as it has done with so many other people, Nature and Fortune could by no means agree in electing him for a common favourite, for, while the one had endowed him with this admirable delicacy of palate, the other had been exceedingly niggard in supplying him with the means of gratifying it. Hence it followed that he was obliged to be a regular diner-out, if he meant to dine at all; but, as he had a fund of good humour to back him, could tell a story well, and was besides no mean adept in the art of flattery, he was for the most part a welcome guest at the table of his acquaintance, whom, for his especial convenience, he took care should be as numerous as possible. They were chosen, moreover, with every attention to the quality of their dinners, so that a certain malicious wag used to say that his dining frequently at any house was as good as a diploma to the cook of that particular establishment.

Still it would sometimes happen that his stomach got baffled and disappointed in its expectations; the meals even of his most valued friends were not at all times equally choice or well-supplied; and in more than one instance, when dropping in and invited to stop, the dinner which he fondly expected would consist at least of fish and fowl, in the absence of better things, proved to be that opprobrium on decent housekeeping, cold meat, eked out by the fragments of the day previous. Sorely was his patience tried, and his philosophy tasked by such occurrences; for, however good-humoured a man may be, every human temper has limits to its powers of endurance, and this with him was the limit—the last straw on the back of the overloaded camel; it was the one evil of life that he could not bear without wincing, and his curses, like those of Macbeth's subjects, were not loud, but deep. At length, after long and serious reflection on the subject, he bethought him of a notable expedient by which he might be able to guess his bill of fare beforehand with some degree of certainty, instead of rashly accepting an in-

vitiation which might end, when too late to retreat, in cold orts and indigestible pickles. This was, to inquire at the various butchers and fishmongers who usually supplied his friends, what their several customers had ordered, and according to their replies, all duly entered and noted down, would he regulate his visits for the day.

It was in compliance with this laudable custom that our oleaginous little friend one day paid a visit to the King's fishmonger. On a marble slab at one side of the shop lay, as usual, several parcels of fish variously ticketed, according to their several destinations, and as he was by this time well known to the master, he was of course permitted to examine these important records, which he immediately fastened upon with all the *gusto* of an antiquary who has luckily discovered an illegible MS. There were soles—better never appeared at the table of a duke; cod-fish—the worst of them might have tempted a Jew to forswear his creed, and sit at a Christian's feast, even without the hope of cheating him; salmon—the Lord Mayor, and his whole court of aldermen, might have abandoned the greenest turtle, or the highest venison, only for the chance of a single mouthful. But, pre-eminent amongst them all was a John Dory—and oh! such a John! so magnificent in his proportions! so delicate in his complexion! so firm in his texture! of a verity he might have been eaten even as he lay there in all his uncooked loveliness, unscathed by fire, untouched by water, unadulterated by sauce. The heart of Matthew leapt within him as he gazed upon this noble product of the salt seas; his eyes and mouth ran over from excess of rapture; his cheeks grew more oleaginous and shiny, the inward spirit lighting up his face as a farthing rushlight dimly burns through the yellow horn of a lantern. A moment's glance at the ticket in the fish's jowl sufficed to show him that John was intended for the table of Lord Spring. Here was a glorious chance! his lordship was one of those who constantly asked him to dinner with the benevolent purpose of laughing at him. "But let him laugh who wins!" thought Matthew to himself, and off he posted, on the wings of love—his passion really deserved

the name—and in less than half an hour he was to be seen knocking at his lordship's door,—not the loud, bullying dub-dub of an importunate dun, nor the consequential rat-a-tat-tat that so fitly announces an aristocratic visitor, nor yet the sneaking knock of a poor artist who seeks for patronage,—but a sort of conciliatory, yet firm tat-tat-tu, evincing that the knocker has great respect for the knockee, but still considers himself to be somebody in the world.

Now it happened to be just nine o'clock, consequently his lordship was at breakfast,—people kept shocking hours in those days to what they do now,—and Matthew was fortunate enough to gain a ready admission to him.

“I was just thinking of you, Mat.!” he exclaimed, smiling benignantly on the epicure; “I have a score of jovial spirits to dine with me to-day. Suppose you join our party.”

Most cheerfully did Matthew accept the invitation.

At this moment a servant entered, bearing on a silver tray a small pink-coloured note, redolent with all the perfumes—not of Arabia, but of De la Croix, or some other of his odorous brethren. It was from Madame Pantalon, a fashionable Frenchwoman, in whom his lordship especially delighted. As he read her perfumed missive, a bland smile stole over his face, indicative of satisfaction with the writer, and he inquired of the servant what game there was in the house?

“None,” was the reply.

Whereat his lordship, giving a short, dissatisfied “humph!” demanded if there was any fish.

“Only a John Dory,” said the gentleman's gentleman, “which has just come in for your lordship's table to-day.”

“Is it a fine fish, Mortimer?”

“Remarkably, your lordship.”

“That will do, then. Send it to Madame Pantalon, with my compliments, and say that I may perhaps see her to-morrow.”

Mortimer accordingly departed. But Matthew, unfortunate Matthew! the colour fled from his rubicund cheeks, and he sat the image of despair. Dido, abandoned by the false

Æneas, did not look more disconsolately after the ship of the flying traitor,

“Why, what is the matter with you?” exclaimed his lordship. “Are you ill, Mat.?”

“Only a little touch of my old complaint, a little vertigo, or so,” said Matthew, the colour bounding back again to his cheeks.

“God bless my soul!” exclaimed his lordship, starting up, and laying his hand on the bell-pull; “he’s going to have a fit; I’ll send for Dr. Stumps.”

“Not at all necessary,” my lord; I am much better now; a mouthful of fresh air is all that is requisite; so, with your leave, I’ll just step into the park for an hour or so.”

“Then I must not expect you to dinner to-day, I suppose?” said his lordship, in a tone of sympathy.

“I fear not; but, perhaps, as I shall be so close, I may look in upon Madame.”

At this reply, carelessly and dexterously as it was given, the words seeming to slip from Matthew’s lips almost without his consciousness, a sudden light flashed upon his lordship. He looked steadily at his visitor for a few moments, and then said, with a knowing laugh.

“Do so, Mat.; John Dory is the best thing in the world for your complaint; and you can hint to Madame that the fish I have just sent will not keep till to-morrow.”

Matthew now shuffled out of the room, with joy at his heart, and posted off to the little Frenchwoman’s. Here, as his lordship’s friend, he was of course made welcome, but not a word did the lady say about dinner, despite of all his hints about unoccupied time, and not knowing what to do with himself. Madame baffled, as it seemed, by his long visit, at last begged he would stay and dine with her.

“But this is fast-day” she said, smiling, “with us Catholics, and I have nothing but my favourite dish of maccaroni.”

“Good heavens!” exclaimed the alarmed epicure, then John has not come?”

“Jean!” said the lady, opening her eyes to the utmost,

and giving a shrug, such as only a Frenchwoman can give.
 « What Jean? »

« The beautiful John Dory! » cried Matthew, more in the way of exclamation than reply. »

« Monsieur Dory? » said Madame; « I shall not be acquainted with no Monsieur Dory.

« If anything should have happened to him on the road! » exclaimed Matthew, without noticing the lady's disclaimer, fortified as it was by a double negative, « if that careless rascal should have dropped him in the mud! »

« Mais, mon Dieu! » exclaimed Madame, waxing impatient and irritable, « I shall not know him, no, nothing at all. Who is monsieur? »

« Bah! » said Matthew, angrily; « he's no monsieur, he's a fish, the loveliest that ever smoked upon a table! »

Madame burst out into a prolonged fit of laughing.

« Du poisson! ah! mon Dieu! a présent. Now I shall comprehend,—you was intend an ugly monster, with a huge head, comme ça—ah! comme il étoit laid! »

« Ugly? he was beautiful! »

« Eh! mon Dieu! you shall have de taste bien extraordinaire; mains n'importe; I shall no like such poissons, and have send him to my old ami, Monsieur Dumas. »

This was the unkindest cut of all. Of Monsieur Dumas he absolutely knew nothing, except that he was suspected of being a Catholic priest, a dangerous character to associate with in those days, when Popery was very generally believed to have an intimate connection with the cause of the Pretender, who, even then, according to the best intelligence from abroad, was preparing to make another struggle for the throne of his ancestors. Independently, then, of the peril, there would be no little difficulty in contriving for himself a place at the dinner-table of a perfect stranger.

It was a daring scheme which our epicure meditated; some may even feel disposed to call it a piece of matchless impudence: and in the very outset his confidence was destined to be put to a severe trial. Scarcely had he time to rejoice in his dexterity in obtaining his release from Madame and a

macaroni dinner, than he encountered the mischief-loving Sir Frederick Sands.

"My good fellow!" he exclaimed, in a tone that was meant to express much friendly anxiety, "what on earth could take you to the house of that Frenchwoman? Don't you know that to be seen going there is to be suspected of Jacobitism in these days, and that to be so suspected is the nearest way to a halter and gibbet of your own? But whither away so fast?"

"To Lord Spring!" answered Matthew, vainly endeavouring to free himself from the knight's grasp.

"Then I congratulate you," said the knight, "on the very fair chance you have of being hanged forthwith. Why, Lord Spring is one of the staunchest adherents of the Pretender! there was a talk only the other day of sending him to the Tower upon suspicion."

Matthew's jaw immediately dropped, and his whole face elongated prodigiously at this intimation. But yet, to give up his John Dory! it was impossible to entertain such an idea for a single moment.

"Come what may come," thought he to himself, "I must and will dine upon John this blessed day,—yea, though I should lose my head for it to-morrow."

Resolution worthy of a Roman! and by way of tempering so much courage with a due mixture of caution and prudence, he communicated the whole mystery of his past and future wanderings to Sir Frederick, so that in case of any accident he might have a staunch loyalist and a true-blue Protestant to fall back upon for a character. To all these details did his mischievous auditor seriously incline, and, having heard him out, commended with laudable gravity his pursuit of the fish—the *flying* fish, as he called it,—but all the time with the secret intention of leading him into a scrape before the day was over. Somehow or other, it generally happens that when a man is bent on any mischief, the devil is sure to be ready at his elbow with the means. And so it chanced now. Scarcely had Matthew bade farewell to his insidious adviser, than a certain secretary, well known as a Govern-

ment spy, made his appearance on the scene. Touching his hat to Sir Frederick, he was about to pass on, as one who thought his absence was more likely to be agreeable than his company, when the latter staying him, said,

• A word with you, Mr. Breedon! •

The spy started at the summons, not quite satisfied whether he was going to receive a bribe or a beating, for his conscience, without being asked, assured him he had quite as good a right to expect one as the other. He stopped, notwithstanding; blows being much too common an occurrence with him to let the fear of them stand in the way of any better chance.

• Well met, Mr. Breedon! • cried Sir Frederick, hastily; • you have come in the very nick to do a service to the state, and to yourself at the same time. •

Mr. Breedon instantly called up a look of patriotism that would have done honour to • the noblest Roman of them all, • —it was absolutely Brutus in coat, waistcoat, and trowsers, — a great improvement on the costume of ancient Rome.

• You see that short, fat man, in the blue coat and grey trowsers? Yonder, I mean, — he is looking in at the pastrycook's window, — now he walks on again. Do you mark him? •

• I have him, • said the spy, eagerly.

• Then follow him; watch him; do not lose him for a moment. •

• I won't. •

• He's a Jesuit in disguise! • continued Sir Frederick, sinking his voice into a mysterious whisper.

• Is he, indeed? • said the spy, in a similar tone; • but truly I thought as much; he has all the air of St. Omer's about him, though he's much fatter than the breed in general. •

• Fat as he is, he brings letters from the Pretender to the Jacobites on this side of the water. He has just come out of Madame Pantalon's — you must have heard of her — she corresponds with half the Catholics in England, and he is now going to Mr. Dumas, who is generally suspected for a Jesuit. •

Off galloped the spy in pursuit of Matthew, who, in his

no less eager pursuit of the John Dory had by this time reached the house of M. Dumas. For a moment a qualm of bashfulness withheld his uplifted hand from the knocker, but he thought of John, and immediately was himself again. Down came the knocker, out came the servant, and in went the modest Matthew, with an intimation that he wished to see Mr. Dumas on a very urgent business. In a few minutes a message was brought down from the master of the house, expressing his readiness to see the urgent gentleman, and up marched Matthew into the drawing-room, under the convoy of the servant, who having placed a chair, again withdrew to the lower regions, leaving the two principals looking at each other in silence.

“I crave your pardon, sir,” at length said the veracious Matthew; “when I asked for Mr. Dumas, I fully expected to see a very different person,—one, indeed, who is not half your years, and permit me to add, who is by no means so well calculated as yourself for the higher walks of life.”

“There needs no apology, Mr. Muchmore,” said the old gentleman, peering out the name from a furtive glance at the card, which he still held in hand.

“I am quite ashamed of my stupid blunder,” replied the bashful visitant, “and fear I must give up all hope of ever seeing the object of my search. I have already been over half London.”

The benevolent old gentleman took the hint, and politely requested him to be seated. Here was one point gained, at all events.

“You are too good,” said Matthew: “I ought by this time to be with Lord Spring; no matter; I can put off that business to another day.”

“Lord Spring!” exclaimed the old gentleman; “you are acquainted with that excellent nobleman,—my worthy friend, if I may presume to call him so?”

“Intimately,” replied Matthew; “I was at his breakfast-table this very morning.”

Our epicure had struck the right chord. The benevolent old gentleman came at once to look upon him as a friend’s

friend, and, throwing off the last shades of reserve, earnestly pressed him to take some refreshments. "Would he like wine and biscuits? or did he prefer a sandwich?"

"Much obliged to you," said Matthew; "but, as I like to dine early, I seldom eat anything before that meal."

This was a wise forbearance, and showed the delicacy of his tact, but still it did not produce the hoped-for invitation; so Matthew did all that could be done in such a dilemma. He made himself as agreeable as possible,—told a thousand pleasant anecdotes, at which, indeed, he was an adept,—discussed every subject that he thought most likely to prove interesting to his host,—and, in short, played his part so well, that the old gentleman at last requested the favour of his company to dinner.

"Oh! John Dory! John Dory!" mentally ejaculated the delighted Matthew, "at last I have thee!—*post tot casus, tot discrimina rerum*—after so many cruel disappointments, so many buffetings of unkind fortune!"

On his invitation being accepted, the old gentleman politely expressed a hope that his guest might be able to make a meal of the Lenten diet he had to set before him. "Not expecting," he said, "the pleasure of any company, he had nothing better for dinner than some *soup maigre* and an *omelette*."

At his announcement Matthew was thunderstruck—no John Dory, after all! Had Fate herself entered the lists against him, and vowed to make of him a second Tantalus? He groaned inwardly at the idea. And what had become of the fish?—whither had it gone?—who was the lucky mortal destined by too partial fortune to feed upon its sweetness? It was no easy matter to get a solution of these knotty points, except, indeed, by putting the question directly to the old gentleman, and this was rather too much even for the modesty of our friend Matthew; so he fidgetted, and bit his fingers, and looked foolish, greatly to the surprise of his host, who could only attribute these symptoms to discontent with the Lenten fare he had announced. In his usual spirit of kindness, therefore, he said.

"'Tis a pity you did not happen to call a few minutes

earlier, as in that case I might have amended our meal with a splendid John Dory. It had just come in from an old friend; but being much too great a treat for a bachelor dining alone, I sent it off to good Master Gillies."

"The hunchbacked tailor of Cheapside?" said Matthew, with sudden vivacity."

"The same," replied the old gentleman. "Odd enough that, high or low, you should seem to know all my acquaintance."

"Very odd," responded Matthew. "And now I think of it, I promised to see him to-day by one o'clock. It's on the matter of a bill of some standing;—and really I wonder how I came to forget it."

Great was the old gentleman's admiration at this spirit of punctuality,—so great, indeed, that he was not particularly urgent with Matthew to fulfil his first promise of dining with him on *omelette* and *soup-maigre*; so that our unctuous friend once more found himself in the street in pursuit of the fugitive John Dory. But in proportion as his speed brought him nearer and nearer to the tailor's well-known shop, so did his confidence in himself and his cause decline, the fact being that he was in Master Gillies' books, but not in his good books, and between the two there is a wide difference. Poor Matthew's appetite quailed for a moment when he remembered this circumstance, and how much worse than gout or rheumatism was the twinge from a bailiff's paw, however lightly laid upon the shoulder; but John Dory still gleamed to his fancy in the distance, marshalling him the way that he should go, as whilom the visionary dagger led Macbeth to the king's bed-room. On it beckoned him, and on he went, as if writs had been only innocent bits of parchment, with no more harm in them than so many strips for tailors' measures.

In this desperate mood he entered the domicile of the redoubted fashioner, and though at the first glimpse of his visitant a dark cloud passed over the hunchback's face, yet this was transitory as an April shower, and, like that, was succeeded by a fair sunshine.

"I have not come to pay you," said Matthew, deeming it

wisest to anticipate the attack that he knew else awaited him,—“I have not, indeed.”

“I did not suppose you had,” answered the hunchback, in a mild voice, “It’s rather the old suit for a new suit, I should imagine.” And the little man chuckled as gently at his own facetiousness, as if he were half ashamed of doing anything so much out of character,

Matthew of course laughed, and in a much louder key, as in prudence bound; but the next moment, putting on a demure face, he gravely said, “No, no, Master Gillies; henceforth I intend incurring no fresh bills till I have paid off what I already owe.”

“A very virtuous resolution,” said the hunchback, with a smile. What that smile meant it was no easy matter to divine; but it made Matthew feel anything rather than comfortable.

“I have only called,” he said, “that you might see I have not forgotten you, nor the little unsettled account between us.”

Again the hunchback gave one of his inexplicable leers, and his voice lost none of its wonted gentleness as he replied, “Well, that *does* show an honest mind; there’s at least the intention to pay—when you can.”

“Of course, of course,” cried Matthew, hastily,

“And now you are here,” said the hunchback, “perhaps you will honour my poor house by taking your nooning with me?—some cake and a glass of sherry?”

“Nay, that were to spoil your dinner? for I know you keep early hours, and it’s hard upon two already; but, if it does not put you too much out of your way, I’ll take a snack when you sit down to dinner.”

“I shall be proud of your company,” said the tailor. “Excuse me, though, for a few minutes; I have some orders to give the men in the workshop.”

“Oh! don’t let me interfere with business,” exclaimed Matthew. “Do exactly as if I were not here.”

To this the hunchback only replied by one of his uncom-

fortable smiles, and edged off something after the fashion of a crab into his back-parlour.

“Confound the little distortion!” muttered Matthew, as the door closed upon his host; “I hardly know what to make of him to-day. Now if he has gone out only to send for one of the city officers, meaning to pack me off to the Compter, now that he has me in the rat-trap? Oh, John Dory! John Dory! what toils, what perils do I encounter for thy sake!”

This was a wise suspicion, all things considered, and it was not a little strengthened when, through the shop-window, he saw one of the hunchback’s myrmidons hurrying along like one who is bound on a business that requires no ordinary despatch.

After such a hint, it would have been no very prudent measure to have trusted implicitly to his host’s smiles: out, therefore, he darted, and followed, though not too closely, the steps of the flying tailor, till he saw him enter a house with grated windows, and a huge brass plate affixed. On the latter, even at that distance, he could plainly read, “Thomas Fangs, Officer to the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex,”—a proof that even in those days bailiffs had the grace to be ashamed of their vocation, and so endeavoured to cloak a foul office by a fine name. Here was confirmation strong as proof of holy writ, and, as if that were not enough, the tailor’s man had not been in the house more than a minute when he came out again with Mr. Fangs himself in his best top-boots, a dirty, bandy-legged follower bringing up the rear of this respectable party. Off flew Matthew the instant his eye caught them, up this alley and down another, till he was fairly brought to a stand, from want of breath, at a timber-yard on the river side. By a sort of blind impulse he dashed into the yard, and finding the door of communication open between that and the house adjoining, he entered without hesitation, and scampered up stairs to the drawing-room, much to the surprise of those who were sitting about the fire-place in expectation of their dinner.

“Mr. Muchmore!” cried the lady of the mansion.

“Matthew!” exclaimed the master; “where, in the name of

wonder, do you come from?—and why in this strange fashion? One would fancy you had dropt down from the clouds amongst us.”

The sound of these familiar voices acted upon Matthew like cold water dashed into the face of a patient just about to go off into a fit. His alarm at tailors and bailiffs passed away in a minute: and he at once saw that he had stumbled, without knowing it, into the house of an old friend,—no other, indeed, than John Gillies, the timber-merchant. It would be difficult to say which party looked the most astonished,—Matthew, or mine host and his family; but the former, with whom, bashfulness was at no time a predominant failing, soon recovered himself enough to stammer out in excuse, that, wishing to cut a most unpleasant acquaintance, he had taken refuge in the merchant’s dwelling. Now this certainly was the truth, only it happened to be truth in disguise, and it passed muster very well with the frank-hearted man of deals, who invited him, since he was there, to stay and take pot-luck with the family,

“By the by,” he said, “we have had an odd accident to day, that I was angry enough about at the time, but which I am not sorry for now that I find we are to have the pleasure of your company. A fine John Dory was brought to the house about half an hour ago, and, as it was directed to Mr. Gillies,—some namesake of mine, I suppose,—the cook thought it had been sent in by me to eke out a short dinner, and without farther ceremony—popped it into the fishkettle. It was only from a few words dropped casually that I learned the mistake, and then it was too late to attempt rectifying it—the fish was nearly half-boiled; so, although somewhat against my conscience, I e’en left Master John where I found him—in hot water.”

Here was a pleasant stroke of that whimsical jade, Fortune!—after having hunted John Dory all the morning to no purpose,—now to stumble upon him in a place and at a time when such a thing could be least expected. The heart of Mat., therefore, leaped and was glad within him, at the messenger’s stupidity in consigning the precious cargo to a wrong

port; and internally he vowed to make himself amends by many a precious morsel for all his previous disappointments. But *« l'homme propose, et Dieu dispose; »* says the proverb, and so it turned out on the present occasion.

It was past the usual dinner-hour, and the timber-merchant, having repeatedly consulted his watch at short intervals, and as often received from it a renewed assurance of the fact, began to be impatient; his wife smiled more and more languidly in answer to his increasing complaints of the cook's want of punctuality; the young ladies looked pale and dull from fasting; and when nearly half an hour had thus elapsed, and still no call came to dinner, even Matthew's previous hilarity and triumph gave way to certain unpleasant misgivings, though he, too, was silent, hiding in his bosom, as whilom did the Spartan boy, the foe that was devouring him.

At length, instead of dinner, two strangers were announced, the one a little, thin, dapper coxcomb, in a sky-blue coat, and the other a tall, broad-shouldered varlet, with legs and arms conformable, and a bull-neck, admirably calculated for the support of the huge head that rested on it.

« That's Mr. Muchmore, » cried the sky-blue individual, pointing to our friend Matthew.

« Then you must come with me, » said the more rugged personage, stepping forward.

« Not so, friend, » replied the merchant. « I'll be his bail, and I hardly think you'll venture to refuse it. »

« Bail! » said the man, with a sardonic grin; « it's much you know of these matters. Why, it ain'tailable,—not in no court. »

« Notailable! » cried the merchant. « I never heard of such a thing! »

« You hear it now, then, » said the man, « and it's I that tells you—John Holdfast; so mind; old gentleman, you remember it another time. »

Before the merchant could deliver himself of the angry reply that was at his tongue's end, Mr. Breedon—for it was no other than that worthy—gracefully stepped forward, and,

with as much joy in his face as if he were communicating the pleasantest news imaginable, informed him that his friend was not arrested for debt, but apprehended on a charge of high treason.

• Me! • exclaimed the astonished Matthew, — • apprehend me upon a charge of high treason! There must be some mistake! •

• That 'ere 's no consarn of mine, • cried the Bow Street myrmidon. • Make the Old Bailey jury believe as much, and it may save you a ride to Tyburn. •

• Are you sure that this gentleman is the person intended in your warrant? • asked the merchant, quite satisfied that his fat friend was the last person in the world to mix himself up in anything of the kind.

• You're precious hard of belief, • replied the man, with a sneer. • Read the warrant yourself. •

The merchant took the sealed parchment, and seemed to scan it over and over again, his perplexity being anything but lessened by the perusal. At length he said, • The warrant bears your name, sure enough. I should not wonder if some informing scoundrel has been trumping up this ridiculous charge, in the hope of somehow or other making money of you. There is no help for it, I fear, • continued the merchant. • You must needs go, and I will go with you to see that you have fair play in this matter. •

For the first time in the whole course of that eventful day was Matthew false to the memory of John Dory.

The magistrate, into whose awful presence Matthew was now led, or rather dragged, was devoted, as becomes a worshipful law-dispenser, soul and body to the powers that be. Short work was made with Matthew. He was fully committed to Newgate to take his trial, with a very fair chance of being hanged, unless some *Deus ex machina* descended, in this the fifth and last act, to save him from the gallows.

The hours passed sadly enough with the unlucky prisoner; confused visions of rope, and John Dory, and bailiffs floated before his troubled brain, and even his appetite failed him, though the jailor very affectionately placed before him a nice

loaf of sour black bread, and a large pitched tub to the trim of Thames water. Nor were matters much improved when night came. In spite of the accommodation afforded by a bundle of somewhat musty straw, poor Matthew could not for a long time compose himself to sleep; and even when, at a late hour, his eyes at length were closed, his dreams had just the same colour as his waking fancies: they were made up of fish, bailiffs, and hangmen; in one of them he cut off his own head, with his own hands, and held it up to the admiring multitude; the said head discoursing most feelingly all the time on the wisdom of eating apple-stucco with fish, and stuffing geese with parsley and red-herrings. But most remarkable

It was now the evening of the second day, and Matthew, from want of his usual food and sleep, had grown more disconsolate than ever, when suddenly the dungeon-door opened, and Sir Frederick appeared, his finger on his lip to intimate the necessity of silence, and an expression of fear in his face, that effectually stifled the joyful exclamation that was rising to greet his presence.

“Bribery!—escape!—caution!” he whispered rapidly, and seizing Matthew’s by no means unwilling hand, he led him forth from the dungeon.

At last he found himself whirled along the streets in Sir Frederick’s own carriage. Then, and not till then, did he venture to ask how this wonderful escape had been contrived. Sir Frederick burst into a fit of laughter.

“My good fellow, your escape is all a hoax. I heard from Brendon what had happened—indeed, to own the truth, it was I who set him on—and immediately I went and explained all to my friend, Sir Robert Walpole, who gave me an order for your discharge. More than that, he is anxious to see you, and has invited you to dinner.”

“To dinner!” sighed Matthew, for the thought of John Dory rushed full upon his memory, now that he felt himself safe, and the tears came to his eyes.

Matthew was duly introduced to the minister, and sat down to dinner with a select party of friends of both sexes. There was the welcome clatter of plates and glasses,—the delicious

odour of soup from the yet uncovered tureen,—then the serving-men stepped noiselessly forward, and all the covers were simultaneously removed,—all, save one, and that one stood before Matthew. A moment's pause followed—every eye was fixed with an odd expression upon our unctuous friend, who actually gasped with expectation. His colour went and came like a young lady when first listening to a lover, or like a dying dolphin, only the simile is somewhat the worse for wear—the servant, at a sign from his master, removed the cover—and what a glorious sight!—it was—yes, it was a John Dory!—a fresh John Dory!—a plump John Dory!—fresher, plumper than that for which he had gone through so many trials! Happy, happy, happy Matthew!

(BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.)

A VISIT TO ITALY.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

When, years ago, Walter Scott, according to his brother-poet, travelled up to town from Scotland, "doing all the gentlemen's seats by the way," the work so attributed to him, of which 'Rokeby' was a volume, held out the promise of an introduction to customs and costumes, with which the public of that day had little or no familiarity. The hint of a professional progress, of this particular kind, Mrs. Trollope seems to have adopted. Having started in America, where the comparative newness of the soil yielded observations racy and picturesque enough—and which the lively fancy and unhesitating temper of the observer rendered yet more so—the success of her first publication sent her, pen-in-hand, through the great and well-trodden capitals of Europe; and it is not unfair to conjecture that a portion of the civilities which a lady so armed has everywhere received, (and of which her vanity tempts her to make a display,) may be attributed to the knowledge of her purpose and her power. People whose happiness is, to any great extent, dependent on cosmetics and millinery, cannot afford to make an enemy of one who will count the "holes in their coats," and the warts on their faces; and as, after the Londonderry fashion, those who are more than commonly courteous to Mrs. Trollope, rarely fail to re-

ceive a return in kind, in her pages, it is probable that she may be enabled, with perfect comfort to herself, to push her trading expedition from Lisbon to St. Petersburg, and from the shores of the Mediterranean, to which we are now following her, to Copenhagen. As a commercial speculation, however, we doubt the success of her undertaking. The tailoring becomes too apparent. Her literary measure, adapted to the rough and salient forms of American life and scenery, is not fine enough to appreciate the consummate forms and their delicate accentuations, amongst which she is getting. The more beaten the ground on which she travels, the less becomes Mrs. Trollope's power to extract amusement from it,—in a degree far beyond what is accounted for by the mere fact of its having been so often surveyed before. Italy is an exhaustless field, yielding up its buried fragments of the past to every new excavator, and its hidden lessons and quaint speculations to all travellers who visit it fully furnished for such discoveries. Its mere highways are all long since mapped out and familiarly known; and into its churches and picture-galleries we have followed too many cataloguers and critics already, to leave it needful or desirable that we should waste our time in following thither such a guide as Mrs. Trollope. We seek from her those original and amusing views which made the success of her first publication, and find fewer of them in this her last, than in any which has preceded it. This time we apprehend that she will disappoint her friends: the mischievous characteristics of her earlier works are here greatly mitigated; and the concurrent diminution of talent will probably force upon them an inference not favourable to its quality: in that higher sense to which it is her sex's merit, for the most part, to aspire. Still her faults and her weaknesses are sufficiently represented in these volumes for identity. Our readers know that the manner in which Mrs. Trollope was shocked by the vulgarisms of American life, gave her a great reputation with herself, and thinkers of a certain class, for refinement; and they will remember how superfine she had, in consequence, become by the time she reached Vienna. In Italy, too, she is very fine,—and very vulgar,

according to another code, which is ours. Particularly anxious she is to call attention to the fact of her presence at the Duke of Lucoa's card-table, though very fearful lest the flattering partiality shown to our countrymen, in other instances, should lead to the reception of persons not precisely suited to the circle of a Bourbon descendant of fifty kings. And the readers of the *Athenæum* may guess what sort of information they are likely to derive from a tourist in Italy, who, being exceedingly desirous to see the Boboli gardens, abandons the hope because there is only one day in the week on which it is fashionable to visit them, and that day she fears she may fail to command:—

“On leaving the palace, we made an ignorant attempt to enter the Boboli gardens, which stretch out most magnificently behind it, and which, from the glimpse we got from the windows, appear to be very beautiful in all ways. But as to-day is neither Sunday nor Thursday, our attempt was met by a civil, but very decided, refusal from the military guard stationed at the gate. This restriction is the more vexatious because it is exceedingly *mauvais ton*, as I am told, to appear there on the Sunday, the regular *endimanchés* taking entire possession of it; and a promenade limited to one day in the week, often remains long unvisited, from the difficulty of finding that one day unoccupied.... So the Boboli seems postponed pretty nearly *sine die*.”

Mrs. Trollope has thought it right to take with her, as part of the necessary stock of an Italian traveller, a sort of enthusiasm, which we should not feel justified in exactly calling simulated; but which we may, at any rate, say is not that sort of enthusiasm which awakens enthusiasm as its echo. Much of the volumes is wasted in its formal displays, and much in a very tedious species of coquetting—and over-and-over-again repeated disclaimer of dealing with familiar subjects *because* of their familiarity, which takes more time than the discussion itself would, and is less amusing, however hackneyed might be the latter: add, that the smartness, hitherto Mrs. Trollope's best property, is in these volumes but an effort to be smart—a progeny most unlike its parent, and inheriting none of its popularity—that the style has more than its author's accustomed looseness and diffuseness; and our

readers will not expect too much from these pages. Still, with all these drawbacks, Mrs. Trollope is not a writer to give the public a couple of volumes, from which something curious and something amusing cannot be gleaned: and having discharged our conscience by characterizing the volume generally, we will, as faithful caterers, confine our selections to the more pleasant portions, leaving Mrs. Trollope's common-places to the guardianship of her own rhapsodies, and following her only where she is reclaimed by nature, or gives her better sense fair play.

Mrs. Trollope passed into Italy by way of France; but we will first take her up at Turin, and the following hint may be useful to such of our readers as may be about to visit the picture-galleries there:—

“Of the picture-galleries of Turin I can tell you very little: it is not accounted rich in private collections; and as our stay in the town was to be but short, we gave up the idea of hunting them out. We found the royal collection, however, considerably richer than we expected, for I know no work on the subject in which it makes any great figure; but did it contain no other claim to notice than its Rembrandts and Vandykes, I should consider it a very precious gallery. One reason why it has not hitherto figured in books of travels to the extent which it now deserves, is easily explained by the fact that some of the most valuable paintings attached to the Sardinian crown have been recently removed from Genoa to Turin. . . And this fact is worth the attention of picture-loving travellers, not only to prevent their being disappointed when they arrive at Genoa, but also to prevent their overlooking well-known treasures which they expect to find there, while they are actually within their reach at Turin. One of these is the famous Paul Veronese, of the Magdalen at the feet of our Saviour.”

There is truth, and smartness too, in the following:—

“Nothing in the general aspect of Turin struck me more forcibly than the very peculiarly quiet and orderly air of its inhabitants. In leaving London for Paris, one passes, by rather a violent transition, from among a quiet-looking population, all of whom, in their different stations, are clothed according to the custom of the age and country, to the midst of another population where every individual (among the males, and excepting, perhaps, quite the higher classes,) seems to be habited as if he were preparing himself to enact

a part, in some melodramatic performance. Nay, I am not sure but that this *historique* population might answer this remark in the words of Hamlet, and exclaimed—

Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems;

for it is likely enough that these gentry who, from their remarkable attire, contrive to make so conspicuous a feature in the French metropolis, may, in truth, be one and all actually preparing themselves to enact parts that have as little to do with the every-day business of ordinary life as any melodrama could furnish. But, be this as it may, the long beard, the fierce moustache, the lanky locks of some, the curly bush of others, and the dirty aspect of all..... together with the strange varieties of hats, caps, jackets, and frocks, all speaking fearfully of some mysterious meaning, impress the mind of an English traveller with feelings half grave, half gay, and make him feel most thoroughly that he is not at home. Were the said English traveller, after gazing at this comical spectacle for a time, to turn his horses' heads whence they came, and hie him back again to London, he would feel in no way surprised at again finding himself among the sober realities of ordinary existence. But when, instead of this, he dashes on, on, on, farther and farther a-field, it does startle him to find himself suddenly in the midst of a population, in costume at least, if not in physiognomy, exceedingly like his own, and no more resembling in appearance the brilliant spirits of young France, than a sober doctor of laws does a rope-dancer. Such was the effect to me upon entering, or rather upon driving and walking through the streets of Turin....I almost fancied I was surrounded by Englishmen.... Neither beards nor moustaches were to be seen; and instead of telegraphic hats, which announce across the whole Place Vendôme the approach of a republican; the most uniformly neat collection of ordinary shaped beavers were walking about that I ever remember to have seen anywhere. Before we left Turin, however, we made acquaintance with a gentleman, to whom we ventured to communicate the above observation. 'Yes,' said he, 'the fact is exactly as you state it....and it is by no means the effect of accident.' 'How?' said I....'do the men of Turin really pay us the compliment of wishing to imitate our national air?' 'No,' he replied, with a smile, 'it is not exactly that....You are not aware, I perceive, that moustaches, beards, and bushy hair, are forbidden here by *state authority*; and a *jeune France* hat or *frac*, would be instantly attended to by the police..... Whether,' he added, 'the reform goes deeper than the skin I will not venture to say....but, at any rate, one great object is gained, we look as little like *gamins de Paris* as possible.'

We find nothing to detain us at Genoa; but on the road from Genoa to Pisa, she visits the marble quarries of Carrara, and they are thus described:—

The appellation of 'Monte Sacro,' which is given to the towering point from whence the marble of the finest quality is taken, forcibly brings to mind all that the world owes to the beautiful material on which the poetry of sculptors has been written for ages, and which is found in such nearly unrivalled perfection beneath its rugged surface. The walk from the town to the point where the quarrying is now going on, passes beside a little rivulet, on the banks of which sundry notes of statuary preparation may be heard. Huge shapeless blocks of marble are here reduced by sawing to the size and shape required to supply the orders received from artists. At the distance of about a mile from the town, the rough and rude ascent begins, which leads into the bowels of the Monte Sacro, and the heat of the sun was so tremendous, in a pass fearfully well sheltered from the air, and still more fearfully exposed to the then mid-day sun, that no feeling less strong than that produced by the wish of looking at the cradle in which Michael Angelo's off-spring lay, before he began their education, could have led me, perhaps I might say, could have enabled me, to endure it. " " After looking at the quarries with such recollections as may easily be imagined, and raised thereby my estimate of the power of man to pretty nearly the highest possible pitch; I turned to examine the mode in which the blocks of marble were conveyed down the descent which leads to the town of Carrara; the utter and entire ignorance of every species of mechanical aid, with which this process was effected appeared almost incredible, though there it was, going on before our eyes. In the first place, the approach to the quarry is among, and over, masses of marble rock, which the labour of a score of able-bodied men for a week or two would suffice to remove for ever and for ever, leaving free the access to this *tesoro sacro*, till the slow chisel had consumed the mighty mass. The way thus cleared, an iron rail of considerably less than a mile in length; would enable cars bearing the precious blocks, to be conveyed to the door of the sawing-mill, without difficulty or risk of any kind. Instead of this, the finest quarry of the world has its produce rattled down the descent, in a manner which perpetually causes the blocks to be broken; for, instead of its being an affair thus simple, it is now one of such difficulty and danger, that it is really terrible to behold. The carriage upon which the blocks are placed, is of very massive timber, rudely and very unartistically put together; to this six oxen are attached:

but the number is reduced to two when the vehicle, as frequently happens, reaches some point of its progress at which it is rather permitted to drop down, than to be drawn. At these times the exertions of the men who have charge of the convoy are really frightful, and frequently attended with dreadful accidents. In order to prevent, or impede as much as may be, the violent fall of the vehicle from one mass of rock to another, they spring, at the most imminent risk to life and limb, from one part of the rude machine to another, in order either to produce a balance favourable to the manœuvre, or else to coerce the movements of the oxen, which are often brought into such positions as to render any ordinary mode of driving them impracticable. The barbarous ignorance with which all this brute force is required and applied, has something in it truly lamentable, and very directly suggests a doubt, whether the intact purity with which his highness of Modena labours to preserve his territory from all intercourse with other races of human beings, is calculated to produce benefit to those who have the honour of calling him lord. It appears utterly impossible that this Robinson Crusoe-like style of engineering could be persevered in, were less pains taken to keep intruding eyes and blabbing tongues from the district where it is carried on. To those who are aware how low the rate of wages is in that part of the world, it may convey some idea of the toil and difficulty of this work, to be told that the men so employed work but for four hours in the day, and the price they receive for this is the value of five francs. The appearance of the poor fellows, when thus employed, is really terrific. . . . The whole of the upper part of their bodies is without clothing, the skin the colour of bronze, and every muscle and every feature so distorted by the vehemence of the action they are using, as to make it exceedingly painful to watch them. * * I have been told since I arrived here, that we were lucky in having no impediment thrown in our way in making this excursion, for that the researches, both of English and French travellers, were looked upon with rather a jealous eye by the authorities of Modena. We probably owed our exemption from any troublesome notice while on this interesting expedition, to the humble pedestrian style in which it was made. Had carriages, horses, and *laquais-de-place* been summoned to our aid, it is likely enough that we might have met with some impediment. They say that, not long ago, an English gentleman choosing, for some whim or other, to make a halt in the little town of Modena, received notice from the authorities that he was required to leave the territory within twenty-four hours. The *on-dit* is, that a rather flourishing pair of moustaches on the upper lip of the traveller oc-

casioned the *sensation* which led to this notice; for that the duke of Modena, either in compliment to, or sympathy with his royal father-in-law, of Sardinia, has an aversion to the hirsute fashion of the present day, that equals his own. A sumptuary law in both countries, usually followed by summary execution of its shaving enactments, keeps the populace, for the most part, extremely clear and clean from this offence; but it is supposed that his Highness of Modena thought it wisest not to meddle with any part of the beard of an Englishman, and therefore, instead of shaving, sent him the message above-quoted. Our countryman, however, took it in very good part, sending back his compliments in return, with an assurance, that as it would not take him above half an hour to reach the boundary of his Highness's dominions, he would not abuse the licence granted him, by lengthening his residence within them to the extended limit so graciously granted.

Notwithstanding Mrs. Trollope's assertion, that "an immense majority of the inferences which have been deduced by trotting travellers, from the aspect of the scenes through which they have passed, has been erroneous," we find little that claims to be original, throughout her volumes. The caustic spirit that ran riot amongst republicans, and wore all its cockneyisms unabashed, in the presence of a nation which appeared to it half savage, wanting the feathers and conventionalisms of the past, seems fettered by the presence of antiquity, and restrained by the weight of authority.

It appears, however, that Mrs. Trollope, with all her finery and prejudices, has brought away from the remote places of America, some recollections which she is not afraid to reproduce in the country of the Arts and Heralds; and we doubt if she anywhere shows to greater advantage than in the following passages:—

"Rather more than ten years ago I became acquainted at Cincinnati, in Ohio, with a young man of the name of Powers: he was at that time an assistant to a Mons. Dorfeuille, the ingenious proprietor of a whimsical museum, in which curious objects of Natural History, North American antiquities, and historical groups of wax figures, were blended, and daily exhibited, for the amusement and edification of the *beau monde* of the western metropolis. The wax figures were moulded, or at any rate finished, by this young Mr. Powers; and there was a degree of talent displayed in this, that struck us

all very forcibly, as being something greatly out of the common way. Encouraged, perhaps, by the opinions expressed by the European party, of his skill in modelling, he undertook a bust in such clay as he could find, and produced what struck us all as the most wonderfully-perfect likeness we had ever seen. But we moved on, and heard no more of him. . . . A few days after we arrived in Florence, we were invited to visit the studio of some of the most distinguished artists at present working there. 'A young American, called Powers,' was among the names first mentioned, and the instant I heard the name, I felt not the slightest doubt that by going to his studio I should meet my old acquaintance. Nor was I disappointed. There indeed I found the highly-gifted Hiram Powers, fully emerged from the boyish chrysalis state, in which I had last seen him, into a full-fledged and acknowledged man of genius, in high fashion, overwhelmed with orders from wealthy patrons of all quarters of the globe, and with his rooms filled with admirable busts, all of them with more of that magical air of life about them, which we see, and feel, in the works of the ancient sculptors, than any collection of modern marbles that I have ever visited. * * His busts are life-like to a degree that made me look at him with wonder. When we left him at Cincinnati he was a lad who had seen nothing of any art but the art Divine which had formed the living creatures around him; and nothing but that intuitive faculty, without which, I presume, genius cannot exist, could have hurried him forward to the place he now holds among living artists. Having examined all he had to show me, with equal surprise and pleasure, I ventured to ask him if he had never tried his hand upon any ideal work. 'In marble?' he replied. 'Yes,' said I, 'some group, not merely consisting of a portrait, but something imaginative?' He shook his head, 'I am married, and have two children,' he said. 'For busts I have as many orders as I can execute. . . . I must not risk the loss of this lucrative business, in order to indulge myself in works of imagination. . . . If my success continue, I may, perhaps, in time, venture to attempt something of the kind. . . . But I cannot afford it yet.' 'But do you not sometimes imagine compositions?' said I. 'Do you not fancy things that you would like to execute?' 'Why, yes,' he replied, smiling, 'I certainly have fancied things that I should like to execute. . . . And I will show you one of them.' He then led the way to another room, and there, behind a screen, was a figure mounted on a pedestal, and I saw at once that it was a full length as large as life, though it was veiled from head to foot with a

cloth. 'Here,' said he, pausing before he uncovered it, 'is a figure in clay, on which I have bestowed some labour, and more thought.... But I dare not do it in marble.... I dare not try my chisel upon it.... unless I could get an order for the statue... and I cannot hope for that as yet.... I mean it as a representation of Eve.' He then withdrew the drapery that concealed it, and displayed an undraped female figure that I gazed upon with unfeigned astonishment. I have no words of art at my command which might enable you to conceive all the blended dignity and simplicity of this beautiful figure. In size, it is not beyond nature, but it is nature in very full perfection, and admirably well accords with the idea that it seems natural to conceive of the universal mother, and the model of woman, as she came from the hand of the Creator, before any accident of earth had tarnished her perfection. In her right hand she holds the fatal apple, and athwart the still heavenly composure of her fair face, one may trace a slight shade of incipient anxiety, just sufficient to make one feel that she is not divine, but human. But what struck me in the composition, still more than the grace and loveliness, was the almost severe simplicity with which it is conceived and executed. There is in it something that gave me the idea of the pride of genius, that could not stoop to borrow a charm from look, or attitude, but trusted all to truth alone. Powers watched, almost wholly in silence, the impression that his work made upon us; and when at length we turned away from it, he threw the veil again over it, saying, with something like a sigh... 'I should like to do it.' Most heartily do I wish that some one may ere long look upon that Eve of clay with as sincere admiration as I did, and with money enough to boot, to command that she should immediately receive the immortality of marble.... for well does she deserve it! »

We have already hinted that, with Mrs. Trollope, all those who are fortunate enough to be swans, are of the very finest feather—she and her friends being thus made to balance, in her works, the ill-natured things which she has to say of everybody else. The lady is not without charities, but they begin at home, and she keeps them as much as she can in that neighbourhood. Here, however, is a real swan, of whom many of our readers will be glad to hear, giving life to what, with half the world of opera-goers, is but a tradition;—

«Instead of going as usual to the Cascina after dinner yesterday,

I was taken a mile or two out of Florence to pay a visit from which I promised myself great pleasure, and received more I went to see Europe's umwhile wonder and delight, Madame Catalani Valabrique. She is residing in a very beautiful villa, which stands in the midst of an extensive *podere*, of which she is the owner. Nothing could be more amiable than the reception she gave us. I think, of all the nations who joined in the universal chorus in praise of her high character, her charming qualities, and her unequalled talent, she loves the English best perhaps they best understand her worth; and the rare superiority of a mind that in the midst of flattery and adulation, which really seem to have known no fall from simple purity and goodness unscathed. I was equally surprised and pleased to see to what an extraordinary degree she had preserved her beauty. Her eyes and teeth are still magnificent, and I am told that when seen in evening full dress by candle-light, no stranger can see her for the first time without inquiring who that charming-looking woman is. A multitude of well-behaved reasons would have prevented me, especially at this my first introduction, from naming the very vehement desire I felt once more to hear the notes of a voice that had so often enchanted me. Perhaps, if I had not seen her looking so marvellously young and handsome, the idea might neither have seized upon, nor tormented me so strongly as it did; but as it was, I certainly never longed more, perhaps never so much, to hear her sing as I now did. Her charming daughter, Madame de V—, was sitting near me, and I think I ventured to ask her if her mother ever sang now. To which she most gaily and promptly answered in the affirmative and then what happened next I hardly know I am afraid that I must have said something about my secret longings for the daughter whispered a few words to the mother; and in a moment Madame Catalani was at the piano No, in her very best days, she never smiled a sweeter smile than she did then, as she prepared to comply with the half-expressed wishes of a stranger, who had no claim upon her kindness but that of being an Englishwoman. I know not what it was she sang; but scarcely had she permitted her voice to swell into one of those *bravura* passages, of which her execution was so very peculiar, and so perfectly unequalled, that I felt as if some magical process was being performed upon me, which took me back again to something I know not what to call it which I had neither heard nor felt for nearly twenty years. Involuntarily,

unconsciously, my eyes filled with tears, and I felt as much embarrassed as a young lady of fifteen might do, who suddenly found herself in the act of betraying emotions which she was very far indeed from wishing to display. 'Mais que cela est drôle!' exclaimed Madame de V—, laughing 'Voilà ce qui arrive toujours. Ceux qui ont bien connu la voix de maman, autrefois, ne sauraient la voir maintenant, sans vouloir l'entendre chanter et dès qu'ils ont entendu quelque notes voilà qu'ils pleurent!' * * Were I to tell you that the magnificent compass of Madame Catalani's voice, was the same as heretofore, and all the clear violin notes of it quite unchanged, you would probably not believe me; but you may venture to do so; I do assure you, without scruple, when I declare, that she still executes passages of the extremest difficulty, with a degree of skill that might cause very nearly all her successors in the science to pine with envy, and moreover give up the competition in despair. When she had, with indescribable good humour and sweetness of manner, delighted us in this way for a while, she left her seat at the instrument, and placed her daughter in it, who has indeed a charming voice, but she seems to play with it, as with a trinket whose value is a matter of indifference to her singing us various little French ballads, as never were French ballads sung before Madame Catalani's eldest son, who seems to love her as such a mother deserves to be loved, is living with her, as her *podestà*, her friend, and most dear companion; Madame de V— likewise appeared *domiciliée* with her excellent mother The youngest son, also spoken of as highly estimable, is in the army, and with his regiment. The dwelling of Madame Catalani is extremely beautiful, being a large mansion, containing some very splendid rooms, and situated, like all other Florentine villas, in a spot of great beauty commanding very extensive views among the picturesque hollows of the neighbouring Apennines, with the ever-bright-looking villas scattered among them. This quiet residence is in truth a retreat of great beauty, and such a home as well pleases the fancy as the chosen scene of repose for one who has passed through many feverish interludes of gay and fashionable life; but with a heart and soul so wholly uninjured thereby, as to render the quietly looking back upon them more a matter of innocent triumph than of regret.*

As a pendant and contrast to this sketch, we have, here, another resurrection :—

«Another of our dissipations was not visiting any more old palaces, but paying our compliments to antiquity of another kind—namely, a very, very old woman. To our extreme astonishment, we were some days ago informed that MADAME SACQUI was about to enchant the Tuscan metropolis, by a series of the most difficult performances ever exhibited on the tight rope. I imagined that the daring advertiser must be a descendant of the Madame Sacqui I remembered in the days of my youth, upon whom the slipper of her great ancestress had fallen. But I was quite wrong.... It was no descendant..... It was the *immortal* Madame Sacqui herself! This seemed so very nearly to approach a miracle, that, although the entertainment promised was not one that could ever be of a very inviting kind, we determined to be present at it. If wonder and astonishment could have sufficed to give pleasure, then might we have been *extravagantly* delighted at this unnatural exhibition; but this not being the case, a very near approach to positive pain was the result. We were told that this preternatural old woman was seventy, and our box being, unfortunately for us, very near the stage, we saw her features with sufficient distinctness to feel persuaded that this was no exaggeration. The exhibition was a very terrible one. Strength and activity, in a degree that at any age would have put the possessor of them apart from the rest of her species, as something out of the ordinary course of nature, displayed by a wrinkled crone who looked as if she had reached the very last stage of human existence, had something so dreadful in it, that I doubt if any could have been found sufficiently light of heart to have made a jest on the subject. It really was *tremendously horrible!* If, when yielding to the pressure of actual want (which of course can alone explain the business)—if, while thus exhibiting herself for bread, the advisers of the poor old woman had recommended her making her appearance in the dress, and with the appurtenances of a witch, making her demi-volts on a broomstick, and spinning aloft, like one sustained in the air by some power unknown, I dare say we should have all shuddered; but at any rate there would have been something poetical in the emotion. But how do you think we must have felt at seeing her decked out with all the meretricious decorations of an opera-girl of eighteen? And then, after performing every sort of gymnastic impossibility upon the ropes on the stage, she set off, with an enormously heavy-looking flag in each hand, to walk to the very highest part of the large Theatre, over the heads of the people in the pit!..... I fully expected that some dreadful catastrophe would be the result,

and so I believe did every one else; for there was a sort of extraordinary stillness through the house, that told eloquently enough of some common feeling of no light kind.... but when on her return, the horrible old sorceress stopped midway and waved her flags aloft, there was a burst, and a scream, that she, I suppose, took for applause, which was almost deafening, and then we got up, and made our escape, rather ashamed perhaps of having been among the crowd who had looked upon such an unseemly spectacle."

"At the baths of Lucca, our tourist had an opportunity of hearing the recitations of the great tragedian Modena, and speaks of him with enthusiasm; and she gives many particulars of the preparations for, and interest excited by, the Scientific Congress held at Florence, in the September of last year, and the zeal of the Grand Duke to promote its objects, and provide for the comfort of its members.

(THE ATHENÆUM.)

A FOX-HUNTER'S DREAM.

In the early part of the present summer, about 9, P. M. of a rainy day, on which I had been unusually unsuccessful in my attempts to entrap the wary inhabitants of the romantic river—; I found myself comfortably seated in an arm-chair, in the W—Arms Inn—, North Wales. The evening was dull and rainy, and the leaden clouds, driving slowly athwart the sky, afforded anything but an agreeable prospect *out-of-doors*; I therefore prepared to make myself *in-doors* as comfortable as circumstances would permit, and with closed curtains and a smoking tumbler of hot punch before me, I succeeded indifferently well; and stretching my legs out, and leaning back in my arm-chair, proceeded to soliloquize much in the following strain.

Alas! How time flies! A few years back, had any one told me that Old Izaak would have numbered me among his humble disciples, I should have laughed him to scorn. What! The hand that held aloft the heavy-thonged hunting-whip while clearing four feet and a half of stiff timber, to be degraded to the inferior office of holding four joints of hickory and lancewood over a purling stream!—The eye that had wont, quick as light, to see the turn of the leading hound, or the weak place in the fence; now to be occupied in the endeavour to steer the line clear of overhanging bushes, or on the look-out to strike the too cautious inhabitant of the aforementioned purling stream!—The neat boot, with shining spur, to be exchanged for the heavy water-proof!—The pink,

or the brown or hodden grey! — The white doe-skins, for the brown fustians! — The . . . either this punch is very strong, or fishing has an extremely soporific effect, for my eye-lids feel very heavy. Oh, fox-hunting! fox-hunting! — and with the oft-repeated and fondly-loved word on my lips, I fell asleep.

Methought the morning sun shone brightly, and the last nights white frost glittered and sparkled on the trees: the road in the shade was like iron, and the smooth turf before the door was hard as heart of some stingy old governor; but in the open spaces exposed to Sol's glorious influence, the white frost had changed to glittering drops, which were already falling heavily from the boughs of the thick thorn-tree. 'Twas 8 o' the clock, breakfast ready, and myself and friend booted and spurred, trying, stick in hand, to discover how far the frost had got into the ground, which to our great joy we found not to have penetrated much below the surface. We therefore proceeded to the stables forthwith, and having despatched the trusty Thomas with the gallant steeds, we eagerly prepared our inward man for the fatigues of the day by a substantial supply of provender. After half an hour spent in this interesting recreation, we sallied forth once more, and found to our great delight a gentle mild air blowing from the sweet south, the trees showering down drops, and the road (barring its being a trifle slippery in places) getting soft and splashy.

We therefore mounted our backs, and, cigars in cheek, proceeded to the place of meeting, — Heath, a twelve miles ride, and which we took rather easy, owing to the said slippery parts, and also imagining that in consequence of the frost the hounds would be rather later than usual.

"I never recollect having seen a more perfect hunting morning," said my companion: "the sun is clouded over, and the drop is already off the hedges. By my own experience I am led to believe, and others more learned in the Noble Science than I am have, often remarked, that the scent is never good as long as the drop hangs on the thorn.

"I believe it to be decidedly the case, and I shall not be

at all surprised; if we have a rattling run to-day. We shall first draw—Hill gorse; but as that is bleak and exposed, and rather thin withal, I doubt our finding there after last night's frost. Then we shall go to some long-sheltered plantations, where we are sure of a find at all times, as they are very strictly preserved by a regular 'trump'; but it is a nasty place to get away from: the ground is uneven, and hounds may slip away without your seeing them; and the only preventive I know against that, is to keep your weather eye and both ears open: but as it is now half past ten, and we have four miles to do, I would recommend a little quicker pace.

So saying we cantered briskly forward, and soon arrived at the Meet, a large plain at the foot of the hill on which the afore-said gorse was situated, and which the hounds were then in the act of drawing. We lost no time in mounting, and on Old Yorkshireman's back, I was soon among the cluster of red-coats at one corner of the covert. Old Tom, the huntsman, was in the centre of it, in an open part, sitting motionless on his horse, a grey (which I think the best colour for a huntsman's horse, as a hound sees it and gets to him so much quicker). Two or three old hounds at this moment came out of the gorse, and wagging their sterns, looked up into old Tom's face, as much as to say: "no fox here; old boy: where to next?" Tom seemed of the same opinion, and the gallant grey, obedient to the gentle pressure of the leg and turn of the wrist, moved slowly through the thinnest part of the gorse, occasionally lifting one leg rather higher than usual to keep his fine clean legs clear of the prickles, but never condescending to jump. One blast of Tom's horn with his short, "Away hounds, away!" brought them out of the covert and to his horse's side, where they moved off at the true hunting jog down the hill to the plantation.

The plantations were long strips of covert, close to the park-wall of a neighbouring seat. On the outside they continued to where the wall turned off at right angles, and there ended; which being the opposite point to that at which

the hounds were thrown in, was that where the fox usually broke. They had not been drawn for some time, and a fox was confidently expected.

The hounds, obedient to old Tom's, 'Loo-in!', dashed into covert, showing plainly by their eagerness, that something was there. The second whip was motionless and silent at the far end. Old Yorkshireman was straining at the tight rein, and trembling with eagerness, when a doubtful whimper made itself heard, sending the blood an extra pace through everybody's veins who had any business there. 'Have a care, Rockwood,' cries Joe, the first whip, making the echoes ring with the loud crack of his hunting-whip. His 'have a care!' however, was uncalled for, for old Challenger, having dashed to the spot, gave tongue immediately.—Old Tom's 'Hark to Challenger!' could be heard at St Paul's—and to make assurance doubly sure, Rantipole, Cerberus, and Hector took it up. Cigars disappeared—horsemen pressed towards the end of the covert.—The third whip holds up his hand for a minute, then turns like lightning, and his 'Gone away!' resounds far and wide. Tom, cap in hand, gallops like mad to the place, lays the hounds on, and off they go along the park-wall, then down the hedge side—an instant's check—'Do hold hard, gentlemen;—' he is through the hedge; Challenger hits it off on the other side—What a crash! What a scent! Old Tom, on the grey, puts his horse steadily at the stile into the next field, and Yorkshireman, pulling like mad, follows him. A hundred others go at the fence, and no fewer than a dozen are down, as is it a rasper. On we go, however, four miles best pace, till we come to a check in a heavy bottom. A strip of osiers is at hand; we try around it; and off we go again on the other side. Then comes the tug of war. The fox had now fixed upon his point, and was evidently making for—Woods, which were six miles as straight as a die. The field was thinning very fast; Yorkshireman had brushed through his last one or two fences in rather an unpleasant manner.—Brook was straight in our line. Many, knowing the country, and not liking it on blown horses, had sloped off for a bridge, but some ten or twelve

still stuck gallantly to the pack, who were going too fast to be covered with a sheet, as the phrase is.—Indeed I think it impossible that hounds going the *very-best* pace can run all close together:—the brook looked full: four charged it abreast, of whom three got over, and one in, who was seen no more during the run. The next two got over well, and on looking back I could see splash after splash, as almost every one who could get his horse to go at it got in. The field was now reduced to six, and we had reached the woods. Short halt did the game animal make there, but just gave one minute's breathing-time to the horses, and let in one or two of the bathers, of which my friend had been one, but came up here, *minus* a skirt of his coat and a stirrup-leather, but determined to go on.

We went away again from the other side of the wood with the huntsman, one whip, a farmer, a hard-riding parson, and three of the members of the hunt, which, including your humble servant and his friend, made nine, out of a field of nearly two hundred. "What a capital fox!" said everyone. The horses one and all soon began to show unequivocal symptoms of distress, and I saw one man get three falls in four fields—I think it was the parson. The hounds began to tail, and in going over a double fence, Old Yorkshireman slipped back, into the ditch. I, however, got him out, and, by nursing him, came up in time to see the finish, though we were very near losing him at the last moment, he having lain down in a ditch, and the hounds, dashing on into the next field, threw up their heads, but old Tom, coming up steadily, spied him crawling along a little further down the ditch, and in two minutes had him torn up and eaten. Only five saw the end. Who-whopp! rang out over hill and dale. The horn sounded loudly; and... I awoke. The horn still rang in my ears, so that I was in hopes it was not all a dream; but the empty tumbler, red window-curtains, fishing rod, and fly-book, too plainly showed I was the poor, solitary angler; and on enquiry I found the cursed tin horn of the mail-cart had disturbed me from my dream of happiness.

(OLD SPORTING MAGAZINE.)

EXCURSION TO PORT ARTHUR;

A CONVICT SETTLEMENT.

Passage thither—Frederic Henry and Norfolk Bays—Peninsular railway—Novel Mode of propelling carriages—Port Arthur; Church; Penitentiary; its economy—Jones and Williams, the Chartists—Savary—the Bristol Fauntleroy—Point Puer, the Boy-Thief's Home—Dead-man's Isle—Sabbath Schools—Ferocious Murder—Dock-yard—Tessellated Pavement—Prison Discipline of Port Arthur: Enterprise of its Commandant—The Probation Gangs—Interview with Frost, the Chartist—The Coal-mines.

Port Arthur, the penal settlement of Van Diemen's Land, has furnished a thousand texts for a thousand fallacious, if not perverted, commentaries. It is a place the economy of which is little understood even in this colony; and, of course, utterly unknown to the British public. As a faithful description may tend to good purpose, I hasten to supply a narrative which I trust may be found as interesting as it is authentic.

The principle upon which the administration of his Excellency Sir John Franklin is based, being to afford every facility of investigation and information, there existed no difficulty in procuring from the colonial secretary the requisite visiting-permission, together with an order for a passage in

one of the colonial government—the only—vessels trading to the port. To this his Excellency, in the kindest manner, added a personal letter of introduction to the Commandant. Thus furnished, on the evening of Thursday, Jan. 6. 1842, I embarked in the schooner *Eliza*, Captain Harburg, a beautiful craft of about 150 tons, built at Port Arthur in 1835, partly as a cruiser to be employed in chase of runaways who might carry off any colonial shipping.

We skirted Slopem Island, had a distant glimpse of Pitt Water and the Carleton; and shortly after noon entered the magnificent lake-like sea called (by Capt. Flinders) Norfolk Bay. The prospect on every side was superb,—the view ahead terminating in a glorious salt-water vista, its apex formed by one of those graceful sugar-loaf hills so common to Tasmania. We were the centre of a moving panorama of beauty; bight after bight, channel after channel, glen after glen, presented themselves in endless, tortuous variety; each new feature, basking in all the ethereal loveliness of a spotless empyrean, seemed more attractive than the preceding,—for, in a picture of harmonious grouping, that which is seen last is ever apt to be the most esteemed. Of the present, it may be truly said, there are few scenes to surpass it; hill, dale, wood, water, blent in one enchanting whole; every eye beamed with pleasure, every imagination revelled in the ravishing prospect.

We called to land convicts at several probation stations on Tasman's peninsula; but as these were subsequently visited, I shall pass them over for the present, simply remarking, that our coasting-trip made it night ere we let go the anchor off Woody Island, near the top of Norfolk Bay. The sunset was in keeping with the beauty of the day, being one of radiant glory, unsurpassed by any I ever witnessed within the tropics. The following morning broke forth in heavenly sweetness; the *Eliza* floated gracefully on the bright quiescent waters, and the beauteous landscape, sunk in calm repose, conveyed anything but an idea of being the receptacle of Britain's off-scourings. Guilt, and its attendant punishment, seemed at utter variance with scenes and climes sufficient of them.

selves to excite gratitude and joy. Lovely land, and still more lovely water; what might you not inevitably become, when the felon race, the only blot on your fair faces, shall be merged in an active, industrious, moral peasantry? And yet, humiliating as is the spectacle of man's degradation, it is still one cheering feature of the picture, that it leads in a great measure to his ultimate, compulsory, regeneration. At nine o'clock, we bade adieu to the staunch and fleet Eliza, landing on the railway jetty at the head of Norfolk Bay. This rail, or rather tram, way is framed from the hard wood of the country, passes over a space of five miles, thereby affording a rapid and easy means of transit between the heads of Norfolk and Long Bays, the latter of which leads directly to Port Arthur. This tramway, the projection of Captain Booth, has proved to be a work of the utmost utility, shortening the distance betwixt Hobart Town and Port Arthur, and insuring a certain and rapid communication at times when the long sea-passage might be impracticable. Like many men of superior intellect, it was the fortune of Captain Booth to encounter the sneer of the common herd, who, in their narrow-mindedness, predicted nought but failure to his enterprise. Nothing daunted, and possessing the confidence of the governor, Captain Booth toiled on, till they that came to jeer went back to admire. The tramway, unlike our English railways, follows the natural level, of the ground,—the ascent of a hill being compensated in its opposite descent. No horse, no ox, no locomotive, traverses its course. The wagons are propelled by felons,—three men being generally allotted to do the work of each, which is capable of conveying half a ton of goods at each transit. Upon emergency, the same gang have made three journeys and back, thirty miles a-day, conveying thus half a ton per man either way. It jars harshly against the feelings to behold man, as it were, lowered to the standard of the brute,—to mark the unhappy guilty creatures toiling and struggling along, their muscular powers exerted to the uttermost, and the perspiration bursting profusely from every pore. It is a harrowing picture; and yet; a little calm reflection will show that it is rendered more peculiarly so by

place and circumstances. Let us but tax our memory, and we shall find hundreds of free British labourers whose drudgery is fully equal to that of the Tasmanian tramway. I need but instance lumpers, coalheavers, bargemen, dockmen, and the like. This tends in some degree to dissipate the revolting idea which, nevertheless, still usurps possession of the imagination and shocks the heart. And yet, the tramway is a step of the probationer's advancement,—Captain Booth arguing, justly, that the convict who cannot resist the greater facility it affords of pilfering or absconding is unfit to be trusted in the less restricted parts of the island.

By noon, Major Robertson, Holman, and myself had traversed the tramway on foot. No passenger vehicles were to be had at the moment, owing to the few in use being engaged to convey Captain Sullivan, of H. M. sloop *Favourite*, and a party, to the coal-mines. Transferring the soldiers and their baggage to a launch, we embarked in a fine four-oared whale-boat; and, after a short pull, Port Arthur opened its capacious basin to our astonished and delighted gaze. "What! this the pandemonium! this the terrific repository of the worst of guilt?" was the natural exclamation bursting from our lips. Whatever the core, the outside is a goodly, an enchanting one. What lovely bays! what noble basins! what a splendid anchorage! an anchorage not wholly unconscious of freightage, nor the ample means of equipments,—for upon its dark green waters floated the *Lady Franklin*, a strong, staunch, wholesome-looking barque (just launched) of 270 tons burthen; and a few yards off H. M. 18-gun sloop *Favourite* was stripping, preparatory to undergoing a thorough refit. We landed at the Commissariat Pier, where we were met by Mr. Carte, the superintendent of convicts, through whose kindness we were quickly enabled to present our credentials to the commandant. Captain Booth welcomed us with the utmost urbanity, presenting us to his accomplished partner, and courteously inviting us to take up our quarters with him,—an invitation we gladly accepted, Port Arthur being yet unconscious of hotel, lodging-house, or any place of entertainment; in fact, every residence is a government one.

Next day being Sunday, we proceeded, after breakfast, to see the convicts mustered prior to their being marched to church. They were drawn up in three lines, each gang forming a separate division, the overseers (convicts) taking their stations in the rear. It was hideous to remark the countenances of the men, to which their yellow raiment, a half-black, half-yellow PA, and their respective numbers stamped in various parts, imparts a sinister, a most revolting expression. Scarcely one open set of features was to be found. To read their eyes, it seemed as though they were speculating the chance of gain or advantage to be hoped from us. Crime and its consequences were fearfully depicted in their ill-omened visages, and we turned from the disagreeable caricature of humanity with as much disgust as pity and regret. Muster over, the men were marched with the utmost silence to church, whither we shortly followed,—a military detachment, with loaded arms, being so stationed as to command the entire building.

The church of Port Arthur is a beautiful, spacious, hewn stone edifice, cruciform in-shape, with pinnaced tower and gables. Internally, it is simply, but neatly, fitted, affording accommodation for upwards of 2000 sitters. There is no organ; but a choir has been selected from among the convicts, who chant the psalms with considerable effect. As yet, no clergyman of the established church has been resident, the religious duties having hitherto been undertaken by those zealous and indefatigable Christians, the Wesleyans. Mr. Manton is the present respected pastor, a gentleman who has devoted himself not only to call the sinners of Port Arthur to repentance, but who has, erewhile, laboured earnestly in the same good cause at the now abandoned settlement of Macquarie Harbour.

After service, we accompanied the commandant to the cook-house, where the respective messes were about to be issued. The manner in which this is arranged is admirable. The messes, varying from twelve to six-and-twenty men, are berthed in chambers of the penitentiary, affording accommodation for their respective numbers. Each of these messes selects, in

daily rotation, two delegates, who receive the victuals, and afterwards apportion each man his share. That this may be fairly done, the mess is drawn up, in double lines, before the table, surveying the partition. They then sit down, and consume all the food placed before them,—it being one of the imperative regulations that nothing shall be laid by, a measure to insure the impossibility of husbanding, and thereby obtain a provision in case of absconding. So rigidly is this necessary precaution enforced, that eating out of season becomes a punishable offence; and no food (fish or kangaroo, for example) caught in the bush is on any pretext permitted to be consumed there. The meal afforded the convict is not only ample, but nutritious, consisting of excellent soup, good wheaten bread (I tasted both), and beef, mutton, or pork—such a meal, indeed, as would rejoice the heart and glad the eyes of many an honest, hard-working, hungry Briton. Breakfast and supper consist of bread and a pint of skilley—a drink of water thickened by boiling a small portion of flour therein. The clothing of the convicts is of woollen cloth, dyed yellow, or partly black partly yellow. They are furnished with two complete suits, shirts, and boots once a-year. Their quarters are clean, comfortable, well ventilated, and frequently whitewashed. They have a sufficiency of bedding, which, during the day, is rolled up,—each man sleeping in a separate berth. In the first ward we entered, Jones, the Chartist watchmaker, was acting overseer to the mess, which comprised some dozen refractory lads. Jones said grace for them before meat. He appeared to be circumspect and orderly, although upon his first arrival he wore the aspect of a sottish, dissipated mechanic, and was disposed to talk rather freely and unwarrantably. A hint, however, sufficed; he has learned his place, and seems to be in full health and vigour. When not employed in trifling repairs in his own trade, he works in the nailer's shop. Williams is likewise at Port Arthur. In the first instance, having assumed a specious character, and being in some degree conversant with mining, he was sent to the coal-mines. There he inveigled some of his co-mates, built a boat, and effected a temporary escape. Being

recaptured, he was forwarded to Port Arthur, where he at present works in one of the chain-gangs. I did not see Williams. He is represented as a bad, designing man. Some of his associates in flight were a short while at large. During that period they committed a murder, for which they were executed,—a penalty they might never, perhaps, have incurred but for the temptation of Williams. From the penitentiary barracks we proceeded to the silent cells, the rations of whose inmates are only bread and water. In one we found a juvenile murderer of eighteen, of whom more anon. In another was a man confined for habitual absconding. A short period only had elapsed since he had been rescued from death by exhaustion. He was discovered at the last extremity, conveyed to the hospital, recovered with difficulty; and no sooner recovered, than he again attempted a similarly rash and fruitless hazard. From the cells, we went to the hospital, where we had a signal opportunity of drawing a wholesome moral from the sad, the miserable consequences of crime. There upon a stretcher lay Henry Savary, the once celebrated Bristol sugar-baker,—a man upon whose birth Fortune smiled propitious,—whose family and kindred moved in the very first circles, and who himself occupied no inconsiderable place in his fellow-citizen's esteem. The forgery (in 1825), and miraculous escape from execution of this unhappy man, cannot have wholly escaped the public mind. Acting under the advice of certain magistrates of Bristol, Savary pleaded "Guilty" to the offence, refusing, although earnestly counselled by the judge (Gifford), to amend his plea. He was, in consequence, sentenced to death; and his crime occurring so recently after Fauntleroy's, his execution was deemed equally certain. The punishment, however, was commuted to transportation for life; and Savary shortly afterwards arrived in Van Diemen's Land, where he was employed as a writer in one of the public departments. Having left a wife in England who was tenderly attached to him, the lady speedily followed her husband; but the ship (the *Jessie Lawson*) in which she had taken her passage was wrecked on the Hoe, at Plymouth. The passengers, nevertheless, escaped; and Mrs. Sa-

vary, nothing daunted, embarked in another vessel. She escaped shipwreck in her second conveyance; but, unless report be false, made shipwreck of her husband's peace of mind. The domestic affliction here alluded to is painfully narrated in a tale called *Quintus Servinton*, a work published by Savary at Hobart Town, in 1830 ⁽¹⁾, and which appears to be an authentic memoir, so far, of his ill-starred career. Goaded to frenzy, the miserable Savary attempted his life by drawing a razor across his throat. The wound, however, was not mortal, and he was discovered in time to save life. Shortly thereafter his wife and child returned to England; and Savary, subsequently obtaining a ticket of leave, engaged in farming,—became bankrupt,—again had recourse to forgery,—was again convicted, and subjected to the ordeal of Port Arthur. There he experienced a stroke of paralysis; and there, ere long, in all human probability, the misguided man will terminate his wretched career. It has been said, by the slanderers of the colony, that vice makes converts. I would that my ancient antagonist, His Grace of Dublin, or even his ally of the *Colonial Gazette*, could have stood, as I did, by Savary's pallet,—could have witnessed the scarce-healed wound of his attenuated throat,—the lack-lustre glare of his hollow eyes,—I think even they would have felt inclined to *doubt* the syren's blandishments. Knowing, as I once did (at Bristol), some of Savary's wealthy, dashing, gay associates, I could not contemplate the miserable felon before me without sentiments of the deepest compassion, mingled with horror and awe. There he lay, a sad, a solemn warning!

Embarking in a splendid six-oared whale-boat, we crossed the bay to Point Puer, the boy-thief's establishment. They were busily occupied in learning and repeating their catechism. At the penitentiary of Point Puer we encountered Queen Caroline's celebrated witness, Lieut. Flynn, of the navy, a miscreant who was convicted, in 1839, at the Old Bailey, of forging poor widows' pension-tickets. For this fellow, Queen Caroline obtained the third class order of St. Ferdinand; and

(1) Also, I believe, by Smith, Elder, and Co. Corahill.

since his arrival here, letters have actually been addressed to *Sir John Flynn!*

Lights are kept burning throughout the night in the penitentiary barracks, whose inmates are never for a moment sure when or by whom they may be visited. We accompanied the commandant in one of his tours of inspection, visiting several of the rooms, at 9 p. m. In one the odour of tobacco-smoke was discerned; and, as the possession of tobacco is an offence against the regulations, notice was given that the entire ward should be placed in charge until the smoker was made known. When we came away, they had not discovered the offender; and, in consequence, every man was made to sleep in a silent apartment. In passing along the streets after dark, every sentry challenges, and without the countersign, even the commandant would be peremptorily detained. Every soldier invariably bears loaded arms. The penitentiary yards are commanded in various places. They are repeatedly visited; and such is the severity of discipline, such the rigidity of scrutiny,—ay, and such the felons' mutual distrust, that any thing like concerted revolt is as hopeless as impracticable. We slept in perfect tranquillity, in a house unconscious of window-shutters—guiltless of window-fastenings. Having witnessed the devotional exercises at Point Puer, we next morning paid a visit to the various workshops. In this admirable establishment between 6 and 700 boys are taught the means of earning an honest livelihood. When first received, they are instructed in the use of the spade, the hoe, and the grubbing-axe. They clear, break up, fence, and cultivate their own land, the product being principally confined to potatoes, cabbages, turnips, and other vegetables. After a term of good conduct, the option of a trade is conceded as a boon, five or six kinds of handicraft being submitted for election. At the head of each department the necessary instructors are to be found, and as means and opportunities admit, these are chosen from among persons arriving free in the colony. The juvenile sawyers first attracted our regards; of these there are from fifteen to twenty pair. At present they work in open pits; but sheds are in progress to shelter them

from the weather. These lads not only cut sufficient timber for all their own buildings, but furnish considerable supplies to the other works. The boat-builders' department came next under review. (1) There a beautiful whale-boat of Huon pine, the timbers of light (a resemblance in colour of rosewood, was rapidly attaining completion. At the cooperage, tubs, buckets, mess-kids, and ships' buoys, were in process of manufacture. About fifty tailors actively cut out and made up clothing; whilst seventy-five shoemakers were equally assiduous in their vocation. Every scrap of old iron is turned to account in the blacksmiths' shop, where the boys were converting fragments of hoops into nails, rivets, and the like. At the carpenters' they were framing doors and window-sashes, and preparing boards. The bookbinders were in full employ, having several of Mr. Manton's volumes in hand. The turners alone were inactive. I must here remark, that any of the boy or adult mechanics or labourers performing work for any of the civil or military officers, a record of the amount of such service is kept, and charged against the employer. Some 500*l.* a-year thereby finds its way into the military chest. The stone-masons were next visited; they have a great variety of material prepared, and preparing, for the purpose of erecting a large and substantial barrack, together with an extensive range of improved workshops. At the bakery, a large supply of goodly provender, the production of sundry juveniles, met our eyes; whilst the savoury steams of the cook-house induced us to take a peep at the excellent fare, the boys being allowed an equal ration with the adults. Before dinner, the boys are taught a habit of cleanliness, by being obliged to wash. A short space is also allotted to play, and every afternoon half of the youngsters attend school in turn. Although the origin of this establishment be founded in guilt, it is still one of deep interest,—for from the very core of crime there springs the cherished hope of fairer, happier days. Infamy may be lost in industry; sin give place to

(1) Here, Kirby, the poisoner of his master at Lincoln, is employed. He is said to be a young man of exemplary conduct now.

grace ; and transportation itself may , through the blessing of God, be the balm of the reckless. Such consummation is within the power of all. Many, no doubt ; have, and will again, joyfully clutch the offered gift, and I earnestly hope, as I sincerely believe, that many will bless the hour they saw Point Puer, which, under Providence, may prove the salvation, body and soul, of hundreds. Several instructed there are already earning comfortable livelihoods in various parts of the colony ; and numbers have feelingly adverted to Captain Booth on the blessings they thence derived. How many of England's poor but virtuous children would be overjoyed with the full provision, excellent lodging, and comfortable clothing—not to say a word of the beneficial instruction—of Point Puer.

On our return to the settlement, we landed at a small island named, from its funeral purposes, Dead Man's Isle. Within its sea-girt shores, almost its first occupant, lies Dennis Collins, the sailor who threw a stone at William IV. on one of the English race-courses. Here, likewise, repose the ashes of May, the Burker of the Italian boy. Here, moreover, are monuments to several free persons who have died during service at Port Arthur, or perished in its vicinity. Of the latter are three seamen wrecked in the schooner Echo, two seamen of government vessels, and several soldiers of the 21st, 51st, and 63d regiments.

Dead Man's Isle is a picturesquely sorrowful spot ; so soothing in its melancholy, so placid in its solitude, that a friend of mine, the late Dr. Macbraire, when medical officer at the settlement, and under the impression of approaching doom, requested he might be laid within its leafy shores. Macbraire, however, was destined to mingle his dust with that of Albion, where, my wanderings o'er, I yet look forward to deposit my own. Port Arthur is a place of wonders ; where nought but sin and crime are assumed to exist, the seeds of religion and virtue have been carefully planted, and the blossoms of godliness are seen to germinate ; even the yellow jacket may cover many a repentant and returning heart. As a kind of guiding star—a spiritual oasis in this

moral desert—a sabbath-school has been instituted for the children of the officers, soldiers, overseers, and others. This day, the 10th of January, their anniversary meeting and examination was held. The muster was a goodly one, comprising some four-and-thirty boys and girls of various ages. A number of excellent instructive books were provided for prizes to the most exemplary attendants, the most diligent and proficient scholars. In each branch a hot competition ensued, and, in many instances, so earnest was the struggle that Captain Booth, the patron of the institution, felt some difficulty in awarding the palm. The examination over, the children proceeded to a marquee, formed of the Favourite's sails and flags, and tastefully adorned with a profusion of native wreaths and garlands. In this marquee they enjoyed a *fête al'fresco*, tea, coffee, cake, raspberries, gooseberries, currants, and other fruits, being bountifully supplied. It was an era in their lives, an event of pleasing contemplation to the spectators. The children satisfied, a like refreshment was next provided for their delighted parents, and after some very apposite observations from the patron, the Rev. Messrs. Jones and Simpson, as also Major Robertson (elected a member of the committee), the state of the funds was declared. From this it appeared that a balance of 30s. remained on hand from last year's account; that 8*l.* 10s. had been collected the preceding day; that the tea-tickets (1s. each) and one or two contributions amounted to 60s. or 70s.; and that, therefore, there were between 13*l.* and 14*l.* available for the purchase of next year's prizes. To the honour of Port Arthur's contributors, it should be mentioned that only a few weeks had elapsed since they had subscribed above 16*l.* in aid of the Wesleyan Missionary Fund.

On Tuesday we visited the several artificers' shops, most of which are a mere adult duplicate of Point Puer. At the iron-smiths' we witnessed the operation of file-cutting.

From the factories we walked to the scene of a recent atrocious, motiveless murder. It is about three-quarters of a mile from the settlement, in a lonely, gloomy dell, some of the neighbouring trees still splashed with the victim's blood.

From the depositions it appears that the murderer, Bellfield, and Sydney a lad of seventeen, were at work in the vicinity. Bellfield complained of thirst, and Boardman went some short distance to show the other a creek where he might slake it. Both were seen to leave the gang, but Bellfield alone returned, and when questioned by the overseer of his comrade, he declared he had "bolted," pointing in a direction the opposite of the path they had pursued. Boardman, accordingly, was reported as an absconder. A couple of days elapsed, and a man, cutting brooms, thought he heard groans, which, as he approached, grew more distinct, until, at the foot of a gigantic gum-tree, clotted with gore and fly-blown, he beheld the hapless sufferer. Shouting for aid, and hastening to the creek, he washed the vermin from the mouth of the mangled creature, who was so disfigured as to be unknown by his comrade, the person who sought to relieve him. "Don't you know me, Mom; I am Sydney." Assistance having arrived, he was forthwith conveyed to the hospital, where he sufficiently recovered to identify his assassin. It appears they had no sooner reached the creek than Boardman was assaulted by Bellfield, who dealt him some severe blows on the head. The stick breaking, Bellfield seized a heavier one, and belaboured the poor fellow until he became insensible. Not satisfied, the young monster "jobbed" a haftless knife between the spinal processes of the neck, and then fled to concoct the story of absconding. Boardman lingered until the 2d of January, and Bellfield is now in Hobart Town gaol (¹). When we saw him in the cell at Port Arthur he looked like a poor, simple, well-featured boy, with a countenance expressive of anything but ferocity. He did not attempt to deny his guilt to Mr. Manton, but wept bitterly. He assigned no reason for the bloody deed; and, as no probable cause can be traced, it is one of utter mystery.

At the dock-yard we found most of the people busily preparing to heave down the Favourite in order to her thorough refit. A launch for the Lady Franklin, a lighter, and an

(¹) He was executed on the 1st February.

exquisitely proportioned eighteen-ton gun-boat, calculated to carry a long thirty-two pounder, were in a very forward state, and the timbers of a hundred-ton cutter in process of conversion. We visited the Favourite, a very so-so cruiser of 480 tons and eighteen carronades, but with a crew of jolly lads that my quondam acquaintances, Monarch and Vernon, would have leaped sky-high at. From the Favourite we made a trip to the government grounds, in local parlance styled the garden. Several men were busily occupied building a stack of well-saved hay. This domain is an enchanting spot, of which the pencil, not the pen, can convey adequate conception. The scenery is fairy-lake-like. Wood, water, earth, sky, all combine to gladden the eye and charm the sense. Here at some future, perchance not very distant day, when penitentiaries and penal settlements shall have ceased to exist—here, in one of the most beautiful bays, with a shore of the purest sand, and waters of pellucid hue—here the Tasmanian steamers will flock with their joyous freightage of watering-place visitors, whilst the present settlements at an easy distance off, will eventually resolve itself into one of the finest and most important naval arsenals—a Plymouth of the south, the security and amplitude of the haven, the facility of equipment, and the superabundance of choice building materials, all conducing to the certainty of such result. On our return we boarded the Lady Franklin, fitting, with the utmost despatch, as a troop and store ship. The brig Tamar shortly afterwards came to anchor, and in the course of the evening the beautiful Bliza, so that Port Arthur boasted a larger fleet than I have sometimes, not many years back, seen in Hobart Town.

The following morning (Wednesday, 12th) we accompanied the commandant in a visit to the Probation Station at Flinders Bay, one of the arms of Norfolk Bay. Our course was by the tramway, and a part of the route by which we first reached Port Arthur. Flinders Bay is a new and very primitive station, under the superintendence of a Mr. Smith. There are 200 convicts at present under his charge; with a sergeant and twelve privates of the 96th regiment. They are, as yet, do-

miciled in bark huts, but slab ones are preparing; as also cottages for the superintendents, Mr. Kilgour the surgeon, Mr. Dove the catechist, and the several assistants. It may save repetition if I here remark that a *complete* probation-station is governed by a superintendent, two assistant-superintendents, a competent number of overseers, all free men, a catechist, and a military detachment; in addition, a visiting magistrate is placed in such part of the country that two or more stations may come within his inspection. The men are employed in the erection of all the requisite buildings, forming roads and bridges, grubbing, fencing, and cultivating the land, which, in an improved condition, will, it is presumed, at some future day, be sold for the public behoof. As their probationary terms expire, the convicts are removed to Slopem Island, a station whence they are subsequently otherwise disposed of. Flinders Bay party is yet in the earliest of these stages, being employed in felling, burning off, and clearing land, and providing themselves the necessary quarters. It is a magnificent-looking location, with an ample supply (even at this dry season) of water. The land seems poor and exceedingly stony, but after the soil I have seen reclaimed and made productive, it would be extremely rash to pronounce Flinders Bay impracticable. Advantageous position frequently compensates for inferiority of land, and certainly this position is one of very great advantage. Having made the tour of inspection, we set sail for Eagle Hawk Neck, a hummocky, sandy isthmus, situated at the extremity of a deep bight. This isthmus is about a quarter of a mile in length and 300 yards in breadth. Sentries are posted night and day, and, as a yet more infallible security, a chain of thirteen ferocious dogs are placed at intervals across its breadth, these dogs receiving a regular ration from the commissariat. At night a row of lamps, in the same direction as the dogs, are lit up; a measure which precludes the possibility of escape. This singular formation is thus the secure key of Tasman's peninsula, and, what is very remarkable, there is a like key, East Bay Neck, to Forester's peninsula. The first is an officer's (subaltern's) guard, the latter is only now being made a post.

These singular formations lead one to the almost natural conclusion that Tasman's and Forester's peninsulas were designed for the purposes to which they have been applied.

The felons know the hopelessness of escape; that the least appearance of smoke would betray their whereabouts, because its existence would be communicated from every signal-hill; that they could not possibly force the cordon on either isthmus, and therefore that, being without food, fire, or water, they had but one of two alternatives, a lingering death or inevitable surrender. Under such considerations, it must be self-evident that no place can be better chosen than Tasman's and Forester's peninsulas. The former comprises an area of about 45,000, the latter of 15,000, acres, nearly one half whereof is available, and much of it very excellent land,—land that the probation-parties must, ere long, turn to good account,—land which, whenever the peninsulas become free settlements, will be the object of earnest competition, intersected as they will be by capital roads, and accessible on so many points to water-carriage. It was on Forester's peninsula that Captain Booth, some three years since, had nearly perished. In the anxious desire to make himself personally conversant with certain localities, he became engulfed in an almost impervious scrub, until at length extrication was beyond his power. The hammer of one pistol broke in the attempt to strike a light; the other was so saturated it refused to give fire. Quite overpowered, he laid him down and slept. He awoke chilly and torpid, again to sink into a state of exhaustion. In this horrifying state did this excellent officer witness the sunset of four successive nights, the dawn of five successive days, without drink, without food, without fire, without hope; his toes had begun to mortify (the flesh sloughed away) and a lingering, an agonising death seemed at hand. Suddenly the woods echoed to the bugles of his anxious comrades, but their commander was too far gone to utter response. It seemed a mockery, an offer of life, but beyond his power of reach. His two faithful kangaroo-dogs clung to their master's side. He saw them lick the hoar from the frozen leaves, a hint whereby he profited, and felt in

some degree revived. God at length was gracious. The numerous parties in quest of the missing commandant drew near, the dogs sprang to greet them, and after a hundred hours of famine and horror, Captain Booth was snatched from death, but with an enfeebled frame and impaired constitution.

Mr. Willson, of the 96th, the officer in command at Eagle Hawk Neck, a merry, good-natured, generous, young man, was on the look-out, and entertained us most hospitably at his quarters. The farther shore of the isthmus is washed by the mighty Pacific, which throws its billows into the beautiful sandy cove called Pirate's Bay. In this bay portions of the cliffs' base assume the complexion of natural wonders as remarkable as Staffa or the Giant's Causeway. This consists in layers of rock in square, long, oblong, lozenge, triangular, and other shapes, all jointed with the most beautifully perfect regularity; some bound as it were with an iron band, some perfectly smooth on the surface, some edged and fluted, some rounded in the centre with a fine cut-down border. Altogether, it is a formation as beautiful as it is singular—a formation which, although dissimilar, yet, in default of a more appropriate definition, has been styled the Tessellated Pavement. Some of the officers of the Erebus and Terror removed a portion which may probably find its way to the United Service Institution. In future times this pavement will become as much the object of Tasmanian as Staffa and the Causeway are of Scotch or Irish pride; and it is paying Pirate's Bay no small compliment when I pronounce its cliffs and promontories to be fully equal to the bold and varied scenery of the Antrim coast. On our return to the house of Captain Booth, we had an idea of the speed of the tramway. There is a shoot of a mile and a half near the head of Long Bay, which is traversed at the rate of forty miles an hour. It requires some little nerve at first to keep one's composure, because, once in motion, there are no stoppages, and the least obstruction, would, as Jonathan says, send carriages and their contents to immortal smash. The officers of the French frigate *Artemise* were in ecstasies with this descent; which, on a larger scale, reminded them of the Montagnes Russes of

Paris. Down they went, hollering, shouting, like madmen.

The night of Wednesday was a turbulent one, blowing half a gale; but the morning sun that was to light us on our homeward path broke forth bright and genial. However disagreeable to its *constrained* visitors, we found Port Arthur a place of beauty, kindness, courtesy, and good-will—a place where we enjoyed all the comfort, many of the luxuries, of life, and these imparted with a cordial welcome devoid of affectation.

To take a summary of our five days' residence, a space sufficiently long to see and form a correct opinion of every thing, we arrive at the conclusion that the main purposes of its creation are wrought out with consummate skill and great humanity. The discipline is, of necessity, rigidly severe. Not a fault—no, not the most trivial—is overlooked, but the most anxious, the most searching inquiry ever precedes punishment, and the offender is *made to feel* that its infliction proceeds from no arbitrary, capricious tyranny, but is the inevitable and well-known reward of his own mal-practices.

The felons are, of course, distributed as much as possible in various classified gangs. Upon their first arrival they are closely searched, being prohibited from having money, tobacco, or any document. The standing regulations of the settlement are then read and an earnest caution to act in conformity given. They are next taken to the hospital, where each undergoes an individual examination of the medical officer. Labour proportionate to their strength is then assigned, the physically incapacitated being employed in stone-breaking. Men are removed from the more laborious gangs according as their behaviour is good or sentence expires. All new arrivals sleep in silent apartments (a sore punishment) for periods commensurate with the nature of their offence, such periods increasing in a twofold degree to those who have previously been at the settlement. The carrying-gang is deemed the most severe. This body, sometimes sixty or seventy in number, carries on their shoulders, immense spars, the masts and yards of a 390-ton ship for example—from the

forests to the dockyards. The inequality of pressure will at once be obvious, some men *during* the different stages of transit sometimes sustaining a couple of hundred-weights, sometimes less than forty pounds. The dock-yard gang is scarcely less laborious than the carrying, the men being frequently immersed to the neck in water whilst securing naval timber to the launches for the purpose of transport to the arsenal. It must be borne in mind that no beasts of burthen are permitted either at Port Arthur or the probation-stations, and that consequently all the drudgery is done by the convict. The chain-gangs are employed in carting stone, firewood, or drawing water for general use. The most habitual absconders, like the French felons of the Bagne, are not only put in irons, but fastened to a chain where they are made to break stones under the eye of every passer-by—a punishment the most intolerably galling. Every week there is a muster for medical inspection. They strip to the waist, because a man's aspect may greatly belie his bodily energies. If an individual by flaccidity of muscle or other unequivocal token give evidence of being over-tasked, he is either removed to lighter labour or received into the hospital as the urgency of the case may demand. Exclusive of the gangs already enumerated, there are sawyers, splitters, quarriers, masons, grubbers, gardeners, watermen, tramway-men, and all the different artisans. Half-an-hour before evening muster, a ball is suspended at one of the yard-arms of the semaphore, a signal to those at work in the bush to make their way to head-quarters, any absentee being returned as absconded. A telescope and a semaphore are admirable tell-tales, and the telegraphic code of Captain Booth has been brought to a very high pitch of perfection. By it very long messages are conveyed to and from Hobart Town and Port Arthur in an incredibly short space. An answer to one sent by ourselves and responded to in a short space may suffice, the distance exceeding fifty direct miles either way. It was this,—The commandant is informed there have been no arrivals from England. Also, that Mr. Waterhouse is much the same as he was. These semaphores are all worked by

convicts constantly liable to removal. Were they, as they should be, given as a reward, with a small salary, to discharged soldiers, they might be made much more efficient, and, if extended throughout the colony, would give the death-blow to every species of absconding.

There is a factory, hitherto overlooked, where bricks, tiles, gutter-tiles, flower-pots, and other similar articles, are manufactured. From the excellence of the clay, the commodities are of the most superior quality, so much so that the use of a pug-mill and a careful selection of material might prove the means of creating a pottery of infinite value, whence a ware little inferior to Wedgwood's might be produced. As it is, the Port Arthur brick-kilns not only supply all the wants of the settlement and Point Puer, but export largely to Hobart Town, both for government-appropriation as well as for general sale. In fact, the excess of production (in numerous articles) available for exportation, leaves a large balance to the credit of the penal settlement. Port Arthur was at one time the receptacle of educated convicts, who upon their arrival in the colony were wont to be ordered thither. The probation system has now put an end to that, and it is only used as a place of secondary punishment for reconvicted offenders and boys (direct from England,) who, as far as practicable, are taught reformation through the iron hand of coercion.

Port Arthur was founded by Colonel Arthur as an experimental station in 1830. Dr. Russell, assistant-surgeon of the 63d regiment, was sent down in the double capacity of medical officer and commandant, with sixteen or seventeen convicts at his disposal. The present site was at once fixed upon, and the infant scion increased under the several successive rules of Captain Mahon, Major Briggs, and Captain Gibbons, of the 63d regiment. It was on St. Patrick's day, 1833, the present active, intelligent, and enterprising commandant assumed the reins of office which, during his nine years' career, he has wielded with a skill and integrity of purpose that cannot sufficiently be commended. Much as the colony itself is the wonder of strangers, as much is Port Arthur the source of wonder to the comparatively few colo-

nists who have visited its shores. I have already spoken of its elegant church, but have made no mention of its strikingly picturesque military barracks, which are constructed of the finest hewn stone, and are capable of containing nearly a hundred men. The front entrance is through a handsome castellated, or rather battlemented round tower, which commands the township. From this we pass through a tolerably spacious parade-ground, leading to an elevated esplanade, conducting in turn to a verandah, opening to the different barrack-rooms. There is a large yard in the rear with a like round tower, nearly finished, the bottom of which is to constitute a magazine, the roof serving the purpose of a watch-post. In a line with the barracks, and upon a precisely similar plan, a new hospital is about to be erected. The bay at the head of which the church stands is, like Sullivan's Cove, very shallow; this Captain Booth is filling in, and upon the recovered territory a new and extensive penitentiary will forthwith be constructed. All the streets and buildings are laid out with the strictest care, the future is not overlooked in the present; every edifice is convertible, and whenever Port Arthur becomes, what it one day must, a flourishing free arsenal, the zeal and judgment of Captain Booth will be fully apparent and duly appreciated. Port Arthur has never failed to strike every stranger; even I, though somewhat familiar with the railway pace of "penal colonies," felt impressed with unmingled surprise. Substantial stone buildings, tasteful cottages, extensive factories, luxuriant gardens, all the means and appliances of civilised and social life, and yet this enchanting spot—this beautiful creation—like "a goodly apple rotten at the core," is but the guarded receptacle of Britain's refuse, controlled by the civil and military establishments requisite for working their purgation.

Bidding adieu to Port Arthur, we again crossed the tramway; again embarked at the head of Norfolk Bay, arriving, after a short and pleasant sail, at Cascade. This is an incipient probation-station, commenced about six or seven weeks since under the auspices of a couple of constables and five and twenty, who have recently been augmented to fifty men.

The same system is applicable to every station, with the exception that some are begun with only a few hands; but whenever they attain their full complement, they are to be worked in the manner already shown. Cascade is a charming locality, embraces a very considerable area of the richest soil, abounds with the finest timber, and is admirably watered. The gang is at present occupied clearing roads, preparing for the construction of a pier, and in the erection of the necessary buildings for the reception of a large accession of strength.

From Cascade we coasted to Impression Bay, some five miles distant. This is a beautiful, more advanced, and fuller manned (100 in the gang) station. Three months have sufficed to clear and cultivate a large space of ground, to erect a variety of buildings, to establish a road of some extent, and nearly to complete a jetty. Mr. Armstrong, the superintendent, seems to be an active officer; his men work well, and, in another twelve months, Impression Bay will have become a place of some importance. At this place Frost the Chartist is at work; and having promised an acquaintance of mine and his, a man of fortune in England, who, at one time, had unhappily imbibed Chartist ideas, that I would, if possible, see Frost, I availed myself of the present opportunity to have an interview. It was never my fortune to see Frost at home; and, as he approached, I should have sought in vain to decipher the Chartist leader—the J. P. of Lord John Russell—in the careworn prisoner with winged leather cap in probation livery of felon grey. He returned my salutation with easy courtesy.

“I was anxious to see you, Mr. Frost,” I began, “because I parted from a friend of yours in August last, who still entertains a most lively interest in your fate; and I promised Mr. R——, if practicable, to exchange a *viu voce* communication with you.”

At mention of Mr. R——’s name, a sort of flush overspread the countenance of Frost, and I almost think a tear, and yet I could not be sure, started to his eye.

“I hope, sir,” he said, “you left Mr. R—— in good health?”

“Quite well. You are, however, no doubt aware that Mr.”

R—— has also paid somewhat of a penalty to the Chartist monster ?

« Yes, sir, I am ; I saw an account of his imprisonment, and one also of his liberation. Pray what does Mr. R—— think of us ? »

« Oh, he is *radically* cured. He considers he acted very like a fool, although his *folly* stopped at a point immeasurably short of yours. »

« I mean, sir, what hopes does he entertain with respect to our pardon ? »

« Very little, indeed, I apprehend. For my own part, I should conceive that to be a question beyond the pale of a hope. »

« Indeed ! » echoed Frost, seemingly slightly moved. « But, sir, did you see the debate on the subject, which was decided against us by the Speaker's voice alone ? »

« I do not, » I replied, « recollect such debate ; but of a pardon, I conceive, there is no reasonable ground for the entertainment of hope. »

« I don't know, sir ; I may be wrong, I may be disappointed, but I certainly do entertain such a hope. »

« It seems, » I continued, « like cruelty to argue against you in such a matter, still I cannot help expressing my belief that you are widely deceiving yourself. »

« You see, » said Frost, clinging to the hope he could not ring his mind to relinquish, «— you see Feargus O'Connor has been liberated, and we ought to have the benefit of the point of law in our favour. »

« I cannot argue that point ; but tell me, do you imagine the change of ministry has bettered your prospects, or do you think that any government would be justified in the rescinding your sentence ? Depend upon it you will never be permitted to quit this island. Chartism is a hydra-headed monster ; and were you again to land in England, you would again, *perforce*, become the rallying-point of your party ; you would be dragged into the stormy sea of politics ; and, if not a mover, you would be made a tool. What prudent government would run such a hazard ? »

“There may, sir, be many reasons against my pardon; but there are many reasons, and *justice*, for its concession.”

“If I might offer a suggestion, Mr. Frost, it would be to the effect that you ought to turn your attention towards the attainment of what are termed colonial indulgences, and seek to see your wife and family around you here.”

Frost coloured at the idea, which he repudiated strongly, declaring he would never bring his wife and grown up daughters to such a place in his condition. I debated the matter calmly and patiently.

“As to your condition,” I remarked, “the world draws a wide distinction between state criminals and petty larceny rogues, so that I do not see that that is a valid objection against bringing out your family. That you may obtain your emancipation in due course, I have little doubt; and if so, what is there to prevent your enjoying peace and quiet here?”

“I have no earthly objection to live here,” said Frost; “I like the country, as far as I have seen; it is the finest climate in the world; I have enjoyed excellent health, and my spirits are wonderfully good, all things considered; still it would be a rash thing to bring out my wife and family without seeing a clear way for their provision.”

“Oh!” I observed, “any man of common intelligence, with the use of head or hands, *must* do well here.”

“But, sir, you are, of course, aware that I have got into trouble; I lost my situation as a writer in the commandant’s office at Port Arthur.”

“Yes; you may thank your own absurd, impertinent letter, for that.”

“Well, I really forget the contents. What was there in that letter?”

“A paragraph containing some silly slur against Lord John Russell. It was a dangerous piece of spleen to indulge in. They were no friends of yours who gave that letter to the world.”

“It never was meant for publication. It was not Mrs. Frost’s act, but that of one of my daughters.”

“Believe me, it was an evil act for you. In your situa-

tion, you cannot possibly be too circumspect. I must wish you good morning. I shall be writing to Mr. R—. Can I say any thing for you?

“Say, sir, I rejoice to hear of his welfare; say that I am well,—well, in body,—as well—as a man in any condition can be; and if Mr. R— will apprise Mrs. Frost, I shall duly esteem it. Mr. Armstrong is a kind-hearted man, who performs his duty firmly, yet feelingly. I am as well as circumstances will admit.”

Frost's physiognomy is prepossessing, his address is easy, and his general bearing intelligent and winning. Notwithstanding the prison garb, there is a manifest order and neatness in his person. The only indulgence he at present enjoys is that of being permitted to sleep alone. He labours in common with the gang. He has been six or seven weeks at Impression Bay, having been removed from Brown's River for insolence to the superintendent, the only instance of his having demeaned himself with impropriety.

From Impression Bay we proceeded to Salt Water Creek, about five miles off. This is a remarkably fine station, with extensive penitentiaries accommodating about 400 convicts, with barracks for a sergeant and thirteen soldiers of the 96th. It is a perfect station, comprising all the requisite officers, and has been established upwards of ten months; roads have been formed, piers constructed, land broken up and cleared, upwards of fifty acres being luxuriantly cropped with cabbages, potatoes, turnips, &c. The soil is extremely fertile, and of very considerable extent; and as spade is the only husbandry employed, the land is certain of being well worked and pulverised. There are many who are friendly to the introduction of convicts who inveigh loudly against the probation system. It may be a bad, it may be a good one. At all events, it is worse than premature to decry it; and those that are the loudest in their condemnation I am confident know nothing of its operation. They argue from their own opinion, not from fact, and this is something like the burden of their song:—“The men do no good either, to themselves or the colony. They are idle and disorderly. The packing

men together in large bodies is a premium upon crime, as they convert every imaginable villany and fraud. Whereas, by the *assignment system* (ay, that is the transportation-mongers' chosen theme), convicts were made good servants, good tradesmen, and, very frequently, good members of society. This may be all very true, but it yet remains to be shown whether or not the probation system will not achieve as much. The measures at present in force are indubitably the best. These gangs are opening up many invaluable locations, and creating settlements of infinite importance. Until they were placed upon it, Tasman's peninsula was either unknown, despised, or deemed too densely wooded for any individual to adventure upon. There are now four flourishing stations thereon, roads are forming to connect them with each other, piers are constructing for the shipment of produce, and large openings are making in the forests; so that, discontinue the system a couple of years hence, and even then Tasmania will have gained a vast accession of richly productive, agrestial territory.

Our Thursday's tour ended at the coal-mines, a station semi-probationary, semi-penal. It contains an extensive stone penitentiary, to which large additions are about to be made, — a military barrack for thirty men, officers' quarters, commissariat store, and sundry other stone edifices. The scenery around is superb. We landed at seven in the evening, dined, and took up our quarters with Lieutenant Barclay of the 96th. Next morning I descended the main shaft, along with Captain Booth. It is fifty-two yards deep. The winch was manned by convicts under punishment; one stroke of a knife might sunder the rope, and then—However, it has never been tried, deeds of ferocity being very infrequent. A gang on the surface worked the main pump, and another below plied a horizontal, or slightly inclined draw-pump, which threw the water into the chief well. The seam has been excavated 110 yards from the shaft, having also several chambers diverging right and left; the height of the bore is four feet. The quality of the coal partakes much more of anthracite than bitumen, flying a good deal, but producing intense heat. The

mines are esteemed the most irksome punishment the felon encounters, because he is not a practical miner, and because they labour night and day, eight hours on a spell. The continued stooping and the close atmosphere caused our party to be bedewed with perspiration. As matter of curiosity, it may be all very well to see a mine; but to me, who am no glutton in such respects, once is a perfectly sufficient dose. I cannot, therefore, wonder at the abhorrence of the compulsory miner in loathing what I conceive to be a dreadful vocation,—a vocation I should think that those who had once been forced to would in future, when relieved, most earnestly avoid. After breakfast we walked across the tongue of Slopem Main, and shaking my kind host, Captain Booth, cordially by the hand, embarked for Ralph's Bay Neck in his boat. After a four hours' dead pull to windward against a strong breeze and heavy sea, we landed on the farther shore of Frederic Henry Bay. From this a walk of seven miles, through Rokeby and Clarence Plains, conducted to Kangaroo Point. Here we again took boat, and in another half-hour trod the shores of Sullivan's Cove, where I shall for the present call a halt, hoping that the reader may have derived profit, if not pleasure, from my excursion to Port Arthur

SKETCHES.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

A NIGHT WELL SPENT.

Every society, every ship, every corps, every grade has its established butt. Paid, liveried fools have given place to the fool, *par excellence*, of the present age, the easy, good-natured fellow, who takes every jest kindly, every practical joke as a matter of course, and almost fancies himself slighted when no one condescends to turn him into ridicule.

Jemmy Thompson was a griffin (*i. e.* a new-comer from Europe), and Jemmy was a goose. Jemmy, however, was one of the best-tempered fellows alive, so every one played off their tricks on him.

Now it so happened that a ship had just arrived in Diamond harbour, on its way to Calcutta from the Levant, and, as the plague was said to be raging at the latter place, the said vessel had been ordered to perform strict quarantine for forty days. The sentries on shore had received orders to shoot any one who dared to land from her, and, under pain of death, every one was forbidden to approach her. Of these circumstances Jemmy was profoundly ignorant.

Our friend Jemmy had annoyed several of the members of a reading club in Calcutta, by daily seizing the———(the daily

paper), and pestering every body to know if the "William and Mary," a ship which he had reason to believe was bringing him out some Madeira, had arrived?

Thus stood matters, when one day, on his entering the club, and making the usual inquiries, Captain Molloy quietly arose, and assured him that the wished-for vessel had arrived, and was even now lying down at Diamond Harbour, taking care to describe the exact position in which the tainted ship was moored. Jemmy ran home, ordered his palanquin, and arrived that evening about eight o'clock at this semi-sea-port. Impatient to convince himself that his treasure had arrived, he did not hesitate, even at this late hour, to order a boat, and instantly caused himself, to the no small surprise of the persons who looked on from shore, to be rowed to the plague-stricken ship.

When he approached near her, a person from the deck desired him to keep off. This Jemmy did not understand. He had no idea of having taken all this trouble for nothing, so he drew still nearer; nor was it till he was assured that his boat would be sunk, and the fact explained to him that the vessel had just arrived from Turkey, that he consented to steer off. When, however, he learnt these little facts, he was just as eager to return to shore as he had been to board the merchantman.

What was Jemmy's horror and indignation on beholding, as he approached the strand, a musket levelled at his head by a sturdy sentinel, who swore, in tolerably round terms, that if he attempted to set foot on shore, he would instantly blow out his brains.

"Here's a go!" quoth Jemmy: "and, pray, why am I to be thus treated?"

"You come from a plague-ship; my orders are strict; advance nearer, and I fire."

Under these circumstances Jemmy thought it would be better to retire; so he ordered his dandies to pull up the river. Here, however, he was instantly stopped. If he attempted to force his way up, a gun, protruding its ugly head through an embrasure in the fortress, was instantly to be discharged

at him. The boats of the board of health forbade him, on peril of instant destruction, to proceed down the river. What was poor Jeremy to do? He had but one chance. He quietly approached a man-of-war, that was lying at anchor. Steadily unobserved he came close to her, when, to a sudden report, and a ball knocked off his hat into the river! Jeremy roared loudly. His boatmen took the hint, and sheered off. What was now to be done? Thompson had neither had tiffin nor dinner. He had no covering for his head, no place of shelter. The weather was stormy; the waves began to knock him about, and bring on sickness. It was the rainy season, and the poor little fellow was drenched to the skin. Yet here he must remain, here abide, or run the risk of being sent into the next world by a musket-ball. He certainly did not relish either alternative; but alas!

Necessitas non habet leges.

All that night, and until noon next day, did our wretched little friend remain exposed to the elements, rowing about in despair, fearing that, like the flying Dutchman, he was destined to cruise here for ever.

About noon one of his quizzers, perceiving the scrape he would be in, obtained an order, by which Mr. J. Thompson was allowed to land. The little gentleman instantly called his facetious friend out, and shot him through the leg, inflicting a wound which lamed him for life. Jeremy himself was laid up with a severe rheumatism and ague for nearly three months, and the whole affair finally turned out, like every other practical joke, a subject rather of sorrow than of fun.

THE MICROSCOPE.

It is now many years ago since Mr. Clarke was sent out by the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge to Bengal, in order to convert as many of the benighted Indians to Christianity as possible. His talents were of the highest order, his zeal well known; it was, therefore, most sanguinely expected that his mission would be crowned with

success. On his arrival the Governor General, finding that his means were small, and truly sympathizing in the feelings of those who thus endeavoured to awake the sense of the heathen world to light and life, gave him the direction of the Calcutta Free-school, and one or two other minor posts, which considerably increased the worthy missionary's income.

After several ineffectual attempts to convert the natives, poor Clarke returned in despair to Calcutta, feeling more than half inclined to sail for Europe, so much did he take his repeated failures to heart. He was, however, dissuaded from this step, and applying himself assiduously to the management of his scholars, he strove to banish from his mind the thorn which rankled there.

One day our missionary learned, to his great joy, that a Brahmin of the very first rank had arrived in the metropolis. Determined to bring matters to an issue, Clarke wrote to him, and begged him to meet him on a certain day, when he undertook to convince him (the Hindoo priest) of the errors of his faith. To this the Brahmin consented, and, at the time appointed, the Heathen and the Christian champion met to discuss, in the presence of several witnesses, the merits of their respective creeds.

As is usual in polemical discussions, the controversy was opened by several inconsequential queries and answers. For half an hour neither party had put forth a startling proposition; the wily Indian taking care to confine himself to the defensive. Tired at length by this scene, Clarke suddenly and abruptly asked him,

"Are you forbidden to eat anything in which animal life exists?"

"I am."

"Have you ever broken through this law? — Never."

"May you not unconsciously have been led into this crime?"

"Impossible."

"Will you swear to it? — Most solemnly I do."

"Do you ever eat pomegranates? — Daily."

"Bring me some of that fruit, then," rejoined Clarke, turn-

ing to a servant. His order was complied with; the pomegranates were brought.

"Choose one," The Brahmin did so; — "Eat it in two." With this direction he complied. — "Place it here," and Clarke assisted him to put it beneath a microscope. — "Now look at it,"

The Brahmin did so; but no sooner did he apply his eyes than he started back with affright. The fruit was perfectly alive with animalcules. The puzzled Hindoo drew out the pomegranate (which, perhaps, my readers are not aware is more closely filled with insects than any other fruit,) looked at it, examined it, replaced it, and again beheld the myriads of living creatures with which it was rife. He felt it with his hand, to convince himself that there was no trick in the affair. Then, suddenly drawing himself up, he slowly uttered — *Bush-such hi.* — ("Enough—it is true.")

"You acknowledge, then, that you have sinned unconsciously? That everything being filled with animaculæ, invisible to the naked eye, you can neither eat nor drink without committing a crime?"

The abashed Hindoo bowed.

"Shall I show you how full of similar insects every drop of water is? — No! I have seen enough."

"Do you desire further proof? — I have a favour to ask."

"What is it? If I can, I will grant it."

"Give me your microscope. I cannot buy it; give it me."

Clarke paused for a moment, for he had that morning paid ten guineas for it; and being a poor man, he could ill afford to part with it. But, as the Indian was urgent, almost to entreaty, he at length consented (especially as he thought the other would afford him in return some curiosity of equal value), and presented it to him.

The Brahmin took it, gave one look of triumph round the hall, and suddenly raising his arm, dashed it into a thousand atoms on the marble floor.

"What do you mean by this?" exclaimed Clarke, in undisguised astonishment.

"It means, Sir Christian," replied the Hindoo in a cold, grave tone, "it means that I was a happy, a good, a proud man. By means of yonder instrument you have robbed me of all future happiness. You have condemned me to descend to my grave wretched and miserable!"

With these words the unfortunate Brahmin quitted the hall, and soon after retired up the country.

THE WAABEE ARABS.

About a century ago, warfare in India was about as pretty child's play as the most feather-bed soldier could desire. The returns of killed and wounded seldom exceeded a couple of men. The natives, indeed, did not often stand their ground when we appeared, but, retreating precipitately before an European force, left the field in our undisputed possession, thus enabling many a colonel to write a bombastic despatch, telling how with a handful of men he had gallantly laid siege to a leviathan mud-fort, and, like Julius Cæsar, came but to "see and conquer." In those days the wretched Indians made use of bows and arrows, lances and creeches. They were undisciplined, and scarcely knew the use of fire-arms; it was, therefore, a mighty pretty thing to be an officer in the good old times, when the pay was just equal to treble the sum we now receive, and when (as once happened in Java) a conqueror went to besiege a city in a carriage and four. But alas!

"Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis."

The warfare of the Indian army at present is no joke. This century has presented before us foes as determined, and as brave as any European army that ever took the field. The Rajapoots, the Burmese, and the Arabs, are about as ugly customers in the way of fighting as the most death-loving soldier could desire. With these the case is one of life or death. No capturing, no quarter is given. If you fall into the hands of the foe, it is not to be shut up in a prison. Your life is instantly taken, and your body left for the benefit of the jackalls, and other beasts of prey. Your memory is soon ob-

littered—your gallant deeds unsung. No pompous gravestone tells how you fought and fell. The name of the action in which you met your doom is scarcely demanded even by your nearest relatives; they are content to know that you were killed somewhere in India. No Peninsular honours, no Waterloo-like medal rewards the hero who is lucky enough to escape from the Eastern wars. The achiever of the most valiant exploits in Asia gains no renown, no fame, for all his journey westward of the Cape of Good Hope; and yet, as I said before, he may have gone through scenes of danger, which even our boldest troops might well shrink from. Of this I will give you a short instance.

The dreadful news arrived in Bombay that a native force, consisting of two battalions of sepoys, had been surprised by a party of Waabees, whom we had hitherto been foolish enough to look upon as allies, and that the attack had been made without the slightest provocation. They had fallen on the unsuspecting troops, and cut them to pieces. Three persons only escaped with life to tell the melancholy tale, and to call for retribution on the treacherous Arabs.

The 65th regiment was ordered on this service of just revenge, with directions to chastise these roving murderers in a manner calculated to dismay the other wandering tribes, and to strike terror into the hearts of the ill-intentioned.

This corps (called in India 'the saucy whites') had seen not a little of eastern warfare. They had formed a part of the force before Booge, had gone through the campaign of Cutch, and even been before up the Gulf of Persia. They were well inured to the climate, and consequently fitted for the service they were now sent upon. The duty, however, was harassing and somewhat alarming, since our spies brought us in the most exaggerated accounts of the numerical force of our enemy. For several days it had been well known that the Waabees were in the neighbourhood; but so stealthy were their movements, so well did they conceal their track, that, though we did all we could to bring them to an engagement, or at least discover their exact position, we invariably found ourselves baffled by our wary foe. The commander of

the expedition found that, unless by stratagem, there was little hope of inducing them to come out from their lurking-places to meet us in fair fight.

It was on the evening of——that it was reported that some Arabs had been seen cautiously quitting a small ruined tower, which stood some three miles distant on the track we were pursuing. Captain——was instantly ordered to march forward with his company, and to take possession of it. They were to scatter themselves so as to appear as far as possible like the remains of a larger force, or distant detachment from the main body. In marching, they were to appear fatigued and worn out, and take forward a few bullocks and stores, so as to impress the enemy with the idea that they were not in communication with the head-quarter force. A rumour was also circulated through the camp, that our object having failed, the main body would commence its march homewards on the morrow, leaving merely the company sent forward to scour the country around for a few days, at the end of which time Captain—— would again join the battalion, and all return together to Bombay.

Very soon after these orders had been given; and the report circulated, two or three of our bullock-drivers deserted. This pleased us much, as we more than guessed that these men had gone off to give information to the enemy.

Captain——marched off with a light heart, and at the head of as valiant a little body as ever volunteered to escalate a breach, or carry a forlorn hope; but, according to orders, no spirit or energy seemed to animate them, as they wearily trudged along. More than once, as they went forward, they could perceive that they were watched, and consequently well knew that the service they were engaged upon was one likely soon to bring affairs to a decisive result. This pleased them not a little; for they were sadly tired of hunting Arabs. On taking possession of the deserted tower, they found the cinders still on fire which had served to cook the victuals of the evening. Several other vestiges strewed about proved that they had evacuated the building in great haste.

Having relieved themselves from all unnecessary equipments,

the men fell in, by order of their commander, who thus addressed them ;

"It is time, my men, that I should explain to you the nature of the service on which we are detached ; for not only will it require all the steadiness that I know you possess, but also a certain share of individual judgment. The Arabs are close to us ; they will probably attack us during the night ; so we must make all fast, and keep a sharp look-out for them. They will perhaps come in great numbers ; so you see, my lads, we must fight like devils, and defend this place for a full hour. At the end of that time, the main body will be up in their rear, and so they 'll be caught between two fires. But, for fear of alarming them, Sir L. S—— dares not to stir an inch till he hears our muskets playing away at them. Now, lads, you know as much as I do, and I have but one recommendation to give you. Examine well your arms, and fire low. It is no ordinary foe we shall have to deal with."

With these cautions he dismissed them, after telling off one fourth of his little force as sentinels to keep a sharp look-out on every side. To be thus cooped up, like a 'decoy-bird in a cage, or a sparrow to attract a hawk, was not pleasant ; but our men were nothing daunted. Indeed, they seemed rather pleased than otherwise at being selected for the dangerous duty. Midnight had passed before the slightest alarm was given by the men on the look-out, when one of our black followers, whose ears are far more acute than those of any European, came down to the officers, who sat dozing in the lower chamber, to inform them that he heard the noise of many persons assembling amongst the jungle, which was distant about half a mile.

In a few minutes our whole force was mustered, and posted in the most advantageous manner, while every eye was strained to catch a sight of the enemy. Being now on our guard, and anxiously listening, we could distinctly hear them spreading themselves out into an enormous semi-circle, intending thus to close us in on all sides. That their numbers must be very considerable we well knew, from the very lengthened

chain or line they were enabled to form. That their ferocity was unequalled, their muscular power great, and that they would extend no quarter to us, we were fully aware. Our only reliance was in the manoeuvre that our commander had determined on performing. The steadiness and discipline of our troops, opposed to the rashness, and want of warlike skill, likely to be exhibited by this barbarian force,—on these hung our sole dependence. On the whole, our feelings were not the most enviable in the world; but, as *thinking* is not the duty of a soldier, we refrained from breathing a single syllable of our thoughts to each other, but remained quietly awaiting the moment when we could act.

By degrees we saw the enemy stealing out of the brush-wood; and approaching our little fortress. They came along stealthily and unevenly. One body of about fifty were far in advance of the rest. As soon as this portion came within reach of our musketry, a sudden volley was poured into them, which was almost instantly followed by a second from the opposite side of the tower, directed against another portion, who had also crept beyond the general line. The effect was like magic. Little aware how prepared we had been to receive them, this sudden, this unexpected attack from a force which they had come forward fully intent on annihilating before they could awake, so astonished, so terrified the Arabs, that, thinking more troops were in the tower than they had seen, they suddenly retreated again into the jungle, uttering cries of savage fear and discontent.

For half an hour we believed they had dispersed; but just as day was breaking they again appeared, and began to surround our place of refuge beyond the reach of our muskets, and in a far more orderly manner. Several torches were now lighted by them, which a body of women kept brandishing about; till, at a preconcerted signal they all simultaneously advanced on us. We clearly read their intention, which was, to burn us in our building. This intent was now obvious from the gestures of the wretches, whose every movement we could now plainly observe. As they came on, men, women, and children, pell-mell, uttering the most horrid

and discordant cries, perfectly naked; armed with swords about five feet long, double-edged, and as sharp and fine as razors, (which they brandished with both hands over their heads,) they kept yelling with savage fury, closing on us more and more. We now fired volley after volley; but though it sometimes seemed to inflict a slight check upon them, yet in another moment the gaps caused by our shot were filled up, and the circle pressed on. They were within two hundred paces of the tower, when the look-out espied our main body, who, aware of the movements of the foe, were counter-manceuvring, by also extending their line, and then moving forward their wings by *échelon*. They had managed, undiscovered by the savage Arabs (who were so intent on their expected victims as not to think of looking behind them,) to enclose them in, and thus hoped to destroy them.

At length the Arabs came close under the walls, and some few attempted to escalate them. We poured on them a most effective volley, which threw those nearest to us into temporary confusion. At this moment a well-directed fire from the troops in their rear mowed down at least three hundred of them. Had the heavens fallen on their shoulders they could not have been more surprised. They turned suddenly round, and met a second discharge, which again did great havoc. The cries of the wounded were now added to the yells of the infuriated and dismayed multitude. Captain———look advantage of their panic, and after giving them one more round from our muskets, suddenly sallied out with fixed bayonets, and attacked them from the other side. Apparently assaulted on all sides, betrayed, outwitted, though they fought with bravery, and even fool-hardiness, Captain———, with his valiant little band, managed to pierce right through them, and join his regiment, amidst the congratulations and admiration of his brother officers. And now began the regular fight, which lasted nearly three hours. Never did man behold a more harrowing sight, or more frequent exhibitions of undaunted courage on both sides. The weapons of the Waabees were most murderous; their extreme length reaching even beyond the guard of a musket. I saw more than once a

male, and on one occasion, a female, actually, though impaled on a soldier's bayonet, cutting away with fiend-like fury at the soldier who had thus transfixed her. The children also were armed with short knives, doing their work of butchery, creeping down, and stabbing the wounded and the unwary. The men, who were of splendid make, and considerable muscle, were, generally speaking, taller than Europeans. Their eyes rolling with rage, their teeth displayed in grinning anger, gave them the appearance of demons. Wounded, and even on the very point of dying, they still kept on hacking at us. There were also a few spearmen. The lieutenant of our grenadiers was singled out by one of these men. At that instant he fortunately stumbled, and, as he did so, the lance passed over his head, and buried itself three inches in the trunk of a tree. The Waabee was instantly cut down by the lieutenant's covering serjeant. His strength must have been prodigious to drive the spear thus deep into the wood. During the action more than one woman was seen flying about, cutting and stabbing, while her new-born infant was strapped over her shoulders. To spare them was impossible. We had to fight to a disadvantage, since regular troops are seldom called thus to dispute hand to hand. But at length we triumphed. The survivors fled; but we were too tired to pursue them, though they retreated in the greatest disorder; nor were we quite sure that we might not fall into some ambush. The bugles announced to us a retrograde movement. We retired half a mile, and despatching an orderly to bring up our provisions and baggage, we quietly bestowed ourselves to rest, only leaving a few sentries in case of the foe re-mustering. This, however, did not happen.

About noon, the hospital-carts having come up, the surgeons, with a detachment of men, went to the late scene of action, to bury the dead, and afford succour to the wounded. In several cases the enemy refused all assistance, and even once or twice attempted to attack the kind-hearted soldiers, who would have helped and cured them. At length the party came to a fine-looking Arab, apparently insensible, but not dead. A bayonet had pierced his chest. The sergeant com-

manding the detachment, one of the best soldiers we had, seeing him thus dying, as he thought, from want of care, went up to him, and, pulling out the little flask of spirits he carried, raised him, and applied it to his lips. The treacherous Arab suddenly drew out from beneath him a sword which he had concealed, and as the English soldier strove to lift him up, with one stroke he severed his head from his body.

To dwell further on this scene I am unwilling. Retaliation is wrong; but alas! it is a feeling inherent in our nature. The fury of the party at seeing their loved brother-soldier thus murdered, was beyond bounds. I have heard (I fear, with truth,) that no wounded men were suffered again to betray us. All that were living of the enemy were instantly dispatched.

It was for this campaign the 65th regiment obtained the honourable distinction of bearing a royal tiger on their accoutrements and banners.

MISCELLANEA.

METAL FORGING AND CUTTING MACHINE.—Although at the late meeting of the British Association in Manchester, there were many very interesting specimens of mechanism exhibited, there was, nevertheless, one in particular, which threw all others completely into the shade, when considered either as to the novelty of the invention, or its evident practical applicability to the every-day concerns of life—and may with truth be said to have been “the lion of the exhibition,”—viz., a machine for the working or forging of iron, steel, &c. This truly surprising machine is quite portable, occupying only a space of 3 feet by 4 feet, and cannot be deemed other, even by the most critical judges, than one as purely original in principle, as well as practical in its application, as much so perhaps as was the splendid invention of the fluted roller of Arkwright, by which the art and perfection of drawing the fibrous substances became known, or that still more splendid discovery

of Watt, the condensing of steam in a separate vessel, by which the power of the steam-engine of that day may be said to have been doubled. But now for some explanation of the machine, and its probable general application. It is, then, as has before been said, very portable, not requiring more space than from three to four feet, and may be worked by steam or water power, and when moved by the former, as was the case at the exhibition, made 650 blows or impressions per minute; but from their very quick succession, and the work being effected by an excentric pressing down, not striking the hammer or swage, not the least noise was heard. There are five or six sets of what may be called anvils and swages in the machine, each varying in size. The speed and correctness with which the machine completes its work, is perfectly astonishing, and must be seen in order that its capabilities in this respect may be duly appreciated; for instance, when it was put into motion for the purpose of producing what is known as a roller, with a coupling square upon it, (and which had to be afterwards turned and fluted,) the thing was accomplished in fifty seconds! of course at one heat, to the astonishment of the bystanders. But what appeared as the most extraordinary part of the affair, was, that the coupling square was produced direct from the machine, so mathematically correct, that no labour can make it more so! The machine will perform the labour of three men and their assistants or strikers, and not only so, but complete its work in a vastly superior manner to that executed by manual labour. For engineers, machine-makers, smiths in general, file-makers, bolt and screw-makers, or for any description of work parallel or taper, it is most specially adapted; and for what is technically known as reducing, it cannot possibly have a successful competitor—in proof of which it may be stated, that a piece of round iron $1\frac{3}{4}$ inch in diameter, was reduced to a square of $\frac{3}{8}$ in., 2 ft. 5 in. long, at one heat. The merit of this invention belongs, it is said, to a gentleman at Bolton, of the name of Ryder.

LIST OF NEW PATENTS.

Charles Frederick Gustard, of Birchm-lane, notary public, for certain improvements in the construction of railways. August 31; six months.

Charles Tatcher, of Midsomer Norton, Somerset, brewer, and Thomas Tatcher, of Kilmersdon, in the said county, builder, for certain improvements in drags or breaks to be applied to the wheels of carriages generally. August 31; six months.

Robert Hazard, of Clifton, near Bristol, for improvements in ventilating carriages and cabins of steam-boats. September 3; six months.

William Roche, of Prince's-end, Stafford, mechanic and engineer, for improvements in the manufacture of mineral colours. September 3; six months.

William Warburton, of Oxford-street, gentleman, for improvements in the construction of carriages and apparatus for retarding the progress of the same. September 8; six months.

John Wordsworth Robson, of Jamaica-terrace, Commercial-road, engineer, for certain improvements in machinery and apparatus for raising, forcing, conveying, and drawing off liquids. September 8; six months.

James Insole, of Birmingham, saddlers' iron-monger, for improvements in the manufacture of brushes. September 8; six months.

Joseph Henry Tuck, of Francis-place, New North road, engineer, for certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for making or manufacturing candles. September 8; six months.

William Edward Newton, of Chancery-lane, civil engineer, for improvements in machinery or apparatus for making or manufacturing screws, screw-blanks, and rivets. September 8; six months.

Herbert George James, of Great Tower-street, merchant, for certain improvements in machines or apparatus for weighing various kinds of articles or goods. September 8; six months.

William Fothergill Cooke, of Copthall-buildings, Esq., for improvements in apparatus for transmitting electricity between distant places, which improvements can be applied, amongst other purposes, to apparatus for giving signals and sounding alarms at distant places by means of electric currents. September 8; six months.

Thomas Thirlwall, of Low Felling, Durham, engine-builder, for certain improvements in lubricating the piston-rods of steam-engines, and of other machinery. September 8; six months.

William Crofts, of New Radford, Nottingham, lace machine-maker, for improvements in the manufacture of figured or ornamental lace. September 8; six months.

Thomas Marsden, of Salford, Lancaster, machine maker, and Solomon Robinson of the same place, flax-dresser, for improvements in machinery for dressing or hackling flax and hemp. September 8; six months.

James Walker, jun., of Goole, York, coal-factor, for certain improvements in propelling vessels. September 9; six months.

John Rolt, of Great Cumberland place, colonel in Her Majesty's army, for certain improvements in saddles. September 15; six months.

Frederick Bowles, of Moorgate-street, London, for a new method by machinery of preparing flour from all kinds of grain and potatoes, for making starch, bread, biscuits, and pastry. September 15; six months.

Christopher Nickels, of York-road, Lambeth, gentleman, and Caleb Bedells, of Leicester, manufacturer, for improvements in fabrics produced by lace machinery. September 15; six months.

William Henry James, of Martin's-lane, London, civil engineer, for certain improvements in railways and carriage-ways, rail-way and other carriages, and in the mode of propelling the said carriages, parts of which improvements are applicable to the reduction of friction in other machines. September 16; six months.

John Sanders, William Williams, Samuel Lawrence Taylor, and William Armstrong, all of Bedford, agricultural implement makers, and Evan William David, of Cardiff, for improvements in machinery for ploughing, harrowing, and raking land, and for cutting food for animals. September 22; six months.

Patrick Stead, of Halesworth, Suffolk, maltster, for improvements in the manufacture of malt. September 22; six months.

John Jukes, of Putney, gentleman, for improvements in furnaces. September 22; six months.

PERMITTED TO BE PRINTED,

St. Petersburg, November 15th, 1842.

P. KORSAKOFF, CENSOR.

Printed at the Office of the *«Journal de St. Pétersbourg.»*

AMERICAN NOTES FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

2 vols. Chapman & Hall. 1842.

(Second Notice.)

The travelling sketches we last week presented to our readers were perhaps less lively than those we are now about to exhibit.

Mr. Dickens describes one of his cross-country journeys as not unlike an ascent to the top of St. Paul's in an omnibus. We must allow him to make good this whimsical assertion, by a sketch on a Virginia road :—

«Soon after nine o'clock we come to Potomac Creek, where we are to land: and then comes the oddest part of the journey. Seven stage-coaches are preparing to carry us on. Some of them are ready, some of them are not ready. Some of the drivers are blacks, some whites. There are four horses to each coach, and all the horses, harnessed or unharnessed, are there. The passengers are getting out of the steam-boat, and into the coaches; the luggage is being transferred in noisy wheelbarrows; the horses are frightened

and impatient to start; the black drivers are chattering to them like so many monkeys; and the white ones whooping like so many drovers: for the main thing to be done in all kinds of hostling here, is to make as much noise as possible. The coaches are something like the French coaches, but not nearly so good. In lieu of springs, they are hung on bands of the strongest leather. There is very little choice or difference between them; and they may be likened to the car portion of the swings at an English fair, roofed, put upon axle-trees and wheels, and curtained with painted canvas. They are covered with mud from the roof to the wheel-tire, and have never been cleaned since they were first built. The tickets we have received on board the steamboat are marked No. 1, so we belong to coach No. 1. I throw my coat on the box, and hoist my wife and her maid into the inside. It has only one step, and that being about a yard from the ground, is usually approached by a chair: when there is no chair, ladies trust in Providence. The coach holds nine inside, having a seat across from door to door, where we in England put our legs; so that there is only one feat more difficult in the performance than getting in, and that is, getting out again. There is only one outside passenger, and he sits upon the box. As I am that one, I climb up; and while they are strapping the luggage on the roof, and heaping it into a kind of tray behind, have a good opportunity of looking at the driver. He is a negro—very black indeed. He is dressed in a coarse pepper-and-salt suit, excessively patched and darned (particularly at the knees), grey stockings, enormous unblackened high-low shoes, and very short trousers. He has two odd gloves: one of party-coloured worsted, and one of leather. He has a very short whip, broken in the middle and bandaged up with string. And yet he wears a low-crowned, broad-brimmed, black hat: faintly shadowing forth a kind of insane imitation of an English coachman! But somebody in authority cries ‘Go ahead!’ as I am making these observations. The mail takes the lead in a four-horse wagon, and all the coaches follow in procession: headed by No. 1. By the way, whenever an Englishman would cry ‘All right!’ an American cries ‘Go ahead!’ which is somewhat expressive of the national character of the two countries. The first half mile of the road is over bridges made of loose planks laid across two parallel poles, which tilt up as the wheels roll over them; and in the river. The river has a clayey bottom and is full of holes, so that half a horse is constantly disappearing unexpectedly and can’t be found again for some time. But we get past even this, and come to the road itself, which is a series of alternate swamps and gravel-pits. A tremendous place is close before us, the black

driver rolls his eyes, screws his mouth up very round, and looks straight between the two leaders, as if he were saying to himself, 'we have done this often before, but now I think we shall have a crash.' He takes a rein in each hand; jerks and pulls at both; and dances on the splashboard with both feet (keeping his seat, of course) like the late lamented Ducrow on two of his fiery cour-sers. We come to the spot, sink down in the mire nearly to the coach windows, tilt on one side at an angle of forty-five degrees, and stick there. The insides scream dismally; the coach stops; the horses flounder; all the other six coaches stop; and their four-and-twenty horses flounder likewise: but merely for company, and in sympathy with ours. Then the following circumstances occur. *Black Driver* (to the horses). 'Hi!'—Nothing happens. Insides scream again.—*Black Driver* (to the horses). 'Ho!'—Horses plunge, and splash the black driver.—*Gentleman Inside* (looking out) 'Why, what on airth—' Gentleman receives a variety of splashes and draws his head in again, without finishing his question or waiting for an answer.—*Black Driver* (still to the horses). 'Jiddy! Jiddy'—Horses pull violently, drag the coach out of the hole, and draw it up a bank; so steep, that the black driver's legs fly up into the air, and he goes back among the luggage on the roof. But he immediately recovers himself, and cries (still to the horses),—'Pill!'—No effect. On the contrary, the coach begins to roll back upon No. 2, which rolls back upon No. 3, which rolls back upon No. 4, and so on, until No. 7 is heard to curse and swear nearly a quarter of a mile behind.—*Black Driver* (louder than before). 'Pill!'—Horses make another struggle to get up the bank, and again the coach rolls backward.—*Black Driver* (louder than before). 'Pe-e-e-ill!'—Horses make a desperate struggle.—*Black Driver* (recovering spirits). 'Hi, Jiddy, Jiddy, Pill!'—Horses make another effort.—*Black Driver* (with great vigour). 'Ally Loo!'—Hi. Jiddy, Jiddy. Pill. Ally Loo!'—Horses almost do it.—*Black Driver* (with his eyes starting out of his head). 'Lee, den. Lee, dere. Hi. Jiddy, Jiddy. Pill. Ally Loo. Lee-e-e-e!'—They run up the bank, and go down again on the other side at a fearful pace. It is impossible to stop them, and at the bottom there is a deep hollow, full of water. The coach rolls frightfully. The insides scream. The mud and water fly about us. The black driver dances like a madman. Suddenly we are all right by some extraordinary means, and stop to breathe.—A black friend of the black driver is sitting on a fence. The black driver recognises him by twirling his head round and round like a harlequin, rolling his eyes, shrugging his shoulders, and grinning from ear to ear. He stops short, turns to me, and says:—'We shall get you through sa, like a fiddle, and

hope a please you when we get you through sa. Old 'ooman at home sir:' chuckling very much. 'Outside gentleman sa, he often remember old 'ooman at home sa,' grinning again.—'Aye, aye, we'll take care of the old woman. Don't be afraid.'—The black driver grins again, but there is another hole, and beyond that, another bank, close before us. So he stops short: cries (to the horses again) 'Easy. Easy den. Ease. Steady. Hi. Jiddy. Pill. Ally. Loo,' but never 'Lee!' until we are reduced to the very last extremity, and are in the midst of difficulties, extrication from which appears to be all but impossible.—And so we do the ten miles or thereabouts in two hours and a half; breaking no bones, though bruising a great many; and in short getting through the distance, 'like a fiddle.'

A travelling companion, picked up on the Harrisburg mail, is not to be overlooked:—

'The coachmen always change with the horses, and are usually as dirty as the coach. The first was dressed like a very shabby English baker; the second like a Russian peasant: for he wore a loose purple camlet robe with a fur collar, tied round his waist with a parti-coloured worsted sash; grey trousers; light blue gloves; and a cap of bearskin. It had by this time come on to rain very heavily, and there was a cold damp mist besides, which penetrated to the skin. I was very glad to take advantage of a stoppage and get down to stretch my legs, shake the water off my great-coat, and swallow the usual antitemperance recipe for keeping out the cold. When I mounted to my seat again, I observed a new parcel lying on the coach roof, which I took to be a rather large fiddle in a brown bag. In the course of a few miles, however, I discovered that it had a glazed cap at the end and a pair of muddy shoes at the other; and further observation demonstrated it to be a small boy in a snuff-coloured coat, with his arms quite pinioned to his sides by deep forcing into his pockets. He was, I presume, a relative or friend of the coachman's as he lay a-top of the luggage with his face towards the rain; and except when a change of position brought his shoes in contact with my hat, he appeared to be asleep. At last, on some occasion of our stopping, this thing slowly upreared itself to the height of three feet six, and fixing its eyes on me, observed in piping accents, with a complacent yawn half quenched in an obliging air of friendly patronage, 'Well now, stranger, I guess you find this a'most like an English artemoon, hey!'

A Pittsburgh canal-boat proved a vehicle little more luxurious than the '*Pill* and *Jiddy*' vehicle, or the Harrisburgh mail. This, however, was in part owing to imperfect notions

of accommodation entertained by travelling Americans. « Boz » was put to bed on a book-shelf,—his berth being « just the width of an ordinary sheet of Bath post paper. » In the morning he was annoyed by other peculiarities, more primitive than pleasant.

« There was a tin ladle chained to the deck, with which every gentleman who thought it necessary to cleanse himself (some were superior to this weakness), fished the dirty water out of the canal, and poured it into a tin basin, secured in like manner. There was also a jack-towel. And, hanging up before a little looking-glass in the bar, in the immediate vicinity of the bread and cheese and biscuits, were a public comb and hair-brush. At eight o'clock, the shelves being taken down and put away and the tables joined together, everybody sat down to the tea, coffee, bread, butter, salmon, shad, liver, steak, potatoes, pickles, ham, chops, black-puddings, and sausages, all over again. Some were fond of compounding this variety, and having it all on their plates at once. As each gentleman got through his own personal amount of tea, coffee, bread, butter, salmon, shad, liver, steak, potatoes, pickles, ham, chops, black-puddings, and sausages, he rose up and walked off. When everybody had done with everything, the fragments were cleared away: and one of the waiters appearing anew in the character of a barber, shaved such of the company as desired to be shaved; while the remainder looked on or yawned over their newspapers. Dinner was breakfast again, without the tea and coffee; and supper and breakfast were identical. There was a man on board this boat, with a light fresh-coloured face, and a pepper-and-salt suit of clothes, who was the most inquisitive fellow that can possibly be imagined. He never spoke otherwise than interrogatively. He was an embodied inquiry. Sitting down or standing up, still or moving, walking the deck or taking his meals, there he was, with a great note of interrogation in each eye, two in his cocked ears, two more in his turned-up nose and chin, at least half a dozen more about the corners of his mouth, and the largest one of all in his hair, which was brushed pertly off his forehead in a flaxen clump. Every button in his clothes said, 'Eh? What's that? Did you speak? Say that again, will you?' He was always wide awake, like the enchanted bride who drove her husband frantic; always restless; always thirsting for answers; perpetually seeking and never finding. There never was such a curious man. I wore a fur great-coat at that time, and before we were well clear of the wharf, he questioned me concerning it, and its price, and where I bought it, and when, and

what fur it was, and what it weighed, and what it cost. Then he took notice of my watch, and asked what *that* cost, and whether it was a French watch, and where I got it, and how I got it, and whether I bought it or had it given me, and how it went, and where the keyhole was, and when I wound it, every night or every morning, and whether I ever forgot to wind it at all, and if I did, what then? Where had I been to last, and where was I going next, and where was I going after that, and had I seen the President, and what did he say, and what did I say, and what did he say when I had said that? Eh? Lor now! do tell!

These meals proved but funeral feasts to one of our author's sociable disposition. Mr. Dickens does not complain so loudly as some of his predecessors of the rapidity with which the food of America is dispatched, but the want of mirth at the banquet touched him home; and he lays against his companions the general charge of behaving as if every man's conscience was burdened by some horrible secret. A few humorous figures and dialogues, however, came before him; and here, by the way, we may observe, that no traveller within our remembrance has kept himself so scrupulously clear of personalities or «pencilling» as our author. The originals we find in his pages were casually encountered, and, therefore, fair game. The first was met with on board the canal-boat aforesaid—

«A thin-faced, spare-figured man of middle age and stature, dressed in a dusty drabbish-coloured suit, such as I never saw before. He was perfectly quiet during the first part of the journey: indeed I don't remember having so much as seen him until he was brought out by circumstances, as great men often are. The canal extends to the foot of the mountain, and there, of course, it stops; the passengers being conveyed across it by land carriage, and taken on afterwards by another canal-boat, the counterpart of the first, which awaits them on the other side. There are two canal lines of passage boat; one is called The Express, and one (a cheaper one) The Pioneer. The Pioneer gets first to the mountain, and waits for The Express people to come up; both sets of passengers being conveyed across it at the same time. We were the Express company; but when we had crossed the mountain, and had come to the second boat, the proprietors took it into their heads to draft all the Pioneers into it likewise, so that we were five-and-forty at least, and the accession of passengers was not all of that kind which improved

the prospect of sleeping at night. Our people grumbled at this, as people do in such cases; but suffered the boat to be towed off with the whole freight aboard nevertheless; and away we went down the canal. At home I should have protested lustily, but being a foreigner here, I held my peace. Not so this passenger. He cleft a path among the people on deck (we were nearly all on deck), and without addressing anybody whomsoever, soliloquised as follows:—
‘This may suit *you*, this may, but it don’t suit *me*. This may be all very well with Down Easters and men of Boston raising, but it won’t suit my figure no how; and no two ways about *that*; and so I tell you. Now! I’m from the brown forests of the Mississippi, I am, and when the sun shines on me, it does shine—a little. It don’t glimmer where I live, the sun don’t. No. I’m a brown forester, I am. I an’t a Johnny Cake. There are no smooth skins where I live. We’re rough men there. Rather. If Down Easters and men of Boston raising like this, I am glad of it, but I’m none of that raising nor of that breed. No. This company wants a little fixing, *it* does. I’m the wrong sort of man for ‘em, I am. They won’t like me, *they* won’t. This is piling of it up, a little too mountainous, this is.’ At the end of every one of these short sentences he turned upon his heel, and walked the other way; checking himself abruptly when he had finished another short sentence, and turning back again. It is impossible for me to say what terrific meaning was hidden in the words of this brown forester, but I know that the other passengers looked on in a sort of admiring horror, and that presently the boat was put back to the wharf, and as many of the Pioneers as could be coaxed or bullied into going away, were got rid of. When we started again, some of the boldest spirits on board, made bold to say to the obvious occasion of this improvement in our prospects, ‘Much obliged to you, sir:’ whereunto the brown forester, (waving his hand, and still walking up and down as before), replied, ‘No you an’t. You’re none o’ my raising. You may act for yourselves, *you* may. I have pinte^d out the way. Down Easters and Johnny Cakes can follow if they please. I an’t a Johnny Cake, I an’t. I am from the brown forests of the Mississippi, I am’—and so on, as before. He was unanimously voted one of the tables for his bed at night—there is a great contest for the tables—in consideration of his public services: and he had the warmest corner by the stove throughout the rest of the journey. But I never could find out that he did anything except sit there; nor did I hear him speak again until, in the midst of the bustle and turmoil of getting the luggage ashore in the dark at Pittsburg, I stumbled over him as he sat smoking a cigar on the cabin steps, and heard him

muttering to himself, with a short laugh of defiance, 'I an't a Johnny Cake, I an't. I'm from the brown forests of the Mississippi. I am, damme!' I am inclined to argue from this, that he had never left off saying so."

A new aspect is given to the river scenery of the United States, and with so much graphic power, as to attest the truth of the picture. Here is an evening scene, taken a little short of Cincinnati:—

"Evening slowly steals upon the landscape, and changes it before me, when we stop to set some emigrants ashore. Five men, as many women, and a little girl. All their worldly goods are a bag, a large chest, and an old chair: one, old, high-backed, rush-bottomed chair: a solitary settler in itself. They are rowed ashore in the boat, while the vessel stands a little off, awaiting its return, the water being shallow. They are landed at the foot of a high bank, on the summit of which are a few log cabins, attainable only by a long winding path. It is growing dusk; but the sun is very red, and shines in the water and on some of the tree-tops, like fire. The men get out of the boat first; help out the women; take out the bag, the chest, the chair; bid the rowers 'good bye;' and shove the boat off for them. At the first splash of the oars in the water, the oldest woman of the party sits down in the old chair, close to the water's edge, without speaking a word. None of the others sit down, though the chest is large enough for many seats. They all stand where they landed, as if stricken into stone; and look after the boat. So they remain, quite still and silent: the old woman and her old chair in the centre; the bag and chest upon the shore, without anybody heeding them: all eyes fixed upon the boat. It comes alongside, is made fast, the men jump on board, the engine is put in motion, and we go hoarsely on again. There they stand yet, without the motion of a hand. I can see them, through my glass, when, in the distance and increasing darkness, they are mere specks to the eye: lingering there still: the old woman in the old chair, and all the rest about her: not stirring in the least degree. And thus I slowly lose them. The night is dark, and we proceed within the shadow of the wooded bank, which makes it darker. After gliding past the sombre maze of boughs for a long time, we come upon an open space where the tall trees are burning. The shape of every branch and twig is expressed in a deep red glow and as the light wind stirs and ruffles it, they seem to vegetate in fire. It is such a sight as we read of in legends of enchanted forests; saving that it is sad to see these noble works wasting away so awfully, alone; and

to think how many years must come and go before the magic that created them will rear their like upon this ground again."

The Father of Waters (or Mississippi) will not thank Mr. Dickens for the following striking but repulsive portraiture:—

"But what words shall describe the Mississippi, great father of rivers, who (praise be to Heaven) has no young children like him! An enormous ditch, sometimes two or three miles wide, running liquid mud, six miles an hour: its strong and frothy current choked and obstructed everywhere by huge logs and whole forest trees: now twining themselves together in great rafts, from the interstices of which a sedgey lazy foam works up, to float upon the water's top; now rolling past like monstrous bodies, their tangled roots showing like matted hair; now glancing singly by like giant leeches; and now writhing round and round in the vortex of some small whirlpool, like wounded snakes. The banks low, the trees dwarfish, the marshes swarming with frogs, the wretched cabins few and far apart, their inmates hollow-cheeked and pale, the weather very hot, mosquitoes penetrating into every crack and crevice of the boat, mud and slime on everything: nothing pleasant in its aspect, but the harmless lightning which flickers every night upon the dark horizon. For two days we toiled up this foul stream, striking constantly against the floating timber, or stopping to avoid those more dangerous obstacles, the snags, or sawyers, which are the hidden trunks of trees that have their roots below the tide. When the nights are very dark, the lookout, stationed in the head of the boat, knows by the ripple of the water if any great impediment be near at hand, and rings a bell beside him, which is the signal for the engine to be stopped: but always in the night this bell has work to do, and after every ring, there comes a blow which renders it no easy matter to remain in bed. The decline of day here was very gorgeous; tinging the firmament deeply with red and gold, up to the very keystone of the arch above us. As the sun went down behind the bank, the slightest blades of grass upon it seemed to become as distinctly visible as the arteries in the skeleton of a leaf; and when, as it slowly sank, the red and golden bars upon the water grew dimmer, and dimmer yet, as if they were sinking too; and all the glowing colours of departing day paled, inch by inch, before the sombre night; the scene became a thousand times more lonesome and more dreary than before, and all its influences darkened with the sky. We drank the muddy water of this river while we were upon it. It is considered wholesome by the natives, and is something more opaque than gruel. I have seen water like this at the Filter-shops, but nowhere else."

We must refer the reader to the book for portraits of Pitchlynn, the Choctaw chief, and the Kentucky giant, (both subjects for Mistress Jarley). The following is a homelier and commoner figure, but drawn with too much heart to be passed over: —

There was a little woman on board, with a little baby; and both little woman and little child were cheerful, good-looking, bright-eyed, and fair to see. The little woman had been passing a long time with her sick mother in New York, and had left her home in St. Louis, in that condition in which ladies who truly love their lords desire to be. The baby was born in her mother's house; and she had not seen her husband (to whom she was now returning), for twelve months: having left him a month or two after their marriage. Well, to be sure there never was a little woman so full of hope, and tenderness, and love, and anxiety, as this little woman was: and all day long she wondered whether 'He' would be at the wharf; and whether 'He' had got her letter; and whether, if she sent the baby ashore by some-body else, 'He' would know it, meeting it in the street: which, seeing that he had never set eyes upon it in his life, was not very likely in the abstract, but was probable enough to the young mother. She was such an artless little creature; and was in such a sunny, beaming, hopeful state; and let out all this matter, clinging close about her heart, so freely, that all the other lady passengers entered into the spirit of it as much as she; and the captain (who heard all about it from his wife,) was wondrously, I promise you: inquiring every time we met at table, as if in forgetfulness, whether she expected anybody to meet her at St. Louis, and whether she would want to go ashore the night we reached it (but he supposed she wouldn't), and cutting many other dry jokes of that nature. There was one little weazen, dried-apple-faced old woman, who took occasion to doubt the constancy of husbands in such circumstances of bereavement; and there was another lady (with a lap-dog) old enough to moralize on the lightness of human affections, and yet not so old that she could help nursing the baby, now and then, or laughing with the rest, when the little woman called it by its father's name, and asked it all manner of fantastic questions concerning him in the joy of her heart. It was something of a blow to the little woman, that when we were within twenty miles of our destination, it became clearly necessary to put this baby to bed. But she got over it with the same good humour; tied a handkerchief round her head; and came out into the little gallery with the rest. Then, such an oracle as she be-

came in reference to the localities! and such facetiousness as was displayed by the married ladies! and such sympathy as was shown by the single ones! and such peals of laughter as the little woman herself (who would just as soon have cried) greeted every jest with! At last, there were the lights of St. Louis, and here was the wharf! and those were the steps: and the little woman covering her face with her hands, and laughing (or seeming to laugh) more than ever, ran into her own cabin, and shut herself up. I have no doubt that in the charming inconsistency of such excitement, she stopped her ears, lest she should hear 'Him' asking for her: but I did not see her do it. Then, a great crowd of people rushed on board, though the boat was not yet made fast, but was wandering about, among the other boats, to find a landing-place: and everybody looked for the husband: and nobody saw him: when, in the midst of us all—Heaven knows how she ever got there—there was the little woman clinging with both arms tight round the neck of a fine, good-looking, sturdy young fellow! and in a moment afterwards, there she was again, actually clapping her little hands for joy, as she dragged him through the small door of her small cabin, to look at the baby as he lay asleep!

Of course, among the sights of America, the Prairie was not to be neglected; and accordingly Mr. Dickens started from St. Louis in search of the Looking-glass Prairie, thirty miles from that city. The chapter describing this jaunt is one of the pleasantest in the book; and the hotel at Belleville and its inmate the pleasantest page thereof. The hotel had a large dining room—

«An odd, shambling, low-roofed out-house, half cow-shed and half kitchen, with a coarse brown canvas table-cloth, and tin sconces stuck against the walls, to hold candles at supper-time. The horseman had gone forward to have coffee and some eatables prepared, and they were by this time nearly ready. He had ordered 'wheat-bread and chicken fixings' in preference to 'corn-bread and common doings.' The latter kind of refection includes only pork and bacon. The former comprehends broiled ham, sausages, veal cutlets, steaks, and such other viands of that nature as may be supposed, by a tolerably wide poetical construction, to 'fix' a chicken comfortably in the digestive organs of any lady or gentleman. On one of the door-posts at this inn, was a tin plate, whereon was inscribed in characters of gold 'Doctor Crocus:' and on a sheet of paper, pasted up by the side of this plate, was a written announcement that Dr. Crocus would that evening deliver a lecture on Phrenology for the benefit

of the Belleville public; at a charge, for admission, of so much a head. Straying up stairs, during the preparation of the chicken-fixings, I happened to pass the Doctor's chamber; and as the door stood wide open, and the room was empty, I made bold to peep in. It was a bare, unfurnished, comfortless room, with an unframed portrait hanging up at the head of the bed; a likeness I take it, of the Doctor, for the forehead was fully displayed, and great stress was laid by the artist upon its phrenological developements. The bed itself was covered with an old patchwork counterpane. The room was destitute of carpet or of curtain. There was a damp fire-place without any stove, full of wood ashes; a chair, and a very small table; and on the last-named piece of furniture was displayed, in grand array, the Doctor's library, consisting of some half-dozen greasy old books. Now, it certainly looked about the last apartment on the whole earth out of which any man would be likely to get anything to do him good. But the door, as I have said, stood coaxingly open, and plainly said in conjunction with the chair, the portrait, the table, and the books, 'Walk in, gentlemen, walk in! Don't be ill, gentlemen, when you may be well in no time. Doctor Crocus is here, gentlemen, the celebrated Doctor Crocus! Dr. Crocus has come all this way to cure you, gentlemen. If you haven't heard of Doctor Crocus, it's your fault, gentlemen, who live a little way out of the world here; not Doctor Crocus's. Walk in, gentlemen, walk in!' In the passage below, when I went down stairs again, was Doctor Crocus himself. A crowd had flocked in from the Court House, and a voice from among them called out to the laudlord, 'Colonel! introduce Doctor Crocus.' 'Mr. Dickens,' says the colonel, 'Doctor Crocus.' Upon which Doctor Crocus, who is a tall, fine-looking Scotchman, but rather fierce and warlike in appearance for a professor of the peaceful art of healing, bursts out of the concourse with his right arm extended, and his chest thrown out as far as it will possibly come, and says:—'Your countryman, sir!' Whereupon Doctor Crocus and I shake hands; and Doctor Crocus looks as if I didn't by any means realize his expectations, which, in a linen blouse, and a great straw hat with a green ribbon, and no gloves, and my face and nose profusely ornamented with the stings of mosquitoes and the bites of bugs, it is very likely I did not. 'Long in these parts, sir?' say I. 'Three or four months, sir,' says the Doctor. 'Do you think of soon returning to the old country, sir?' says I. Doctor Crocus makes no verbal answer, but gives me an imploring look, which says so plainly, 'Will you ask me that again, a little louder, if you please?' that I repeat the question. 'Think of soon returning to the old country, sir,' I

rejoin. Doctor Crocus looks round upon the crowd to observe the effect he produces, rubs his hands, and says, in a very loud voice: — 'Not yet awhile, sir, not yet. I am a little too fond of freedom for *that*, sir. Ha ha! It's not so easy for a man to tear himself from a free country such as this is, sir. Ha ha! No no! Ha ha! None of that, till one's obliged to do it, sir. No, no!' As Dr. Crocus says these latter words, he shakes his head, knowingly, and laughs again. Many of the by-standers shake their heads in concert with the Doctor, and laugh too, and look at each other as much as to say, 'A pretty bright and first-rate sort of chap is Crocus!' and unless I am very much mistaken, a good many people went to the lecture that night, who never thought about phrenology, or about Dr. Crocus either, in all their lives before.

But perhaps the most popular passage will be the following dialogue, reported as having taken place on the road to Columbus. It is well nigh as simple in its materials as Rousseau's far-famed melody on three notes; and yet, for the felicity of its effect, well deserves to be included in the appendix to any new edition of 'The Art of Conversation.'

'The time is one o'clock at noon. The scene, a place where we are to stay to dine, on this journey. The coach drives up to the door of an inn. The day is warm, and there are several idlers lingering about the tavern, and waiting for the public dinner. Among them is a stout gentleman in a brown hat, swinging himself to and fro in a rocking-chair on the pavement. As the coach stops, a gentleman in a straw hat looks out of the window.—*Straw Hat*. (To the stout gentleman in the rocking-chair). I reckon that's Judge Jefferson, ant it?—*Brown Hat*. (Still swinging; speaking very slowly; and without any emotion whatever). Yes, sir.—*Straw Hat*. Warm weather, Judge.—*Brown Hat*. Yes, sir.—*Straw Hat*. There was a snap of cold, last week.—*Brown Hat*. Yes, sir.—*Straw Hat*. Yes, sir.—A pause. They look at each other very seriously.—*Straw Hat*. I calculate you'll have got through that case of the corporation, judge, by this time, now?—*Brown Hat*. Yes, sir.—*Straw Hat*. How did the verdict go, sir?—*Brown Hat*. For the defendant, sir.—*Straw Hat*. (Interrogatively) Yes, sir?—*Brown Hat*. (Affirmatively). Yes, sir.—*Both*. (Musingly, as each gazes down the street). Yes, sir.—Another pause. They look at each other again, still more seriously than before.—*Brown Hat*. This coach is rather behind its time to-day, I guess.—*Straw Hat*. (Doubtingly). Yes, sir.—*Brown Hat*. (Looking at his watch). Yes, sir; nigh upon two hours.—*Straw Hat*. (Raising his eyebrows in very great surprise). Yes,

sir!—*Brown Hat*. (Decisively, as he puts up his watch). Yes, sir. *All the other Inside Passengers*. (among themselves). Yes, sir.—*Coachman* (in a very surly tone). No 'it a'nt.—*Straw Hat*. (to the coachman). Well, I don't know, sir. We were a pretty tall time coming that last fifteen mile. That's a fact—The coachman, making no reply, and plainly declining to enter into any controversy on a subject so far removed from his sympathies and feelings, another passenger says 'Yes, sir;' and the gentleman in the straw hat in acknowledgement of his courtesy, says 'Yes, sir,' to him in return. The straw hat then inquires of the brown hat, whether that coach in which he (the straw hat) then sits, is not a new one? To which the brown hat again makes answer, 'Yes, sir.'—*Straw Hat*. I thought so. Pretty loud smell of varnish, sir?—*Brown Hat*. Yes, sir.—*All the other inside Passengers*. Yes, sir.—*Brown Hat* (to the company in general). Yes, sir.—The conversational powers of the company having been by this time pretty heavily taxed, the straw hat opens the door and gets out; and all the rest alight also.

We are now on the way to Niagara; but shall not pause there. Vivid and overpowering as must be the impressions of that stupendous scene, and honest as Mr. Dickens doubtless is in reporting them, the result is more like fine writing than any other portion of the tour. It is now high time that we should hand the book over to the reader; there remains untouched, for his amusement, a run through Canada—a peep at the Shakers of Lebanon, not including their worship, which is no longer exhibited to curious travellers—a chapter on Slavery, powerfully written, and weighted with illustrations derived *verbatim* from the American newspapers; and general remarks on society and opinion; with an indignant protest against the personalities of the American press. The last, we opine, will be more offensive to our Transatlantic cousins, than any previous charge brought against their institutions or social habits, by traveller gentle or simple.

FITZ-BOODLE'S CONFESSIONS.

MISS LÖWE.

It has twice been my lot to leave Minna Löwe under the vine-leaves; on one occasion to break off into a dissertation about marriage, and, secondly, Minna was obliged to give place to that great essay on professions, and which enables me, as the *Kelso Warder* observes, "to take my place among the proudest and wisest of England's literary men." This praise is, to be sure, rather qualified; and I beg leave to say once more that I am *not* a literary character in the least, but simply a younger brother of a good house wanting money.

Well, twice has Minna Löwe been left. I was very nearly being off from her in the above sentence, but luckily paused in time; for if any thing were to occur in this paragraph, calling me away from her yet a third time, I should think it a solemn warning to discontinue her history, which is, I confess, neither very romantic in its details, nor very creditable to myself.

Let us take her where we left her gazing through a sunny cluster of vine-leaves upon a young and handsome stranger, of noble face and exquisite proportions, who was trying to find the door of her father's bank. That entrance being through her amiable directions discovered, I entered and found Messrs. Löwe in the counting-house. That I was cheated in

my little matter of exchange stands to reason. A banker (or such as I have had the honour to know) cannot forego the privilege of cheating; no, if it be but for a shilling. What do I say,—a shilling?—a penny! He will cheat you, in the first place, in the exchanging your note; he will then cheat you in giving gold for your silver; and, though very likely he will invite you to a splendid repast afterwards that shall have cost him a score of thalers to procure, he will have had the satisfaction of robbing you of your *groschen*, as no doubt he would rob his own father or son.

Herr Löwe Senior must have been a very sharp man of business, indeed, to rob Herr Löwe junior or *vice versa*. The poor fellows are both in prison for a matter of forgery, as I heard last year when passing through Bonn; and I confess it was not without a little palpitation of the heart (it is a sausage-merchant's now) that I went and took one look at the house where I had first beheld the bright eyes of Minna Löwe.

For let them say as they will, that woman whom a man has once loved *cannot* be the same to him as another. Whenever one of my passions comes into a room, my cheeks flush,—my knees tremble,—I look at her with pleased tenderness and (for the objects of my adoration do not once in forty times know their good fortune) with melancholy secret wonder. There they are, the same women, and yet not the same; it is the same nose and eyes, if you will, but not the same looks; the same voice, but not the same sweet words as of old. The figure moves, and looks, and talks to you; you know how dear and how different its speech and actions once were; 'tis the hall with all the lights put out and the garlands dead (as I have said in one of my poems). Did you ever have a pocket-book, that once contained five thousand pounds? Did you ever look at that pocket-book with the money lying in it? Do you remember how you respected and admired that pocket-book, investing it with a secret awe, imagining it had a superiority to other pocket-books? I have such a pocket-book; I keep it now, and often look at it ra-

ther tenderly. It cannot be as other portfolios to me. I remember that it once held five thousand pounds.

Thus it is with love. I have empty pocket-books scattered all over Europe of this kind; and I always go and look at them just for a moment, and the spirit flies back to days gone by, kind eyes look at me as of yore, and echoes of old gentle voices fall tenderly upon the ear. Away! to the true heart the past *never* is past; and some day when Death has cleared our dull faculties, and past and future shall be rolled into one, we shall * * *

Well, you were quite right, my good sir, to interrupt me, I can't help it, I am too apt to grow sentimental, and always on the most absurd pretexts. I never know when the fit will come on me, or *à propos* of what. I never was so jolly in my whole life as one day coming home from a funeral; and once went to a masked ball at Paris, the gaiety of which made me so profoundly miserable, that, egad! I wept like Xerxes (wasn't that the fellow's name?), and was sick—sick at heart. This premised, permit me, my friend, to indulge in sentiment *à propos* of Minna Löwe; for, *córbbleu!* for three weeks, at least, I adored the wench; and could give any person curious that way, a complete psychological history of the passion's rise, progress, and decay;—decay, indeed, why do I say decay? A man does not «decay» when he tumbles down a well, he drowns there; so is love choked sometimes by abrupt conclusions, falls down wells, and, oh, the dismal truth at the bottom of them!

«If, my lord,» said Herr Löwe, counting out the gold fredericks to me, «you intend to stay in our town, I hope my daughter and I shall have sometimes de pleasure of your high vell-born socity?»

«The town is a most delightful one, Mr. Löwe,» answered I. «I am myself an Oxford man, and exceedingly interested about—ahem about the Byzantine historians, of which I see the university is producing an edition; and I shall make, I think, a considerable stay.» Heaven bless us! 'twas Miss Minna's eyes that had done the business. But for them I should have slept at Coblentz that very night; where, by the

way the Hôtel de la Poste is one of the very best inns in Europe.

A friend had accompanied me to Bonn,—a jolly dragoon, who was quite versed in the German language, having spent some time in the Austrian service before he joined us ; or in the « Awthwian thervith, » as he would call it, with a double-distilled gentility of accent, very difficult to be acquired out of Regent Street. We had quarrelled already thrice on the passage from England—viz. at Rotterdam, at Cologne, and once here ; so that when he said he intended to go to Mayence, I at once proclaimed that I intended to stay where I was ; and with Miss Minna Löwe's image in my heart, went out and selected lodgings for myself as near as possible to her father's house. Wilder said I might go to — any place I liked ; he remained in his quarters at the hotel, as I found a couple of days afterwards, when I saw the fellow smoking at the gateway in the company of a score of Prussian officers, with whom he had made acquaintance.

I, for my part, have never been famous for that habit of extemporaneous friendship-making, which some lucky fellows possess. Like most of my countrymen, when I enter a room I always take care to look about with an air as if I heartily despised every one, and wanted to know what the d—l they did there ! Among foreigners I feel this especially ; for the truth is, right or wrong, I can't help despising the rogues, and feeling manifestly my own superiority. In consequence of this amiable quality, then (in this particular instance of my life), I gave up the *table d'hôte* dinner at the Star as something low and ungentlemanlike, made a point of staring and not answering when people spoke to me, and thus I have no doubt impressed all the world with a sense of my dignity. Instead of dining at the public place, then, I took my repasts alone ; though, as Wilder said with some justice, though with a good deal too much *laissez-aller* of tongue, « You gweat fool, if it'th only becauth you want to be thilent, why don't you thtill dine with uth ? You'll get a wegular good dinner intbtead of a bad one ; and ath for *thpeaking* to you,

depend on it every man in the room will thee yod hanged futht ! »

« Pray allow me to dine in my own way, Wilder, » says I, in the most dignified way.

« Dine and be d—d ! » said the lieutenant, and so I lived solitary and had my own way.

I proposed to take some German lessons ; and for this purpose asked the banker, Mr. Löwe, to introduce me to a master. He procured one, and further, had the kindness to say that his clerk, Mr. Hirsch, should come and sit with me every morning and perfect me in the tongue ; so that, with the master, I had and the society I kept, I might look to acquire a very decent German pronunciation.

This Hirsch was a little Albino of a creature with pinkish eyes, white hair, flame-coloured whiskers, and earrings. His eyes jutted out enormously from his countenance, as did his two large swollen red lips. He was always, after a short time, in and out of my apartments. He brought a dozen messages and ran as many errands for me in the course of the day. My way of addressing him was, « Hirsch, you scoundrel, get my boots ! » « Hirsch, brush my coat for me ! » « Run, you stag, and put this letter in the post ! » and with many similar compliments. The little rascal was, to do him justice, as willing as possible, never minded by what name I called him, and, above all,—came from Minna. He was not the rose ; no, indeed, nor anything like it ; but, as the poet says, « he had lived beside it ; » and was there in all Sharon such a rose as Minna Löwe ?

If I did not write with a moral purpose, and because my unfortunate example may act wholesomely upon other young men of fashion, and induce them to learn wisdom, I should not say a single syllable about Minna Löwe, nor all the blunders I committed, nor the humiliation I suffered. There is about a young Englishman of twenty a degree of easy self-confidence, hardly possessed even by a Frenchman. The latter swaggers and bullies about his superiority, taking all opportunities to shriek it into your ears, and to proclaim the infinite merits of himself and his nation ; but, upon my word,

a progress have you made in German! You speak it like a native!"

But somehow I preferred to continue the conversation in French; and it was made up, as I am bound to say, of remarks equally brilliant and appropriate with that one above given. When old Löwe came in I was winding a skein of silk, seated in an enticing attitude, gazing with all my soul at Delilah, who held down her beautiful eyes.

That day they did not sell me any bargains at all; and the next found me, you may be very sure, in the same parlour again, where, in his *Schlafrock*, the old gentleman was smoking his pipe.

"Get away, papa," said Minna, "English lords can't bear smoke. I'm sure Herr George dislikes it."

"Indeed, I smoke occasionally myself," answered your humble servant.

"Get his lordship a pipe, Minna, my soul's darling!" exclaimed the banker.

"O yes! the beautiful long Turkish one," cried Minna, springing up, and presently returned, bearing a long cherry-stick covered with a scarlet and gold cloth, at one end an enamelled amber mouth-piece, a gilded pipe at the other. In she came dancing, wand in hand, and looking like a fairy!

"Stop!" she said; "I must light it for Herr George." (By Jupiter! there was a way that girl had of pronouncing my name, "George," which I never heard equalled before or since.) And accordingly, bidding her sister get fire, she put herself in the prettiest attitude ever seen: with one little foot put forward, and her head thrown back, and a little hand holding the pipe-stick between finger and thumb, and a pair of red lips kissing the amber mouth-piece with the sweetest smile ever mortal saw. Her sister, giggling, lighted the tobacco, and presently you saw issuing from between those beautiful, smiling, red lips of Minna's a little curling, graceful, white smoke, which rose soaring up to the ceiling. I swear, I felt quite faint with the fragrance of it.

When the pipe was lighted, she brought it to me with quite as pretty an attitude and a glance that—Psha! I gave

old Löwe fourteen pounds sterling for that pipe that very evening; and as for the mouthpiece, I would not part with it away from me, but I wrapped it up in a glove that I took from the table, and put both into my breast-pocket; and next morning, when Charley Wilder burst suddenly into my room, he found me sitting up in bed in a green silk night-cap, a little apricot-coloured glove lying on the counterpane before me, your humble servant employed in mumbling the mouth piece as if it were a bit of barley-sugar.

He stopped, stared, burst into a shriek of laughter, and made a rush at the glove on the counterpane; but, in a fury, I sent a large single-volumed Tom Moore (I am not a poetical man, but I must confess I was reading some passages in *Lalla Rookh* that I found applicable to my situation)—I sent, I say, a Tom Moore at his head, which, luckily, missed him; and to which he responded by seizing a bolster and thumping me outrageously. It was lucky that he was a good-natured fellow, and had only resorted to that harmless weapon, for I was in such a fury that I certainly would have murdered him at the least insult,

I did not murder him then; but if he peached a single word upon the subject, I swore I would, and Wilder knew I was a man of my word. He was not unaware of my *tendre* for Minna Löwe, and was for passing some of his delicate light-dragon jokes upon it and her; but these, too, I sternly cut short.

“Why, cuth me, if I don’t think you want to mawwy her!” blurted out Wilder.

“Well, sir,” I said, “and suppose I do?”

“What! mawwy the daughter of that thwindling old merchant? I tell you what, Fitth-Boodle; they alwayth thaid you were mad in the weg’ment, and, run me thwough, if I don’t think you are.”

“The man,” says I, “sir, who would address Mademoiselle Löwe in any but an honourable way is a scoundrel; and the man who says a word against her character is a liar!”

After a little further parley (which Wilder would not have continued but that he wanted to borrow money of me), that

gentleman retired, declaring that *«I wath ath thulky ath a bear with a thaw head,»* and left me to my apricot-coloured glove and my amber mouth-piece.

Wilder's assertion that I was going to act up to opinions which I had always professed, and to marry Minna Löwe, certainly astounded me, and gave me occasion for thought: Marry the daughter of a German banker! I, George Fitz-Boodle! That would never do; not unless she had a million to her fortune, at least, and it was not probable that a humble dealer at Bonn could give her so much. But, marry her or not, I could not refrain from the sweet pleasure of falling in love with her, and shut my eyes to the morrow that I might properly enjoy the day. Shortly after Wilder's departure, little Hirsch paid his almost daily visit to me. I determined—and wondered that I had never thought of the scheme before—sagely to sound him regarding Minna's fortune, and to make use of him as my letter and message-carrier.

«Ah, Hirsch!» says I *«you have brought me the pipe-stick, have you?»*

«Yes, my lord, and seven pounds of the tobacco you said you liked, 'Tis real Syrian, and a great bargain you get it, I promise.»

«Egad!» replied I, affecting an air of much careless ingenuousness. *«Do you know, Hirsch, my boy, that the youngest of the Miss Löwes—Miss Anna, I think you call her——»*

«Minna,» said Hirsch, with a grin.

«Well, Minna—Minna, Hirsch, is a devilish fine girl; upon my soul now, she is.»

«Do you really think so?» says Hirsch.

«'Pon my honour, I do. And yesterday, when she was lighting the pipe-stick, she looked so confoundedly handsome that I—I quite fell in love with her; really I did,»

«Ho! Vell, you do our nation great honour, I'm sure,» answered Hirsch.

«Father a warm man?»

«Varm! How do you mean varm?»

«Why, rich. We call a rich man warm in England; only

you don't understand the language. How much will he give his daughter?"

"Oh! very little. Not a veek of your income, my lord," said Hirsch.

"Pooh, pooh! You always talk of me as if I'm rich; but I tell you I am poor—exceedingly poor."

"Go away vid you!" said Hirsch, incredulously. "You poor! I vish I had a year of your income; that I do" (and I have no doubt he did, or of the revenue of any one else). "I'd be a rich man, and have de best house in Bonn."

"Are you so very poor yourself, Hirsch, that you talk in this way?" asked I.

To which the young fellow replied, that he had not one dollar to rub against another; that Mr. Löwe was a close man; and finally (upon my pressing the point, like a cunning dog as I was!), that he would do any thing to earn a little money.

"Hirsch," said I, like a wicked young reprobate and Don Juan, "will you carry a letter to Miss Minna Löwe?"

Now there was no earthly reason why I should have made a twopennypostman of Mr. Hirsch. I might with just as much ease have given Minna the letter myself. I saw her daily and for hours, and it would be hard if I could not find her for a minute alone, or at least slip a note into her glove or pocket-handkerchief, if secret the note must be. But, I don't care to own it, I was as ignorant of any love-making which requires mystery as any bishop on the bench, and pitched upon Hirsch, as it were, because in comedies and romances that I had read the hero has always a go-between—a valet, or humble follower—who performs the intrigue of the piece. So I asked Hirsch the above question, "Would he carry a letter to Miss Minna Löwe?"

"Give it me," said he, with a grin.

But the deuce of it was, it wasn't written. Rosina, in the opera, has hers ready in her pocket, and says *Eccolo qua* when Figaro makes the same request, so I told Hirsch that I would get it ready. And a very hard task I found it too, in sitting down to compose the document. It shall be in

verse, thought I, for Minna understands some English; but there is no rhyme to Minna, as every body knows, except a cockney, who might make thinner, dinner, winner, &c. answer to it. And as for Löwe, it is just as bad. Then it became, as I thought, my painful duty to send her a note in French; and in French finally it was composed, and I blush now when I think of the nonsense and bad grammar it contained—the conceit above all. The easy vulgar assurance of victory with which I, a raw lad from the stupidest country in Europe, assailed one of the most beautiful women in the world!

Hirsch took the letter, and to bribe the fellow to silence, I agreed to purchase a great hideous amethyst brooch, which he had offered me a dozen times for sale, and which I had always refused till now. He said it had been graciously received, but as all the family were present in the evening when I called, of course no allusion could be made to the note; but I thought Minna looked particularly kind, as I sat and lost a couple of fredericks at *écarté* to a very stout lady, Madame Löwe, the wife of Monsieur Löwe junior. I think it was on this night, or the next, that I was induced to purchase a bale of remarkably fine lawn for shirts, for old Löwe had every thing to sell, as is not uncommon with men of his profession; and had I expressed a fancy for a coffin or a hod of mortar, I have no doubt Hirsch would have had it at my door next morning.

I went on sending letters to Minna, copying them out of a useful little work called *Le Petit Secrétaire Français*, and easily adapting them to circumstances, by altering a phrase here and there. Day and night I used to dangle about the house. It was provoking, to be sure, that Minna was never alone now; her sister or Madame Löwe junior were always with her, and as they naturally spoke German, of which language I knew but few words, my evenings were passed in sighing, ogling, and saying nothing. I must have been a very charming companion. One evening was pretty much like another. Four or five times in the week old Löwe would drop in and sell me a bargain. Berlin-iron chains and trinkets

for my family at home, Naples soap, a case of *eau de Cologne*; a beautiful dressing-gown, lined with fur for the winter; a rifle, one of the famous Frankfort make; a complete collection of the German classics; and finally, to my awful disgust, a set of the Byzantine historians.

I must tell you that, although my banking friend had furnished me with half a stone of Syrian tobacco from his brother at Constantinople, and though the most beautiful lips in the world had first taught me to smoke it, I discovered, after a few pipes of the weed, that it was not so much to my taste as that grown in the West Indies; and as his Havannah cigars were also not to my liking, I was compelled, not without some scruples of conscience at my infidelity, to procure my smoking supplies elsewhere.

And now I come to the fatal part of my story. Wilder, who was likewise an amateur of the weed, once came to my lodgings in the company of a tobacconist whom he patronised, and who brought several boxes and samples for inspection. Herr Rohr, which was the gentleman's name, sat down with us, his wares were very good, and—must I own it?—I thought it would be a very clever and prudent thing on my part to exchange some of my rare Syrian against his canaster and Havannahs. I vaunted the quality of the goods to him, and, going into the inner room, returned with a packet of the real Syrian. Herr Rohr looked at the parcel rather contemptuously, I thought.

“I have plenty of these goods in my shop,” said he.

“Why, you don't thay tho,” says Wilder, with a grin; with the weal wegular Thywian. My friend Fitth-Boodle got it from hith bankerth, and no mithtake!”

“Was it from Mr. Löwe?” says Rohr, with another provoking sneer.

“Exactly. His brother sent it from Constantinople.”

“Bah!” says Rohr. “I sold this very tobacco, seven pounds of it, at fourteen groschen a pound, to Miss Minna Löwe and little Mr. Hirsch, who came express to my shop for it. Here's my seal,” says Mr. Rohr. And sure enough he pro-

duced, from a very fat and dirty forefinger, a seal, which bore the engraving on the packet.

• You sold that to Miss Minna Löwe? • groaned poor George Fitz-Boodle.

• Yes, and she bated me down half a gros in the price. Heaven help you, sir! she *always* makes the bargains for her father. There's something so pretty about her that we can't resist her. •

• And do you thell *wineth*, too,—Thypwuth and Médoc, hay? • continued the brute Wilder, enjoying the joke.

• No, • answered Mr. Rohr, with another confounded sneer. • He makes those himself; but I *have* some very fine Médoc and Greek wine, if his high well-born lordship would like a few dozen. Shall I send a panier? •

• *Leave the room*, sir? • here shouted I, in a voice of uncontrollable ferocity, and looked so wildly that little Rohr rushed away in a fright, and Wilder burst into one of his demoniacal laughs again.

• Don't you thee, my good fwiend, • continued he, • how wegularly thethe people have been doing you? I tell you, their chawacterth are known all over the town. There'th not a thtudent in the place but can give you a hithtory of the family. Löwe ith an infernal old uthuwer, and hith daughterth wegular mantwapth. At the Thtar, where I dine with the officerth of the garrithon, you and Minna are a thtandard joke. Captain Heerpauk wath caught himself for near six weekth; young Von Twommel wath wemoved by hith fwiends; old Colonel Blitz wath at one time tho nearly gone in love with the elder, that he would have had a divorce from hith lady. Among the thtudentth the mania hath been jutht the thame. Whenever one wath worth plucking, Löwe uthed to have him to hith houth and wob him, until at latht the wathcal'th chawacter became tho well known, that the thtudentth in a body have detherted him, and you will find that not one of them will dance with hith daughterth, handthome ath they are. Go down to Godesberg to-night and thee. •

• I *am* going, • answered I; • the young ladies asked me to

drive down in their carriage; and I flung myself back on the sofa and puffed away volumes of smoke, and tossed and tumbled the live-long day, with a horrible conviction that something of what Wilder had told me might be true, and with a vow to sacrifice, at least, one of the officers who had been laughing at me.

There they were, the scoundrels! in their cursed tight frock-coats and hay-coloured moustachios, twirling round in the waltzes with the citizens' daughters, when, according to promise, I arrived with the ladies at the garden at Godesberg, where dancing is carried on twice or thrice a week. There were the students, with their long pipes, and little caps, and long hair, tippling at the tables under the leaves, or dancing that absurd waltz which has always been the object of my contempt. The fact is, I am not a dancing man.

Students and officers, I thought, every eye was looking at me, as I entered the garden with Miss Minna Löwe on my arm. Wilder tells me that I looked blue with rage, and as if I should cut the throat of any man I met.

We had driven down in old Löwe's landau, the old gentleman himself acting as coachman, with Mr. Hirsch in his best clothes by his side. In the carriage came Madam Löwe junior, in yellow satin; Miss Löwe, in light green (it is astonishing how persons of a light complexion will wear this detestable colour); Miss Minna was in white muslin, with a pair of black knit gloves on her beautiful arms, a pink riband round her delicate waist, and a pink scarf on her shoulders, for in those days—and the fashion exists still somewhat on the Rhine—it was the custom of ladies to dress themselves in what we call an evening costume for dinner-time; and so was the lovely Minna attired. As I sat by her on the back seat, I did not say one single word, I confess, but looked unutterable things, and forgot in her beauty all the suspicions of the morning. I hadn't asked her to waltz,—for, the fact is, I didn't know how to waltz (though I learned afterwards, as you shall hear), and so only begged her hand for a quadrille.

We entered thus Mr. Blintzner's garden as I have described,

the men staring at us, the lovely Minna on my arm. I ordered refreshments for the party; and we sat at a table near the boarded place where the people were dancing. No one came up to ask Minna to waltz, and I confess I was not sorry for it,—for I own to that dog-in-the-manger jealousy which is common to love,—no one came but poor little Hirsch, who had been absent to get sandwiches for the ladies, and came up making his bow just as I was asking Minna whether she would give no response to my letters. She looked surprised,—looked at Hirsch, who looked at me, and laying his hand (rather familiarly) upon my arm, put the other paw to his great, red, blubber lips, as if enjoining silence; and, before a word, carries off Minna, and began twisting her round in the waltz.

The little brute had assumed his best clothes for the occasion. He had a white hat and a pair of white gloves; a green satin stock, with profuse studs of jewels in his shirt; a yellow waistcoat, with one of pink Cashmere underneath; very short nankeen trousers, and striped silk stockings; and a swallow-tailed, short-waisted, light-brown coat, with brass buttons; the tails whirled in the wind as he and his partner spun round to a very quick waltz,—not without agility, I confess, on the little scoundrel's part,—and oh, with what incomparable grace on Minna's! The other waltzers cleared away, doubtless to look at her performance; but though such a reptile was below my jealousy, I felt that I should have preferred to the same music to kick the little beast round the circle rather than see his hand encircling such a waist as that.

They only made one or two turns, however, and came back; Minna was blushing very red, and very much agitated.

“Will you take one turn, Fraülein Lisa?” said the active Hirsch, and after a little to-do on the part of the elder sister, she got up, and advanced to the dancing place.

What was my surprise when the people again cleared off, and left the pair to perform alone! Hirsch and his partner enjoyed their waltz, however, and returned, looking as ill.

humoured as possible. The band struck up presently a quadrille tune. I would not receive any of Minna's excuses. She did not wish to dance; she was faint,—she had no *vis-à-vis*. “Hirsch,” said I, with much courtesy, “take out Madame Löwe junior, and come and dance.” We advanced,—big Mrs. Löwe junior and Hirsch, Minna and I,—Miss Lisa remaining with her papa over the Rhine-wine and sandwiches.

There were at least twenty couple, who were mustering to make a quadrille when we advanced, Minna blushed scarlet, and I felt her trembling on my arm; no doubt 'twas from joy at dancing with the fashionable young Englishman. Hirsch, with a low bow and a scrape, led Madame Löwe opposite us, and put himself in the fifth position. It was rather disgusting; certainly, for George Savage Fitz-Boodle to be dancing *vis-à-vis* with such an animal as that!

Mr. Hirsch clapped his hands with a knowing air, to begin. I looked up from Minna (what I had been whispering to her must not be concealed,—in fact, I had said so previously, *es ist sehr warm*; but I said it with an accent that must have gone to her heart),—when I say I looked up from her lovely face; I found that every one of the other couples had retired, and that we four were left to dance the quadrille by-ourselves!

Yes, by Heavens! it was so! Minna, from being scarlet, turned ghastly pale, and would have fallen back had I not encircled her with my arm. “I’m ill,” said she; “let me go back to my father.” “You must dance,” said I, and held up my clenched fist at Hirsch; who I thought would have moved off too; on which the little fellow was compelled to stop. And so we four went through the quadrille.

The first figure seemed to me to last a hundred thousand years. I don’t know how Minna did not fall down and faint; but gathering courage all of a sudden, and throwing a quick, fierce look round about her, as if in defiance, and a look which made my little angel for a moment look like a little demon, she went through the dance with as much gratefulness as a duchess. As for me,—at first the whole air seem-

ed to be peopled with grinning faces, and I moved about almost choked with rage and passion. Then gradually the film of fury wore off, and I became wonderfully calm,—nay, had the leisure to look at Monsieur Hirsch, who performed all the steps with wonderful accuracy; and at every one of the faces round about it, officers, students, and citizens. None of the gentlemen, probably, liked my face,—for theirs wore, as I looked at them, a very grave and demure expression. But as Minna was dancing, I heard a voice behind her cry, sneeringly, «Brava!» I turned quickly round, and caught the speaker. He turned very red, and so betrayed himself. Our eyes met,—it was a settled thing. There was no need of any further arrangement, and it was then, as I have said, that the film cleared off; and I have to thank Capt. Heerpauk for getting through the quadrille without an apoplexy.

«Did you hear that,—that voice, Herr George?» said Miss Minna, looking beseechingly in my face, and trembling on my arm, as I led her back to her father. Poor soul! I saw it all at once. She loved me,—I knew she did, and trembled lest I should run into any danger. I stuttered, stammered, vowed I did not hear it; at the same time swearing inwardly an oath of the largest dimensions, that I would cut the throat whence that «Brava!» issued. I left my lady for a moment, and finding Wilder out, pointed the man to him.

«Oh, Heerpauk,» says he. «What do you want with him?»

«Charley,» says I, with much heroism and ferocity, «*I want to shoot him; just tell him so.*» And when, on demurring, I swore I would go and pull the captain's nose on the ground, Wilder agreed to settle the business for me; and I returned to our party.

It was quite clear that we could not stay longer in the gardens. Löwe's carriage was not to come for an hour yet; for the banker would not expend money in stabling his horses at the inn, and had accordingly sent them back to Bonn. What should we do? There is a ruined castle at Godesberg, which looks down upon the fair green plain of the Rhine, where Mr. Blintzner's house stands (and let the reader be

thankful that I don't give a description of scenery here): there is, I say, a castle at Godesberg. "*Explorons le shatto*," says I; which elegant French Hirsch translated; and this suggestion was adopted by the whole five to the fairest of whom I offered my arm. The lovely Minna took it, and away we went; Wilder, who was standing at the gate, giving me a nod, to say all was right. I saw him presently strolling up the hill after me, with a Prussian officer, with whom he was talking. Old Löwe was with his daughter, and as the old banker was infirm, the pair walked but slowly. Monsieur Hirsch had given his arm to Madam Löwe junior. She was a fat woman; the consequence was, that Minna and I were soon considerably a-head of the rest of the party, and were ascending the hill alone. I said several things to her, such as only lovers say. "*Com il fay bo issy*," says I, in the most insinuating way. No answer. "*Es ist etwas kalt*," even I continued, admirably varying my phrase. She did not speak; she was agitated by the events of the evening, and no wonder.

That fair round arm resting on mine,—that lovely creature walking by my side in the calm moonlight,—the silver Rhine flashing before us, with Drachenfels and the Seven Mountains rising clear in the distance,—the music of the dance coming up to us from the plain below,—the path winding every now and then into the darkest foliage, and at the next moment giving us such views of the moonlit river and plain below. Could any man but feel the influence of a scene so exquisitely lovely?

"Minna," says I, as she wouldn't speak,—"*Minna, I love you! you have known it long, long ago, I know you have. Nay, do not withdraw your hand; your heart has spoken for me. Be mine then!*" and taking her hand, I kissed it rapturously, and should have proceeded to her cheek, no doubt, when——she gave me a swinging box on the ear, started back, and incontinently fell a screaming as loudly as any woman ever did.

"Minna, Minna!" I heard the voice of that cursed Hirsch shouting. "*Minna. meine Gattin!*" and he rushed up the hill;

and Minna flung herself in his arms, crying, «Lorenzo, my husband, save me!»

The Löwe family, Wilder, and his friend, came skurrying up the hill at the same time; and we formed what in the theatres they call a tableau.

«You coward!» says Minna, her eyes flashing fire, «who could see a woman insulted, and never defend her?»

«You coward!» roared Hirsch; «coward as well as profligate! You communicated to me your love for this angel,—to me, her affianced husband; and you had the audacity to send her letters, not one of which, so help me Heaven, has been received. Yes, you will laugh at us—will you, you brutal Englishman? You will insult us—will you, you stupid islander? Psha! I spit upon you!» and here Monsieur Hirsch snapped his fingers in my face, holding Minna at the same time round the waist, who thus became the little monster's buckler.

They presently walked away, and left me in a pleasant condition. I was actually going to fight a duel on the morrow for the sake of this fury, and it appeared she had flung me off for cowardice. I had allowed myself to be swindled by her father, and insulted by her filthy little bridegroom, and for what? All the consolation I got from Wilder was,—«I told you tho, my boy, but you wouldn't litha, you gwreat thoopid, blundewing ignowamuth; and now I shall have to thee you shot and buwied to-mowow; and I dare thay you won't even remember me in your will. Captain Schläger,» continued he, presenting me to his companion, «Mr. Fitz-Boodle; the captain acts for Heerpauk in the morning, and we were just talking matters over, when Webecca yonder quied out, and wd found her in the amrth of Bwian de Bois Guilbert hare.»

Captain Schläger was a little, social, good-humoured man, with a moustachio of a straw and silver mixed; and a brilliant purple sabre-cut across a rose-coloured nose. He had the iron cross at his button-hole, and looked, as he was, a fierce little fighter. But he was too kind-hearted to allow of two

boys needlessly cutting each other's throats; and much to the disappointment of Wilder, doubtless, who had been my second in the Martingale affair; and enjoyed no better sport, he said, in English, laughing, "Vell, make your mint easy, my goot young man, I took you af goll into enough sgraves about dës fair girl; and dat you and Heerpauk haf no need to blow each other's brains off."

"Ath for Fitth apologithing," burst out Wilder, "that th out of the quethtion. He gave the challenge, you know; and how the dödth ith he to apologithe now?"

"He gave the challenge, and you took it, and you are de gréatest fool of del two. I say thes two young gæm shall not fight; and then the honest captain entered into a history of the worthy family, which would have saved me at least fifty pounds had I known it sooner. It did not differ in substance from what Rohr and Wilder had both told me in the morning. The venerable Löwe was a great thief and extortioner; the daughters were employed as deboy-ducks, in the first place, for the university and the garrison, and afterwards for young strangers, such as my wise self, who visited the place. There was some very sad story about the elder Miss Löwe and a tutor from St. John's College, Cambridge, who came to Bonn on a reading tour; but I am not at liberty to set down here the particulars. And with regard to Minna, there was a still more dismal history. A fine, handsome young student, the pride of the university, had first ruined himself through the offices of the father, and then shot himself for love of the daughter; from which time the whole town had put the family into Coventry; nor had they appeared for two years in public, until upon the present occasion with me! As for Monsieur Hirsch, he did not care. He was of a rich Frankfort family serving his apprenticeship with Löwe, a cousin, and the destined husband of the younger daughter. He traded as much as he could on his own account, and would run upon any errand, and buy or sell any thing for a consideration. And so, instead of fighting Captain Heerpauk, I agreed willingly enough to go back to the hotel at Godesberg, and shake hands with that officer. The reconciliation, or, rather, the

acquaintance between us, was effected over a bottle of wine, at Mr. Blinzner's hotel; and we rode comfortably back in a calash together to Bonn, where the friendship was still more closely cemented by a supper. At the close of the repast, Heerpauk made a speech on England, fatherland, and German truth and love, and kindly saluted me with a kiss, which is at any lady's service who peruses this little narrative.

As for Mr. Hirsch, it must be confessed, to my shame, that the next morning a gentleman having the air of an old clothesman off duty presented me with an envelope, containing six letters of my composition addressed to Miss Minna Löwe (among them was a little poem in English, which has since called tears from the eyes of more than one lovely girl); and, furthermore, a letter from himself, in which he, Baron Hirsch, of Hirschenwald (the scoundrel, like my friend Wilder, purchased his title in the "Awthtwian Thervith")—in which he, I say, Baron Hirschenwald, challenges me for insulting Miss Minna Löwe, or demanded an apology.

This, I said, Mr. Hirsch might have whenever he chose to come and fetch it, pointing to a horsewhip which lay in a corner; but that he must come early, as I proposed to quit Bonn the next morning. The baron's friend, hearing this, asked whether I would like some remarkably fine cigars for my excursion, which he could give me a great bargain? He was then shown to the door by my body-servant; nor did Hirsch von Hirschenwald come for the apology.

Twice every year, however, I get a letter from him, dated Frankfort, and proposing to make me a present of a splendid palace in Austria or Bohemia, or 200,000 florins, should I prefer money. I saw his lady at Frankfort only last year, in a front box at the theatre, loaded with diamonds, and at least sixteen stone in weight.

Ah! Minna, Minna! thou mayest grow to be as ugly as sin, and as fat as Daniel Lambert, but I have the amber mouth-piece still, and swear that the prettiest lips in the universe have kissed it!

The MS. here concludes with a rude design of a young lady smoking a pipe.

CHINA.

Narrative of the Expedition to China, from the Commencement of the War to the Present Period; with Sketches of the Manners and Customs of that singular and hitherto almost unknown Country. By Commander J. Elliot Bingham, R. N. 2 vols. Colburn.

Two Years in China. Narrative of the Chinese Expedition from its Formation in April, 1840, till April 1842. With an Appendix, containing the most Important of the General Orders and Despatches, &c. By D. M'Person. M.D. Saunders and Otley.

« CHINA, » says a Prophecy of the Nation, « is to be conquered by a woman!—and our author, like a loyal and valiant servant militant of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, by an auxiliary prophecy of his own, anticipates this conquest for his Royal Mistress. In that event, our triumphant relation to the representative of the dynasty will, not improbably, give us some influence with his illustrious connexions, the Sun and Moon,—and by this means we may chance to recover from the latter, as spoil supplementary, some other of those many visionary projects which, since their disappearance from the earth, the eye of Poetry has discovered in that distant planet. The probabilities of such a result to the arms of our gracious Queen, and such an introduction to the Celestials, we are not called on to discuss. We offer the hint, but for the sake of the hope which we feel it will bring to many pining hearts; for we have, ourselves, a stray or two in that quarter, that we will freely travel all the distance to get back, when Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, shall be proclaimed at Peking.

Enforced idleness, following in the train of promotion, and a sojourn in England, for the cure of a wound received at the storming of the Bogue Forts, in January 1841, drove Commander Bingham upon authorship, and induced him to continue his connexion with the service from which he was separated, by preparing this sketch of the various events connected with the present war in China.

We shall confine ourselves, to such extracts from Commander Bingham's pages as may illustrate the manners of the remarkable people with whom we have only now begun to make a real acquaintance, or throw light on the institutions which have, for so many centuries, sealed from our observation nearly a third portion of the globe.

The evidences are many, in all the channels through which we hear of this strange people, that the lengthened intercourse to which their commerce has introduced them with the "Barbarians," has given them more shrewd measures of the proportions of the latter than popular prejudice or courtly deference will permit them to avow. With a nation so acute—so capable of making estimates, had it not so long wanted standards,—this could not well be otherwise; and, therefore, we do not, at all times, give its more enlightened Mandarins credit for all the stupidity they profess. Our author, however, furnishes some curious examples of that profound ignorance, positive and relative, which scarcely becomes a nation so transcendently connected, and, in the individual instances, taken in connexion with other proceedings of the particular parties furnishing them, is open, as we have hinted, to the suspicion of being more politic than real;—

About this time there appeared a memorial to the emperor on the opium and sycee question from Keshen, viceroy of Peiche-li, by whom we were, about a year and a half afterwards, so completely bamboozled. That he is one of the most acute and wily of Chinese statesmen is, I believe, generally acknowledged; and that he was fully aware how utterly incapable China was of contending against the British power; his subsequent memorials to the Emperor have proved. This memorial affords but a very poor idea of Chinese literature, when we find the most talented of her children

writing such absurd nonsense. He falls into the most gross mistakes in his calculations, asserting that in thirty or forty years the use of opium has been the means of 'several thousand myriad' of teels leaking out to the distant foreigners. Now this is a prodigious error; for at ten millions per year, it would only amount to four hundred millions in forty years. It would appear inconceivable that such a miscalculation could be any other than wilfully made to mislead his celestial master, did we not find this same learned and talented mandarin *pencilling* in continuation the following most extraordinary nonsense:— 'Again, in reference to the foreign money which these said foreigners bring, it is all boiled with, and reduced by quicksilver. If you wrap it up, and put it past for several years without touching it, it will become moths and corroding insects, and their silver cups will change into feathers or wings. Their money is all of this species: and if we leave it for four or five hundred years, I'm sure I don't know what it will change into at last!' Again, he says, alluding to our demand for tea and rhubarb:— 'The reason of this is, that their climate is rough and rigorous, the sun and wind both fierce and strong; day by day they subsist on beef and mutton; the digestion of this food is not easy; their bowels are bound up, and they speedily die; therefore it is, that every day after meals they take of this divine medicine in order to get a motion of their bowels.'

On the 21st of June, as our readers know, the first part of the force intended to act against the Chinese arrived off Meca; and some days afterwards, the Chinese authorities published a graduated scale of rewards, to be given for the taking or destroying British ships or subjects. The document, which the author observes, is curious, as the first of the kind ever known to have emanated from this very singular government, certainly illustrates, in a very marvellous degree, the barbarian policy of these monopolizers of all the wisdom and civilization of the earth. The following is an abstract of the rewards:—

«For the capture of a ship of 80 guns, twenty thousand dollars; for smaller ones, a diminished reward of one hundred dollars for every gun under 80. For utterly destroying the same by fire or otherwise, ten thousand dollars. For a merchant-vessel, all her cargo—whether goods or money, excepting guns, warlike instruments, or opium—to the captors, with an additional ten thousand

for those vessels that have three masts; for those with two and a half masts (probably steamers), five thousand dollars; and for those with two masts, three thousand; for a large boat, three hundred; for a small boat one hundred; for destroying by fire or sinking them, one-third of the above sum or sums. For taking alive a barbarian officer, if chief commander, five thousand dollars; five hundred to be deducted for every degree of rank lower. For the murder of the same, one-third of the before-named sum. For taking alive English barbarians, or Parsees, whether soldiers or sailors, one hundred dollars. For the murder of the same, one-fifth of the aforesaid sum. To those who seize the black imps (sepoys and lascars), a proportionate reward. For abandoned natives who take supplies to the barbarians, one hundred dollars. For those less guilty, a proportionate reward. 'Those less guilty,' refers to the native compradores and servants, who, though they quitted service at the time the edicts ordered them so to do, soon after returned to their employers; of which circumstance Lin was fully aware. This table of rewards has to the stranger, a very alarming appearance; but it was well known to the residents, that few of the natives would attempt to avail themselves of the offered bounties, as they well knew they would never see the reward, even in case of a successful capture, as the high officers would always invent some false charge of informality to warrant them in withholding it.

Many of our readers may like to see a Chinese dandy; and here is a clever portrait of one, which may convince them that barbarism is tolerably evenly divided between London and Peking, and a Celestial exquisite is, allowing for the mere difference of fashions, pretty much the same sort of animal as may be met, any spring morning, on the shady side of Regent Street: —

* This Mandarin was one of the finest specimens of a man I had till then seen in China. He stood about six feet two or three inches, and was apparently stout in proportion. He wore the winter cap, the crown of which was of a puce-coloured satin, shaped to, and fitting close to the head, with a brim of black velvet turned sharply up all round, the front and hinder parts rising rather higher than the sides,—in fact, in shape much resembling the paper boats we make for children. On the dome-shaded top of this he wore a white crystal sexangular button, in a handsome setting. Beneath

this was a one-eyed peacock's feather falling down between his shoulders. This feather was set in green jade-stone about two inches long, beyond which about ten inches of the feather projected, and though apparently but one, is, in fact, formed of several most beautifully united. His *ma-kwa*, or riding-coat, was a fine blue camlet, the large sleeves of which extended about half down the fore-arm, and the skirts nearly to the hip. Under this he wore a richly-figured blue silk jacket, the sleeves equally large, but reaching nearly to the wrist, and the skirts sufficiently long to display the full beauty of it below the *ma-kwa*. These loose dresses always fold over the right breast and are fastened from top to bottom with loops and buttons. His *unwhisperables* were of a light blue figured Nankin crape, cut much in the modern Greek style, being immediately below the knee tucked into the black satin mandarin boots, that in shape much resemble the old Hessian, once so common in this country, with soles some two inches thick, the sides of which were kept nicely white, Warren's jet not yet having been introduced. To this part of his dress a Chinese dandy pays as much attention as our exquisites do to the formation of a 'Humby.' The figure was completed by his apparently warlike, but really peaceable implements, which no respectable Chinaman would be seen without, viz., the fan with its highly-worked sheath: the purse or tobacco-pouch, in the exquisite embroidery of which great ingenuity is displayed; a variety of silver tooth and ear-picks, with a pocket for his watch, the belt to which these are attached having a small leather case fixed to it, to contain his flint and steel. I had nearly forgotten his tail,—his beautiful tail, the pride of every Chinaman's heart,—and in this case, if all his own, he might well be proud of it. I am afraid to say how thick it was, but it reached half way down his leg, and I would defy Rowland's Macassar to give a finer gloss. In short, he was the very epitome of a dandy Chinese cavalry officer.

The Chinese tail, however, is something more than an ornament, and has its uses; which is more than can be said for some of the hairy appendages that figure in the evidences of European barberism: —

On the subjugation of China by the Tartars an edict was issued, requiring the whole nation to shave the front of the head, and to plat the residue of the hair into a tail, the length and size of which is considered in China a great mark of masculine beauty, in consequence of which great quantities of false hair are worked up with the natural hair, the ends being finished off with black silk cord. To the lower orders it is a useful ornament. I remember, on one

occasion, to have seen a Chinaman flogging his pig along with it, while on another, the servant was dusting the table; and when their belligerent propensities are excited, which is not often, they will twist each other's tails round their hands, pulling with all their strength, and enduring the most horrible torture until one or the other cries out *peccavi*.

Their soldiers, it appears, are not the only formidable looking things which the Chinese *get up*, by the aid of a little dressing—but which will not bear closer military inspection:—

“The Conway had been employed in surveying the mouths of this mighty river, and her indefatigable captain succeeded in discovering a passage by which line-of-battle ships might be conducted through the sands which guard its entrance. The Conway did not proceed above sixty miles up, and even then the ebb was found to run eight hours, and the flood at neap tides was scarcely perceptible. The appearance of the ship created a great sensation: and the natives were apparently busy throwing up fortifications, which, being examined with the telescope, proved nothing but mats extended on poles, with painted ports to give them the appearance of forts; these poor ignorant people not having the least idea that their real character could be so easily distinguished. During the time the dispute was going on between the late Lord Napier and the Chinese authorities, our countrymen at Canton were one morning astonished at seeing the shore apparently bristling with a hundred cannon; but on examining them with their glasses, they had put up in the front of a mat-fort a range of earthen jars, with their open end pointed towards the river. We found that it was a common practice to stick a large round piece of wood into the muzzle of a three-pounder, painted white, with a black spot as large as the bore of a thirty-two pounder, and as the white muzzle was continued along the line of guns it became very difficult by merely looking at them to discover the deception.”

The Island of Chusan, or Chowsan, with the city of Ting hai, is well described by our author—who gives, also, many curious particulars of the Portuguese town of Macao. But these descriptions may be found elsewhere—and the places are becoming familiar to British imaginations. We prefer sketches illustrative of character:—

“When the troops first entered Ting-hai scarcely a soul was to be seen. Thousands had left the city, but many families remained

shut up in their houses. When they found that the troops were peaceable and quiet, they gradually showed themselves, and the rabble speedily commenced a system of plunder; and goods from the deserted houses were carried out of the city night and day. The commandant was requested to prevent this by giving directions that nothing should be allowed to pass the gate. Orders to this effect were at first refused, on the plea that the inhabitants ought to come and look after their own affairs; and thus these disregards of *meum* and *tuum* were allowed to carry on a most prosperous game of spoliation, everything rapidly disappearing before their light fingers. No shops were open, and had this continued the city would soon have been empty; orders were therefore at length given to stop the robbers at the gates, and not to allow them to climb over the walls. The remedy now became worse than the disease; honest men were stopped with the thieves; for who was to distinguish between them? Goods out of number accumulated at the guard-house, and the magistrate's office was besieged by claimants to recover their property, who, on getting an order for it, helped themselves most liberally, taking very good care to make up for all previous losses; and rarely, if ever, did the true owner become possessed of what was justly his. Coffins, notwithstanding the order, were allowed to pass, until the notice of the sentries was attracted by the quantities of dead relations, whose bodies were carried out of the town, when their curiosity prompted them to examine one of these pretended repositories of the dead, which proved to be full of rolls of silk, crape, and other valuables. * * The coffin-artifice failing, other methods were resorted to by the ever prolific minds of the Chinese. Several met their death from the sentries, while trying to force their way by them. One aged rogue, overladen with plunder, sunk in the canal; many received the penalty of their crimes from the people whom they were attempting to rob. One fellow, in particular, was found tied to a post in the market-place so tightly bound, that the blood oozed out from his hands and arms, and his eyes were starting from their sockets. Another was brought to the magistrate's office, who had been thus treated by his captor, — a literary graduate, and it was two hours before he recovered the use of his speech. This learned character seemed much astonished, and could not at all understand why he should be accused of cruelty, having, as he stated, merely executed an act of justice.

One great difficulty felt in our first intercourse with this island, was the little knowledge the natives had of silver. The tchen being their circulating medium, thousands of strings of them were carried off by the robbers before the soldiers became aware of their

value. The inhabitants would at first not take silver, except the Carolus pillared dollar; and it was very long before they could be induced to receive the Mexican on any terms. I have, when paying for bullocks, seen them examine the dollars most minutely, only selecting those on which that king's effigy was represented with a small piece of armour on the shoulder. When they became more familiar with our silver coin, I saw a man refuse to take a sovereign, preferring an English shilling: in fact, nothing like a gold coinage has existed in China for ages. So addicted are the Chinese to debasing the currency that even the tchen, which is of less value than a tenth of a penny, is counterfeited. They will take a dollar, cut off the stamp about the thickness of tinsel and scrape out the inside until a mere shell of the same thickness is left; they then fill it up with copper, and neatly braze the stamp on. The most critical examination of an unpractised eye will not easily discover the cheat. All the English houses employ shroffs, native Chinese, who readily detect a bad dollar; and as they are answerable for any that may be such after undergoing their examination, the English merchants are seldom sufferers by coin.

We have devoted the principal part of our present article to such matters as have reference to the Chinese *Head*—but it is not fitting that we should bring our notice to a close, without some mention of that far more famed and cultivated Chinese feature, the *Foot*. On this subject our author's inquiries were curious and minute—and he was permitted to prosecute them under what we cannot but think very favourable circumstances—the «pretty girl of sixteen» being just the sort of subject one would choose for such experiments:—

«During our stay at this anchorage we made constant trips to the surrounding islands; in one of which,—at Tea Island,—we had a good opportunity of minutely examining the far-famed little female feet. I had been purchasing a pretty little pair of satin shoes for about half a dollar, at one of the Chinese farmers' houses, where we were surrounded by several men, women, and children. By signs we expressed a wish to see the *pieù mignon* of a really good-looking woman of the party. Our signs were quickly understood, but, probably, from her being a matron, it was not considered quite *comme il faut* for her to comply with our desire, as she would not consent to show us her foot; but a very pretty interesting girl of about sixteen was placed on a stool for the pur-

pose of gratifying our curiosity. At first she was very bashful, and appeared not to like exposing her Cinderella-like slipper; but the shine of a new and very bright 'loope' soon overcame her delicacy, when she commenced unwinding the upper bandage which passes round the leg, and over a tongue that comes up from the heel. The shoe was then removed, and the second bandage taken off, which did duty for a stocking; the turns round the toes and ankles being very tight, and keeping all in place. On the naked foot being exposed to view we were agreeably surprised by finding it delicately white and clean, for we fully expected to have found it otherwise, from the known habits of most of the Chinese. The leg from the knee downwards was much wasted; the foot appeared as if broken up at the instep, while the four small toes were bent flat and pressed down under the foot, the great toe only being allowed to retain its natural position. By the breaking of the instep a high arch is formed between the heel and the toe, enabling the individual to step with them on an even surface; in this respect materially differing from the Canton and Macao ladies; for with them the instep is not interfered with, but a very high heel is substituted, thus bringing the point of the great toe to the ground. When our Canton compradore was shown a Chusan shoe, the exclamation was 'He yaw! how can 'walkee so fashion?' nor would he be convinced that such was the case. The toes, doubled under the foot I have been describing, could only be moved by the hand sufficiently to show that they were not actually grown into the foot. I have often been astonished at seeing how well the women contrived to walk on their tiny *pedestals*. Their gait is not unlike the little mincing walk of the French ladies; they were constantly to be seen going about without the aid of any stick, and I have often seen them at Macao contending against a fresh breeze with a tolerably good-sized umbrella spread. The little children, as they scrambled away before us, balanced themselves with their arms extended, and reminded one much of an old hen between walking and flying. All the women I saw about Chusan had small feet. It is a general characteristic of true Chinese descent; and there cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that it is confined to the higher orders, though it may be true that they take more pains to compress the foot to the smallest possible dimensions than the lower classes do. High and low, rich and poor, all more or less follow the custom; and when you see a large or natural-sized foot, you may depend upon it the possessor is not of true Chinese blood, but is either of Tartar extraction, or belongs

to the tribes that live and have their being on the waters. The Tartar ladies, however, are falling into this Chinese habit of distortion, as the accompanying edict of the emperor proves. For know, good people, you must not dress as you like in China. You must follow the customs and habits of your ancestors; and wear your winter and summer clothing as the emperor, or one of the six boards shall direct. If this were the custom in England, how beneficial it would be to our pockets, and detrimental to the tailors and milliners. Let us now see what the emperor says about little feet, on finding that they were coming into vogue among the undeformed daughters of the Manchows. Not only does he attack the little feet, but the large Chinese sleeves which were creeping into fashion at court. Therefore to check these misdemeanours, the usual Chinese remedy was resorted to, and a flaming edict launched, denouncing them; threatening the 'heads of the families with degradation and punishment, if they did not put a stop to such gross illegalities;' and his celestial majesty further goes on and tells the fair ones, 'that by persisting in their vulgar habits, they will debar themselves from the possibility of being selected as ladies of honour for the inner palace, at the approaching presentation!' How far this had the desired effect I cannot say. When the children begin to grow, they suffer excruciating pain, but as they advance in years, their vanity is played upon by being assured that they would be exceedingly ugly with large feet. Thus they are persuaded to put up with what they consider a necessary evil, but the children are remarkably patient under pain. A poor little child about five years old was brought to our surgeon, having been most dreadfully scalded, part of its dress adhering to the skin. During the painful operation of removing the linen, it only now and then said 'he-yaw, he-yaw.'

Dr. M'Pherson's account of the operations in the China waters, is a far more connected and artistic narrative than that of the naval chronicler,—and tends, from that very circumstance, to prove, all the more emphatically, how poor in novelty are the materials with which both have to deal. Captain Bingham begins nearer to the beginning than his rival; who takes up the subject only where the actual expedition did, on its arrival off the Chinese coast: but, so far as their narratives are concurrent, it is obvious enough that they are drawn from common sources—and remarkable how identical

they are, even to the topics enforced, and the anecdotes and illustrations employed for their enforcement. We are, thus, dispensed from all necessary connexion, in the passages which we have to offer to our readers; and may take, after the Chinese fashion, whatever suits us, or is likely to please them most. A time is fast coming when such *disjecta membra* as we can thus collect together, will present themselves in far greater number and significance, for the building up to European apprehensions of that body corporate, whose lively representative, for so many years, has been the figure of a Mandarin on a chest of tea. One inevitable result, whatever may be the others, of this eastern war, must be the dissolving of some portion of that mystery, in which (with some very inquisitive people sitting at their doors, for some time past,) this people have, nevertheless, contrived effectually to wrap themselves, from the beginning of History. Rents have been made, and are making, in the curtain that has shrouded them for ages, which the natural action of things can but widen; and whether or not the Chinese will, for another century or so, condescend to look through these loopholes of their retreat, at the great world beyond, the world will very surely look in upon *them* and their doings. Even through the chinks which the British cannon has already made, Dr. M'Pherson seems much mystified with the anomalies which this people present, in mere matters of detail—though we think it probable that a less sensitive and rapid observer may discover for us some more profound and significant differences than those which have caught the eye of the Doctor. "A glance into the lesser traits of their character," he says, "will indeed, tend to convince one that they really have been cast in a different mould from all other nations. For instance, in matters of simple navigation, the pilot tells us that his port lies west-north, and that the wind is east-south; and, on explaining the use of the compass, he describes the needle as pointing south! In the common routine of literature, the moonshee, or teacher, reads the date of publication of his book as the fifth year, the tenth month, and third day. He commences at what we consider the end of the book, and

reads from the top downwards. The title is found on the edge of the leaves, and the marginal notes at the head of the page; and the volume has sometimes a heavy line in the middle of each leaf, which separates two works contained in it. When, in the matter of simple social life, as on the death of a relative, they dress in white; and, on a marriage, nothing is to be heard but sobbing and crying; and, to crown the distinction between our own acknowledged axioms and theirs, the most learned men are of opinion that the seat of the human understanding is in the belly! Now, in the first place, the larger half of these alleged peculiarities are not peculiarities at all. On what pretence, for example, does Dr. M'Pherson claim for the Chinese a monopoly of that philosophy which places the intellect in the stomach? In the next place, supposing them to be all real Chinese exceptions, it was scarcely worth the while of the Chinese, for varieties such as these, to shut themselves up so long.

The love which the Chinese have for diminutiveness in the feet of their ladies, is by no means a part of a generally microscopic taste as regards the proportions of the human architecture. Capt. Bingham's canvas supplies us with a portrait of a yellow dandy; and here is a companion picture from the same easel:—

«On the 20th, having anchored near the flag-ship, about 6 A. M., Captain Elliot and his party quitted us. Captain Eyres, waited on the admiral shortly afterwards, found him entertaining at breakfast a party of mandarins from Miatau, the chief of whom was a huge mountain of flesh,—say *thirty-five* stone,—whose great boast was, that a sheep only furnished him with three days' supply of food; and to judge from the justice they all did to the substantial breakfast before them, it could easily be believed; the mountain, for I forget his name, taking up the slices of mutton as they were sent to him, on his fork, and coiling them down his throat, much as a Neapolitan swallows his macaroni; nor did he appear to have satisfied the cravings of his inordinate appetite, after all his exertions. By his countrymen he must be thought much of, fatness with them being a sure sign of wealth and wisdom; for they argue, 'a thin man must be a poor devil, or he would have wisdom to eat more.' The lusty individual is also considered an especial favourite with

the gods, who are represented as good partly characters. Being myself 'none of Pharaoh's lean kine,' I always met with a certain degree of deference."

Both Dr. M'Pherson and Capt. Bingham describe how, on the taking of Tinghai, the capital town of the island of Chusan, the necessities of the commerce between our troops and the natives gave birth to a new language, by which they intercommunicated. The device may furnish our Doctor with a hint as to the origin of languages, if he should have occasion to enter upon philological inquiries—but will add nothing to his list of Chinese peculiarities—being much such a method as would have been adopted anywhere else under identical circumstances:—

"After the troops had all taken up cantonments in the city, the Chinese, as they returned, opened shops in the midst of their quarters; and finding that the soldiers had plenty of money, used every inducement to get their custom. The 'tolah' and 'loopee' becoming most familiar terms, a *lingua franca* rapidly sprung up, composed of words and sounds from the European, Asiatic, and Chinese languages. Nor was it confined to these in particular, for the imitation of the lowing of cattle, and cackling of poultry were introduced: the repetition of the words 'cackle, cackle,' being the first method of making known the want of cocks and hens, they were henceforth called 'kak;' the oxen and cows being yclept 'boo,' which had originated from our first foraging parties indicating that they were in want of those animals by putting their arms over their foreheads, and exclaiming, 'boo! boo! boo!' Dogs of course were naturally 'bow-wows;' and thus quickly all the articles in common use got named."

An amusing anecdote is told by Dr. M'Pherson of Capt. Anstruther, during his confinement in Ningpo, in connexion with this subject:—

"One day a mandarin sent him a very savoury stew, garnished with shark's fins and birds' nests, in compensation for a likeness which he had taken of the nodding gentleman. Anstruther having tasted the delicious contents, gave an inquisitive look at the attendant, and pointing to the stew, said—'Quack, quack, quack?' The servant shook his head, and replied, 'Bow, wow, wow.'"

Both these authors give an account of the capture and imprisonment of Capt. Anstruther—Dr. M'Pherson in the latter's

own words—to which we will refer for the sake of that Chinese susceptibility to imitative art, which obtained for the captive more favourable terms than fell to the lot of British prisoners in China generally. He had unfortunately strayed from the camp and found his retreat cut off:—

“ I now saw that attempt at flight was useless, and, expecting a fate similar to that of my Lascar, I set to work to make the rascals pay for it, and fought my best—numbers of course prevailed, and I was knocked down. Instead of dashing out my brains, they bound me hand and foot, and tied a large gag in my mouth. Then taking a large bamboo, they hammered my knees just over the kneecap, to prevent any possibility of escape. I was then carried to a village about ten miles west of the camp. Here we waited till night-fall, my conductors comforting me by repeating the word Ningpo, and by drawing their hands across their throats. At midnight I was placed in a boat, and arrived at Ningpo in the afternoon of the following day. I was now sent to jail, and forced into a cage one yard long, one yard high, and two feet wide. In this cage, heavy irons were placed on my hands and feet, an iron ring attached to the roof of the cage was put round my neck, to which my handcuffs were also locked. At night, a chain was also locked to my leg-irons, and the jailer, with a light, slept close to me. These irons weighed, I suppose about 18lb., and were worn by me for four weeks. I was frequently taken before the magistrates, who at all times inquired particularly about our steamers. One day I offered to sketch one, which sketch so pleased their honours, that they gave me a good dinner, and some hot water to wash off the blood and dirt which had accumulated during the struggle. I found my head handsomely laid open to the bone—my legs and arms covered with bruises, but no wounds of any consequence. Some days after my capture, I was surprised to meet at the magistrate's, Mr. Noble, my friend Lieut. Douglas of the navy, and several Europeans, who informed me they had been wrecked on the coast, and had been carried prisoners into Ningpo.’ From this period the prisoners met with better treatment, chiefly through the intercessions of Capt. Anstruther. The mandarins were very fond of having their portraits taken, and as Anstruther excelled in this art, he was, therefore, frequently brought before them. At first he was all submission; latterly, however, he claimed, as a reward for his labours, either better food or more extended liberty, until which was granted, he withheld the picture if taken, or refused altogether to sketch one.”

Capt. Bingham adds :

« Captain Anstruther, by his skill in drawing, so far gained the hearts of the mandarins, that he was soon allowed a new cage, *actually three feet six inches by two feet one inch*. This was comparative comfort. After his powers as an artist had been discovered, he was constantly requested to employ his talents to depict every variety of article or animal which was foreign to them; and many of his sketches are supposed to have met the imperial eye.»

By the way, Capt. Bingham gives us a glimpse at the conditions of the pictorial art among the Chinese themselves, in his description of a print issued at Canton after the attack on that city, which artistically considered, does no discredit to the tea-cup school, and historically, is just such a bulletin as might have been issued, after an uncomfortable affair like that of Canton, by other nations as well as the Chinese —

« Some artful Chinese, playing on the vanity of their countrymen, commenced making an honest penny by selling prints, representing the ships of war and steamers, with another professing to set forth the *Ta pie kwei tsze too*, or 'Sketch of the great rout of the devils.' Truth can hardly be expected in a picture by a poor artist, when we see the edicts filled with false representations of the grossest kind issued by the mandarins themselves; should he, however, be inclined to represent things truly, and show the celestial heroes in full flight, no huckster would dare to hawk them about. In the wood-cut before us, the rules of perspective are all set at nought: the small village of Neishing is placed on the right, in a line with which are two others, and three more *overhead*, or in what is intended for the distance. Near Neishing in a river flowing along the top of the villages, is a British man-of-war and steamer; in the foreground a small boat, supposed to be cut in two by the Chinese shot, and going down head foremost. Chinese troops are sallying out in all directions, armed with spears, matchlocks, shields, and some with the famous double swords, one being in each hand; while others are bearing flags, with the word, in Chinese characters, *yung*, i. e. 'brave,' upon them. A few foreign soldiers, distinguished by their awkward-looking shakos, are scattered here and there: one lies with his head off; some two or three are trying to escape and defend themselves, while the others are quietly meeting their fate. Not a single Chinese appears to have fallen, though one fellow looks as if he had just been wounded. There is attached to it the following descriptive lines:—

The English barbarians excited commotion,
 Outrageously opposing all divine principles;
 On the third day of the fourth moon,
 They seditiously attacked the city of Rams.
 The sancity of the god of the north was displayed, ⁽¹⁾
 The sunken rocks quickly broke their vessels.
 Moreover, as they entered into Neishing,
 Their sampans grounded on the shoals,
 While the devilish soldiers were completely worsted.
 On the sixth day of the moon, ⁽²⁾
 They fired their rockets into the city;
 One gun gave even three reports;
 Heaven rained down red rain,
 And extinguished the fire of their guns;
 The lads on the north of the city
 Rousing their valor, drove these devils before them.
 From the *white cloud hills*
 The heavenly Lord poured down his rain,
 And many hundred devilish barbarians
 Were by it utterly annihilated.
 The head of one was thrust into a cage,
 It was their great chief Bremer.
 At this their courage and hearts became as water,
 Routed, they threw off their clothes and fled.
 Our people rousing their martial valor,
 From all places cut off retreat,
 And the whole crew were clean swept away.
 The devil-ships all fled
 Far beyond the Tiger's gate.
 Heavenly justice is hard to endure;
 And the climate at this time being pestilential,
 Many of them died of grievous diseases,
 Sent to chastise them by the indignant gods.
 Henceforth peace will reign throughout the land:
 Every one may enjoy an honourable life,
 And the people of the central lands be very happy.

At Canton our authors each give an account of some re-

⁽¹⁾ A shot from the English ships knocked off the arm of one of the idols in the Buddhist temple; the Atalanta getting aground near Dutch Folly shortly after, these superstitious people attributed it to the wrath of their gods.

⁽²⁾ May 29.

markable tombs and joss-houses, for which the reader may refer to which of these works he pleases, the two descriptions being identical, almost verbally so :—

«Over a large portion of the western suburbs are some extraordinary tombs and magnificent joss-houses, or places of worship; one very extensive line of building, close under the city walls, appears solely devoted to the reception of the dead. These are placed in vaults, in strong, substantial, japanned coffins, elevated on pillars, having painted screens in front, perfumed incense sticks burning at the head and feet, and variegated lamps hung from the ceiling. These coffins are of enormous thickness and strength; they were, for the most part, placed two in one vault, and with the exception of a close damp smell, there was no unpleasant sensation perceptible. Outside of these vaults evergreens and creepers were tastefully arranged, and over the doors many bee-hives were fixed. In some the beautiful warbling of the lark and canary at once attracted attention. The poor little birds, neglected for so many days, now welcomed the sounds of approaching footsteps, little fancying that they, too, were to become lawful *loaf*. The contents of a few of the coffins that were opened presented an appearance almost natural. The bodies were all embalmed. They were dressed in a long loose upper garment of silk or crape, which crumbled into powder on being touched; tight breeches of the same material, and embroidered shoes. All those examined were males. In the right hand of each was a fan, and in the left a piece of paper, having Chinese characters written thereon. In the corners, and other empty spaces in the coffins, were small bags, containing a strong and very peculiar smelling aromatic powder. To an antiquarian, there were many things in this village to excite interest.»

Speaking of these joss-houses we must not omit to introduce our readers to those of Ting-hai:

«The temples or joss-houses of Ting-hai are amongst the finest in China. On entering the large and deep gateway of the great temple a colossal figure is seen seated on each side; the right-hand one being the warrior Chin-ky, while the one on the left is Chin-loong, but a high railing prevents the curious from touching them. After examining these seated giants, you pass to a large open quadrangle, one side of which is appropriated to the dormitories of the priests, and the other consists of a long narrow apartment with

altars before three of their gods, who occupy arm-chairs, having elegant lanterns suspended before them. The first is an aged figure, with a long black beard, apparently sleeping; the countenance expressing the most perfect repose. The second is a female, the goddess Teén-how, the queen of heaven. The third is a male figure with eight arms, newly gilt, and apparently lately established in his domicile; he is no doubt of Indian origin. The fourth side of the quadrangle is occupied by the temple. No sooner do you step clear of the screen which is before the door, than you are struck by the magnificence of the carving, and the colossal Budha, seated on the lotus flower. This figure, in its sitting position, is at least fifteen feet in height. On its right and left are seated two other figures, the whole representing the triad, or three precious Budhas. These three figures are gilt. Some idea of their gigantic proportions may be formed from the forefinger of the left hand figure measuring eight inches in length. Behind these figures are mirrors made of the famous pe-tung, or white copper, which when polished is not easily distinguished from silver. Many of these mirrors are from three to four feet in diameter. Passing round a large square building behind the Budhas, you find a row of thirty of his disciples as large as life, of different ages and sexes, all in a standing posture, but in different attitudes. These figures are also richly gilt; the play of the human passions is exquisitely depicted in their countenances; and though they are too corpulent and fat for our ideas of proportion, they are true to the Chinese standard of beauty. On the whole they are good specimens of the fine arts in China." One figure is very remarkable: it is that of a woman with a child apparently issuing from the centre of her breast; she has a glory round her head. Another is that of a man with an eye in the front of the forehead. Before these figures, and behind the Budha, is an altar covered with small but well executed figures of Chinese; at the back of which is a lofty grotto constructed of pieces of rock. On the projections of this are numerous groups of figures, amidst which are many that appear very much like cherubims, as represented by our village sculptors. I am inclined to think from this, and the glory round the female's head, that the figures of the virgin and angels, formerly taken to China by the Jesuit missionaries, have led to a mixture of the Christian with the Chinese worship". Another temple, in which the commissariat were quartered, possessed also some beautiful specimens of sculpture. Kwan-yin, the goddess of mercy, riding on a dolphin in a troubled sea, distribut-

ing her acts of grace, and exhibiting her power to save, would have been looked upon as a splendid piece of art, had it been discovered in Greece instead of in a small Chinese island. The white elephant in this temple created much speculation amongst our orientalists, it having ever been considered as peculiar to the Burmese and Siamese worship; but when it is remembered how great an intercourse, by war and commerce, has for ages existed between the Chinese and Burmese, I can see nothing extraordinary in some of the natives having introduced a Burmese idol, as well as Budha from Ceylon. Before the principal image of this temple stands a large and very massively carved table, on which are jars filled with a fine blue earth for fixing the joss-sticks into, when burning. Accompanying these are round vases filled with fortune-telling sticks, which are flat pieces of bamboo, painted with vermillion, and having Chinese numbers and characters on them. If a Chinaman is about to set out on a journey, to make a purchase, or perform any other transaction of life, he comes and takes out one of these sticks; when by the characters on it he is referred to a leaf of some of the small books which hang up in the temple, and by what he there reads he decides on giving up or persevering in his intended act. The temple of Confucius is situated in a most romantic spot, embowered in trees, but time has done its work. Many parts are fast falling to decay. By the English it was used as a receptacle for all captured property. The Chinese made several attempts, by breaking through the walls, to purloin the contents. The dry masonry of the wall is beautiful; it is a sort of mosaic work,—every stone fitting with the greatest niceness, so that you could not introduce the point of the finest knife into the interstices. In addition to these there may be seen many smaller temples; and every dwelling of any importance has a joss-house or temple of ancestors attached to it.

To have gone through two narratives of the war with China without saying a word about *Opium*, might seem so like an exercise of ingenuity, that—though not looking on the opium question as by any means one of the most prominent or important, either amongst the causes or consequences of the war—we will, in defence of the good faith with which we have perused these volumes, admit the following remarks by Dr. M'Pherson :—

«The opium is never used by the Chinese in its crude state, but

it undergoes a process which separates the resin and other impurities, leaving a residuum somewhat analogous to the morphia used by us, though in a very impure state. This is retailed at most exorbitant prices, and is supposed to be used universally and indiscriminately throughout the empire. For medicinal purposes it is employed by the Chinese both internally and externally, to a very great extent; and I have been informed by a native doctor, that a very few grains taken internally by the most confirmed opium smoker, is certain to lull him to sleep, and have a far more powerful effect upon his secretions than if ten times that quantity was introduced into the system by means of inhalation. The drug, when used for smoking, has the appearance and consistence of tar. The apparatus necessary for proceeding with the operation, consists of a small lamp, fitted with a glass shade, a steel probe, a small brass box containing the drug, and an ebony pipe, about eighteen inches in length. At the further extremity of which is a large pear-shaped bowl, smooth and flattened on its upper surface, in the centre of which is a small hole capable of admitting a pin's head. The smoker now lies down on his bed, and drawing the table, on which the lamp is placed, close to him, with the probe he takes from the box a piece of opium about the size of a pea; this he applies to the flame until it swells and takes fire; instantly blowing the flame out, he rolls the opium for a short time on the bowl of the pipe, and then re-applies it to the flame, and repeats the same process until it becomes sufficiently burned to be fit for use. It is now introduced into the small aperture in the bowl and the lungs having previously been emptied as much as possible of atmospheric air, the pipe is put to the mouth: and the bowl applied to the flame, and in one long deep inspiration the opium becomes almost entirely dissipated. The fumes are retained in the chest for a short time, and then emitted through the nostrils. This operation is repeated until the desired effects of the drug are produced, the period of which varies according as the individual has been accustomed to its effects. Some old stagers will smoke whole nights without being completely under its influence, whereas, to the beginner or to a person not used to the habit, a very small quantity is sufficient to stupify.

Both these works bring down the narrative of events to April, 1842—an Appendix being added to that of Captain Bingham, to announce the subsequent capture of Chappo. Previous to that latter event, Capt. Bingham estimates the

losses of the Chinese since the commencement of our hostile operations against them, at from fifteen to twenty thousand men, and about eighteen hundred pieces of cannon, with an immense quantity of the other materials of war, and the almost total annihilation of their navy.

(THE ATHENÆUM.)

THE FORGED WILL.

BY H. CURLING.

It was towards the close of a somewhat raw and gusty day in the month of December, somewhere about that year in which the invincible armada of Spain threatened destruction to our sceptred isle. The exact year, indeed, I cannot call to mind ; but it was, as I said, towards the close of a cold and comfortless-looking day in December, that a single horseman rode rapidly up to the principal entrance of Marstoke House, in Warwickshire.

« Ah ! Walter Greville ! » cried the owner of the mansion, who, for want of more fitting employment to amuse his mind, was walking the quarter-deck, as it were, of his ample hall, and gazing occasionally into the park through the open doorway, till the evening meal was announced, for in these days your country squire went to roost at the same time almost as the

chickens in his poultry-yard. "Ah! Walter Greville, man! 'fore Heaven, but I am right glad to see thee again," said the owner of the mansion, adding in a *sotto voce* aside, "a south fog rot ye! what in the name of the fiend hath brought this ill-omened hound hitherward?"

"I am glad to see you well, good Master Oldcraft," said the traveller, in hoarse guttural tones, getting at the same time off his wearied steed with some little effort, and all the caution and deliberation of one who had apparently ridden so far betwixt sunrise and sunset that his legs were afflicted with a sort of cavalry cramp, and bowed outwards like those of a bandy-legged turnspit's. "You are alone here, Oldcraft, are you?" he continued, pausing after his dismount, "or have you visitors or residents in your house besides the good lady, your wife, at the present moment?"

"Alone, man," said the host; "my wife even is absent at Warwick just now."

"Good!" returned the other, resigning his steed to the serving-man, and shaking his friend by the hand; "'tis best so."

"But you look pale and ill, Greville," said Oldcraft; "come in, come in; a stoup of wine will refresh and revive thee. You've surely journeyed far to-day."

"I have done so," returned the traveller; "I have neither stinted nor stayed since daybreak, except to feed, and once to change my horse at Weedon, and glad am I after my ride to find you are alone here, since I have that to talk with you about which will scarce be fitting subject for other ears but thine and mine." In saying this he unstrapped the leathern belt which confined his ample riding-cloak, doffed his beaver, and, ushered by the master of the mansion, strode into the interior after him.

The two persons here introduced to the reader were good and portly figures,—"good men's pictures," as Portia has it, —strong-built, broad-shouldered, and stout-limbed fellows, and both were accoutred for the nonce in suits which were the usual equipments of persons of condition residing in the country in Queen Elizabeth's reign. Yet, although these men

wore their doublets slashed and puffed, and embroidered after the most approved fashion ; had their ruffs starched to the firmness of a deal-board, and carried rapiers by their sides of more than an ell in length, yet was it easy to perceive at a single glance that neither of them were gentlemen.

For the one, and who, by reason of his being in possession, we may suppose to be the proprietor of the house and domain we have found him in ; he was clad in an embroidered doublet, slashed and puffed, with continuations to answer, wore huge rosettes in his shoes, and, as before mentioned, carried those attributes of a gentleman of his day—rapier and dagger, at his girdle. His features, however, were not good ; and although his physiognomy gave you the idea that he possessed a considerable share of courage, firmness, and talent, yet the face was essentially vulgar and common-looking, and his figure rather too fat and burly ; there was also a want of breeding in his manner and appearance altogether, which neither his clothes nor his inches made up for. In fact, he looked more like one who had had riches thrust upon him, than one who had either achieved or been born to them.

The other, his visitor, was a tall, gaunt-looking fellow, with a restless eye, an aquiline nose, a long Quixotic visage, dark elf-locks, and an expression of countenance so uneasy and disturbed that apparently he was ever on the fret lest a bailiff or an officer of justice should steal and pounce upon him unawares. He looked haggard, also, and careworn to a degree, showing evidently that, in addition to his usual style, there was to be now seen in his hang-dog visage the effects of hard riding, and the exhaustion of over-fatigue. He was accoutred, like his before-named friend, in the somewhat rich dress of a country-gentleman of the period ; and in addition to his long and curiously-guarded rapier and dagger, he carried horse-pistols a foot and a half long at his girdle. His wide and heavy riding-boots, also, which were pulled up to the middle of his thighs, were accommodated with large and most persuasively rowelled spurs.

Soon as Master Oldcraft had ushered his friend into a good-sized, oak-pannelled apartment, on the hearth of which glowed

a most comfortable wood fire, he once more bade him welcome to Marstoke House ; and ringing a little silver bell which stood upon the table, desired the servant who attended to bring wine and refreshments immediately.

Meanwhile his guest, after spreading his extended palms over the blazing logs, and then thrusting his heavy boots into the flames, in order to warm his feet, now that he was fairly housed, and in a goodly arm-chair, placed opposite to that in which his host had seated himself, seemed to forget his fatigue in the anxiety and misery of his mind. His brow became more contracted, his countenance even more faded, his eye was sunken, and trouble and anxiety were in his every look. He started like some guilty thing when the attendant serving-man threw open the door to bring in the wine, and other refreshments; shrunk, and drew off his eye as he caught the man's glance, and walking to the window of the apartment, appeared for one moment as if watching the on-coming snow-storm, and then suddenly returning to the fire-place, was again lost and absorbed apparently in deep and troublesome cogitation.

Oldcraft watched his visitor with a steady eye for some little time ere he interrupted his reverie ; apparently he saw what he did not altogether like in the mood he beheld him in, and his welcome had lost half its former heartiness of tone as he poured out a cup of wine, and bade the traveller drink to refresh himself. Walter Greville took the proffered glass, returned the pledge of his friend, and drained it to the dregs ; after which, fetching a deep and long-drawn sigh, he threw himself into the vacant seat beside the table, and shadowed his face with his hands.

The host, still eyeing him with a searching and steady gaze, proceeded to do a little cross-examination.

"The wine is good, Greville, is't not?" he began. "Try another glass, man ; your spirit seems somewhat clouded. I don't recollect that I ever saw you so strangely moved. Even now you said you wished to confer with me alone. Have you any of the old leaven to talk of? I thought that subject was to be for ever quiet between us, eh?"

“It was and is settled,” returned the visitor; “but matter hath grown out of it that I would fain speak to thee anent; matter appertaining to myself. In short, I am in want of the comfort and consolation of your companionship and your advice, not to mention that the shelter of your roof here will be more than convenient just at this time. I come to be your guest here, Master Oldcraft, for some weeks, perhaps, ere I take the western voyage. You see I am unceremonious in manner, and scruple not to invite myself. Nay, for the matter of that, we know each other well enough for me to say, it suits my purpose to enjoy the air of Warwickshire for a term, and keep close the whilst, and it *must* suit yours to say ‘Walter Greville, you’re welcome.’”

“There needs no ghost come from the grave,” returned the host,—“so to speak the words of our new poet of Stratford, to tell me that fact, Greville. Knock about the bush no more, man. Out with your secret, and let me see if I can do aught to assist thee. What new villany weighs so heavily upon your conscience?”

“More than I can find words to describe to thee, Oldcraft,” said the traveller; “but it must be done: the tale must needs be told, or I shall die.”

“Curse upon the ban-dog!” muttered Oldcraft. “What a thing it is to be but half a villain! What, that over-greed of thine,” he continued aloud, and somewhat bitterly, “not satiated with the fortune thou hadst amassed as my partner, sent thee again to the dice-table, and I suppose the loss of all you had (avariciously, as thou did always pouch the uttermost farthing thou couldst scrape together,) has nearly driven you frantic; so that now thou art come yelping here to confide this thing to me, and ask a further share, thinking, as you even now hinted, that I dare not refuse thee.”

“No, by Heaven!” returned the other, in his peculiar and deep tones, “you are safe there. I would I were steeped in poverty to the very lips, so I could undo what I have committed. I am twice, nay three times as wealthy, Oldcraft, as when I saw thee last; but, unhappy was the hour in which I became so; accursed the deeds which have put me in pos-

session,—for I have done an ugly crime to gain these riches, and the hand of Heaven is upon me. Yes, Oldcraft, in me you behold a murderer !

Dreadnought Oldcraft, who wrote himself, esquire of Marstoke House, in the county of Warwick, and who had risen to that estate from the calling of a London attorney, « who told the clock for many years in Bridewell dock, » was what might properly be called, in every sense, a cool hand, and on this occasion he showed to advantage the imperturbable nature of his disposition. He neither started with horror at the abrupt declaration of his visitor, nor did he summon his household to secure the delinquent after so unscrupulous a confession, (perhaps he had his reasons ;) be that as it may, certain it is, that he merely smiled as he rose from his seat, and, quietly walking to the door of the oak-pannelled apartment they were sitting in, he threw it suddenly wide open, stepped a pace or two into the hall, glanced hastily to the right and to the left, and then returning to his seat, took up the little silver bell from the table, and rang it merrily for the servant.

Walter Greville had, meanwhile, also started to his feet, and stood, « with cat-like watch, » observing the motion of his auditor, and with his right hand grasping the butt of one of the pistols at his girdle, seemed apparently awaiting in doubt as to the fidelity of his friend ; but as Oldcraft returned into the room his eagle eye caught the motion, and he signed to him to relinquish the grasp upon his weapon before the servant answered to the summons.

« I have business of importance, » said Oldcraft to the servant, « with my friend here, who is fatigued with long travel ; get fire, and a bed prepared in the guest's apartment ; let the supper be served without delay, and place all we require at once upon table ; after which leave us to ourselves, see to the security of the house, and quit us for the night. When you have refreshed yourself, Walter Greville, » he continued, as soon as the serving-man withdrew to hasten the evening meal, « we will continue this matter ; meanwhile calm your-

self, and compose your spirits. It is ill talking between a full man and a fasting, as the Scot hath it."

So saying the host arose, and locking the door, removed at the same time the pistols of his guest to the table behind where he was sitting, and taking down a huge and elaborately-carved tobacco-pipe, the bowl of which was as big as a Scotchman's mull of the present day, he proceeded with infinite care to fill it with the weed of Sir Walter, which had just then come into fashion, and reseating himself in his high-backed chair, puffed out such huge volumes of smoke as he prepared himself to listen to the communication of his companion; that although the voice reached him through the *fussillade* he kept up, the countenance and figure of his guest were completely hidden in the cloud and eclipsed.

WALTER GREVILLE'S CONFESSION.

"I must needs begin my story," said Greville, "from the time I left this place, after we had succeeded in gaining possession of this estate, buried Sir William Marstoke, gained the suits you wot of, and taken up your residence here in Warwickshire. *You* took the estate, and I had my share in ready-money: I confess the partition was just, and I am content with what you have done for me."

"There's honour among thieves, then, according to the old proverb," said Oldcraft. "Come, I'm glad you give me my share in that, as I gave you yours in rose-nobles. Proceed, and come to your story. Let's have less matter, eschew compliments, I don't want 'em—I want facts."

"When I left thee, then, (as you may easily suppose after all that had happened,) I was not likely to be a settler in London. I therefore sold what few things I possessed in the old house in Bridewell-Dock, where we had carried on business so long, doffed my suit of sables for more gallant accoutrements, and began to cast about in my mind where I should like to live, and ruffle it (since I was in condition to do so,) with the gentlefolks of the land. I had never forgotten Matthew Marstoke, Sir William's brother, to whose house you used to send me sometimes during the suit between him and

Sherloke, and which suit we lost some ten years ago. The kindness and hospitality of Matthew Marstoke, and the pleasant style in which he lived during the short stay I used to make at his house in Kent, quite made an impression on me. I remembered, too, his easy disposition, and the frequent invitations he used to give me to return and visit him, and more than all, I remembered the riches he was possessed of, and the tales he used to tell me of the moneys he had no use for, the chests of plate in his lumber-room, and the bags of gold which he said had lain uncounted for years beneath his bed. In short, I resolved to visit Matthew Marstoke, and setting out for Kent, arrived at Sandwich, and found he was absent from the house he used to dwell in, and living then at another place he possessed at Wingham."

"I know the house well," said Oldcraft; "it has a row of poplar-trees before it. I've visited him myself there. I remember, also, his dwelling in the town of Sandwich,—it's the great house in the market-place, stands at one end—a large red-brick building. Diccon Grasp, our agent, was on one side, and Master Hogsflesh, the mayor, lived on the other."

"I took that house," resumed Greville, "for Marstoke had removed from it in consequence of its being haunted, and dreadful sounds were heard all night long. I took that house, after staying with Marstoke for a fortnight, and became his tenant. Meanwhile Marstoke, I must tell you, had grown quite demented (I may say, almost silly). He had fallen into bad health, and was paralytic withal. He was delighted at my coming to see him, as he was ever at war with his domestics, who, he said, were eating him up alive, and killing him by inches, so that I became (as you may suppose) in a short time master of his whole establishment, and lived at free quarters, kept all his relatives at a distance, cudgelled some of his domestics, kicked others out of the place, and made quite a reformation in the household, till at last the old man was fain to consult me on the subject of destroying his old, and making a new will. You may easily suppose I did not lend a deaf ear to the suggestion, more especially as

I naturally supposed he meant to make me his heir, after all the service I had rendered him. To my surprise and anger, however, I found, when we came to be closeted together, that he had a daughter living at Ghent, whom he had long discarded for marrying after her own inclinations, and against his; and that having cut her off whilst his resentment lasted, and which had endured full thirty years, he was now relenting, and wishing for her return before he died; and so, having entrusted to me the task of writing to tell her of his forgiveness, he also gave me full instructions to make a will in her favour, never so much as naming me for a legacy therein."

"Ho! ho!" laughed Oldcraft. "I should like to have seen thy hatchet-face at that moment. Your finger strayed towards the poniard at your girdle, I dare be sworn."

"Not a whit, man; I swore a deep revenge for being thus palter'd with, and resolved upon a scheme which I quickly put in practice."

"What! you filched the bags from beneath the bed, I suppose, advertised the hungry relatives of the old man's intentions, and turned them loose again upon him, aye? had him regularly torn to pieces by his own kith and kin."

"Not that, either," said Greville; "and here begins the story of my present discomfort."

"Begins!" said his auditor. "Why, man, I thought this preamble of thine was beginning, middle, and end."

"You shall hear; but give me more wine, for the story chokes me in the utterance. I laid the plot thus: I invited Marstoke to spend the Christmas week with me at Sandwich. The town was just then all alive. The threatened invasion of the Spaniard made folks full of preparation. Sandwich, you know, is one of the Cinque Ports, and consequently a place of some importance. Meetings were therefore daily called, soldiers quartered upon the inhabitants; merchants, noblemen, and gentry, vying with each other in fitting out ships at their own charge, and troops were constantly passing and repassing along the coast. I attended these meetings, entered heart and hand into all the proceedings; offered my

services to join the expedition, and *appeared* as forward as any there. Meanwhile, *one* only thought possessed me wholly, which was how to get Marstoke's riches into my possession, and dispose safely of the old man. Murder was upon my mind day and night; and until the deed was effected, I felt I could get neither respite nor rest. Just Heaven! little did I dream then the state of mind this deed would reduce me to when perpetrated. In short, the invasion, as you know, was deferred, Christmas arrived, and Marstoke was my guest in the old house at Sandwich. Amongst the soldiers, sailors, artisans, and men-at-arms, who crowded the town, I sought out and hired two servants, fellows 'out of suits with fortune,' and whom I had good reason to know were fit for any work I chose to put them to, and worthy of trust, if properly treated and rewarded. On Christmas day I feasted several of the inhabitants of the town, and we kept up the revel till daybreak next morning. You will, therefore, easily conceive me it was not a very extraordinary circumstance that old Marstoke should be taken suddenly unwell and confined to his bed,—nay, so sick was he that I thought it but expedient he should make his will as he had before intended."

"Ah! ah!" said Oldcraft. "What, you drugged his posset for him, aye? and tampered with the roast-beef and plum-pudding? put rats-bane in the sweet-sauce? Ah! you're a cunning fellow, Greville; but you've no head for these matters."

"Not so, said Greville; "I gave out Marstoke was seriously ill; and on the third night after our Christmas feast, when all the town were wrapped in slumber, I turned the two fellows I have named into his room, with directions to strangle him in his bed. Accursed be the hour in which I conceived the deed! Never shall I forget the horrors of that night; what with wind and rain, I thought the old town would have been levelled with the earth before morning dawned. As I watched beside the old man's chamber-door, whilst the deed was being perpetrated, I heard his struggles as the villains strangled him in his bed. With morning's dawn (for I had lain upon my bed, where I had first thrown myself, like some

terrified urchin in the darkness,) I somewhat recovered my self-possession, and reflecting that the worst act in this hideous drama was over, proceeded towards the consummation of my plot. With some little difficulty I screwed up my courage, and ascending the stairs, approached Marstoke's room. It was long, however, before I could muster courage to open the door. I feared to see the old man's ghastly corpse on the floor where I had heard him fall, and stood with my hand on the lock, like one suffering in the agony of some hideous dream, unable alike to go forward or retreat. At length, after some hours of this irresolution, I was aroused to the necessity of exertion by the sound of the two scoundrels I had thus employed, knocking at the outer gate for admittance, and the opening of the maid-servant's door in a remote part of the house, as she answered to their summons. Summoning, then, all my energies, I entered the apartment, and rushing to the bell-rope, pulled it violently, calling at the same time to the maid to desire one of the men-servants instantly to take horse, and hurry over to Wingham for Marstoke's lawyer, as he was so much worse that he desired instantly to make his will.

Meanwhile, before the scrivener came, I conveyed Diccon Web, the other man, into the bed with the dead body, and drawing the curtains close round them (the room at the same time being darkened,) I directed him to groan like one in great pain, and, counterfeiting at the same time the old man's voice, answer any questions the lawyer might put so as to manage to leave the bulk of his property to me, stopping any inordinate curiosity and compunctious visitings of the scrivener by a heavy legacy in his favour. We managed matters so well that all was effected without interruption or suspicion. Web, counterfeiting old Marstoke's voice, and seemingly hardly able to give directions as to how the will should be made, disposed of his estate in my favour; after which, desiring to repose himself from the exertion, the company assembled were requested, by desire of the apparently dying man, to leave him to his repose. Soon after which, spreading the news of his death throughout the house, and

calling the servants up, I showed them the corpse as if just departed in his bed. But the worst is yet to come. I succeeded to the estate; but the remorse I suffered was so great that I could not bear to live in the neighbourhood; my two new houses I would have been thankful to any one to have fired and burnt to the very ground. I grew nervous and frightened at my own shadow. The countenance of old Marstoke, and his cry to me for assistance, haunted me day and night. The two scoundrels, Web and Basset, too, began to grow upon me, and the constant sight of them was as basilisks unto mine eyes. I feared to part with them; and to keep them was ruinous; they spent what money they listed, robbed me to my face, and one of them in his cups affirmed amongst his companions that it was in his power to hang his master any day in the week. Basset, the other fellow, informing me of this, I became so seriously troubled that I resolved to fly the place, and, in order to prevent any danger of further babbling, managed matters with Basset so as to have Web closely made away. To effect this, I settled with them both to precede me to London; and sending them on the night before I intended myself to set out, gave direction to Basset to deal with Web on the road. Basset followed his orders, but did the deed somewhat earlier than I had intended. He stabbed his comrade through the back as they rode side by side along the Sandwich flats, and, dismounting, threw his body into the haven. The waters washing it up to Sandwich early next morning with the tide, to my horror and confusion it was brought to my house just as I was about to set forward on my own journey; so that I found myself obliged to attend the mayor during the inquiry about the rascal's death, and even agree with the magistrates as to the propriety of sending out a party to overtake and capture Basset for the suspected murder. This new mishap almost unsettled my wits; and the officers having luckily failed in capturing Basset, I hurried from the town two days afterwards, and the whole county being just then engaged in preparation for the armada, I joined the forces assembled at Tilbury Fort under command of the Earl of Leicester. Could

I have safely joined the Spaniards I would have done so. As it was, I sought in the bustle of the ramp, and the pomp and circumstance of war, to forget the horrible transactions I had been engaged in; but it would not be. That which filled the minds of all round with enthusiasm was by me uncared for. The glorious sight of a Queen heading her armies in the field, and riding through the lines to exhort the soldiery to remember their duty to their country, avowing her intention herself to lead us against the enemy, and perish rather than survive the ruin and slavery of her people, was lost upon a wretch whose nights and days were passed in agonising remorse. The very din of the engagement, and the turmoil and bustle accompanying the destruction of the armada; the shrieks of the dying, the shouts of the victors, the thunder of the cannon, was all, I found, as nothing. I walked the deck of my own ship, and even boarded the enemy's craft, with the ghastly countenance of old Marstoke continually before me wherever I turned; so that I resolved more than once to surrender myself on the return of the fleet, and confess all the villany of my sinful career upon the gallows.

"How then stands the matter with you at the present moment?" said Oldcraft, now fully interested in his companion's tale. "Speak, man, quickly. You said even now the business was blown. What leads you to think so?"

"The news," answered Greville, "which reached me yesterday before I left London (where I had been keeping close), of Basset's having been arrested at Faversham, and committed to jail on suspicion of Web's murder. I fled on the instant, and behold I am here in my extremity." The guilty man, covering his face with his hands, sobbed aloud as he finished his story, and in his agony and remorse called upon his more cool, and, apparently even more hardened companion, for counsel and advice.

"Give me comfort, Oldcraft," he said, "for I feel the hand of heaven is so heavy upon me that I cannot live under the burthen of my crimes. Death seems hovering at my heart, and yet I cannot die. Nay, there is the smell of death even in this apartment where we sit. Methinks it is my grave."

“Prophetic are thy words,” said Oldcraft, suddenly bringing round his right arm, and firing one of Greville’s own pistols into his breast, shattering his lungs to pieces with the closeness of the discharge. “Prophetic are thy words, fool! for ’tis thy grave.”

The wretched victim, uttering a cry of agony as the life-blood flowed out in one gushing tide, fell with his face upon the hearth a ghastly corpse, as his executioner, starting to his feet, dashed his pipe to the further end of the apartment.

“’Twas time, indeed, to look to this gear,” he said, as he pounced upon the quivering body, and turning it on its back proceeded to ransack the pockets of the doublet in search of his papers, which he hurriedly thrust into the fire without examining. “’Twas time, indeed, to stop this driveller’s mouth, or, by the Lord, I should have been involved in his cursed confessions up to the ears. Former transactions, as well as more recent pastimes, would have doubtless come out before he had made an end of his shrift. What ho! there! Help! murder! help ho! Here, Stephen! Robin! James! help here!” He continued calling aloud, and at the same time drawing Greville’s sword from the scabbard, and throwing it beside the body. After which he stepped to the door, and threw it wide open. “Help here! Arise, I say! I am assailed in my own house!”

“Behold!” he cried, as the terrified servants, awakened by the report of the pistol, and his cries, hurried half-naked from their beds.” This caitiff, not content with trying to extort money from me on this blessed night, suddenly attacked me sword in hand, and would have murdered me had I not luckily possessed myself of one of his pistols, and shot him dead.

A deep and awful silence, only interrupted by the fitful gusts of the winter’s wind, reigned in Marstoke House for the remainder of that night. The serving-men and maids who had been summoned from their beds by Master Oldcraft’s cries, and the report of the pistol, were huddled together in the kitchen of the building, where, over the fire they had

coaxed back into life, they discussed in fearful whispers the suspicions and surmises to which this strange transaction gave rise.

In those days of rapier and dagger, the matter of a man slain in a country mansion was not of such rare occurrence as to cause any very great confusion or dismay. Yet still, a death so oddly come by as this man's, having been shot through the lungs in the dead of night, and on the very hearth, too, where he had so short a time before been seen draining the cup of kindness with his host, did not altogether pass current without its comment.

Meanwhile, the principal actor in this hideous drama paced up and down the ample chamber, to which he had retired after having given orders that the body of his victim should be left exactly as it had been discovered by the servants on his summoning them to his assistance.

"My star," he said, as he communed with himself upon the deed he had just perpetrated,—*"my star is yet in the ascendant. My good angel, or evil, if you will—for I care not though the very devil himself dispatched this miserable driveller hitherward,—has this night put it in my power, by one bold stroke, to rid myself of the distrust and anxiety I have so long felt on his account, and by putting a seal upon his lips for ever, to rid me, also, of my fears."*

This self-congratulation of Master Oldcraft's was suddenly interrupted by the clatter of horses' feet passing rapidly beneath his chamber-window. He paused in his soliloquy, and instantly extinguished the lamp which was burning upon the table beside his bed, and stepping to the window, cautiously drew back one of the sliding-shutters, and gently opening the casement, looked forth.

The day was just breaking, and he beheld a small party of some half-a-dozen horsemen turn the angle of the building as they rode into the fore-court. He was only just in time to catch a glimpse of their shining hauberks as they disappeared round one of the flanking towers of the old mansion in their way to the principal entrance.

Marstoke House had formerly (in the early part of Harry

the Eighth's reign) been a religious establishment, and inhabited by a fraternity of Carmelites. It was at the present time only partially inhabited, as Master Oldcraft and his small establishment occupied but a part of one wing; and being much discountenanced and disliked in the neighbourhood, the place had a deserted and melancholy appearance at the best of times. On that side of the building which was occupied at the bottom of the garden stood a large water-mill, and which had in other times pertained to the monastery. It was at present in the occupation of one Jenden, a miller, who carried on his business there. In the park or meadow-land beyond this mill were numerous fish-ponds, beautifully shadowed by overhanging branches of the enormous trees, and intersected by innumerable narrow divisions or walks, made for the purpose of netting and draining these stews. Indeed, in old times, almost every abbey, hall, or manor-house had its stew or fish-pond for the supply of the establishment.

A something struck upon the heart of the guilty man, as the horsemen drew up and commenced a clamorous summons for admittance, that the arrival of the party had reference to Walter Greville's late misdeeds, and that he himself was not altogether uncared for and uncalled on. He felt a sinking at the heart as he listened to the sound of their repeated blows upon his fore-door, which gradually resolved itself into a palpitation of that organ, and which, although he was a stranger to fear, completely (for the moment) unmanned him; and almost fastened him to the spot he stood on. Suddenly, however, recovering his energies, he darted to the door of his chamber, and groping his way along the corridor, called to his servants not to draw bolt or bar until he had ascertained the business of these visitors. The order, however, came too late, as the door had been the more readily opened from the leader of the party demanding admittance in the Queen's name, having a warrant for the apprehension of one Nicholas Oldcraft, for the murder of Sir William Marstoke of Marstoke Hall.

Master Oldcraft, who had likewise heard these awful words just as he sprung into the hall, stayed no further circumstance,

but, like many a better man, turned, and fled from the wrath to come. Retracing his steps, he once more gained his chamber, and, after securing the door, hastily drew back a sliding pannel in the wainscoting immediately behind his bed, and which admitted him into the garden of the hall, whence he intended to go and conceal himself in the adjoining mill, or escape by the fish-ponds beyond it.

The hunt, however, was fairly up sooner than he imagined, and he found, on emerging from the passage into the garden, that the mill was in possession of several of the party who had gained admittance to the hall. Still the mill was his only chance, and creeping along a dark and overshadowed walk beside the stream, he endeavoured to gain it. The miller, who stood near the mill-door, was listening with open mouth to the recital of one of the men-at-arms from Warwick, as he gained the end of the walk, and Oldcraft, seeing nothing better for it, quietly stepped across the wood-work, and, as the mill was not at work, concealed himself in the wheel.

“Strange news, indeed,” quoth the burly miller, as he moved across the platform, “and strange times these we live in. Well, I always did say these Oldcrafts was no good, constable. I never liked the man in my life; and for the ’oman—Well, I says nothin’—it’s no business o’ mine, and so I’ll e’en go arter what is.”

In saying this, the miller stepped up and turned the water on his mill; the next moment a piercing shriek rung out amidst the rush of waters from beneath where he stood. The miller, hastening back in alarm, turned off the water, and stopped the wheel. It was, however, too late; and the body of the wretched Oldcraft, severed in twain, floated out with the gushing tide.

However strange this tale may appear, it is mainly derived from actual facts. Such a murder, so contrived, and so followed, did actually take place in Queen Elizabeth’s reign. Such a will, with the living murderer introduced into the bed with the dead body of his victim, and where he personated the testator, whilst the household sat around without suspicion of the fraud, was actually made; and even such a

circumstance as a man concealed in the wheel of a mill; cut in twain on the waters being turned on, is no coinage of the brain.

(BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.)

THE
STUDENT OF LOUVAIN.

BY ELIZABETH YOUATT.

Like flower-seeds by the wild wind spread,
So radiant thoughts are strew'd,
The soul when those high gifts are shed
May faint in solitude.—MRS. HEMANS.

The day was closing in at Utrecht, and the inhabitants, for the most part poor but industrious citizens, congregated at the doors of their houses to smoke their pipes, or converse together on the state of the times; and a set of more phlegmatic countenances and contented spirits could not well have met together. Before an abode, the neatness of which could not conceal the evident poverty of its inmates, and which you learned by a rude inscription on the walls belonged to a barge-builder, sat a boy on the fallen trunk of a tree. His dress was coarse in the extreme, leaving his muscular limbs fully exposed, but there was something in the proud motion of his head as he threw back the tangled hair from his brow, and looked around with his wild, restless eyes, which at once

distinguished him from the rest of his companions, and showed that thoughts incompatible with his present situation were busily at work in his young mind. Occasionally his father, a rude, unlettered man, but with a veneration for learning which has made his name respected to this day, and who now stood leaning against the doorpost, with his white shirt-sleeves rolled up above the elbow, and his brawny arms crossed upon his breast, would take the pipe from his lips, and address some kindly word to him, which was replied to as though the mind of the listener had wandered far away.

It would seem as if the boy was watching the blue smoke-wreathes as they rose up into the still air of evening and disappeared; but it is more probable that his aspiring thoughts followed each other as rapidly, and then became likewise lost in indistinctness. He was aroused at length by a low and gentle voice, and a young girl with bare feet, and a number of small brass coins coquettishly woven in her long braided hair, stood panting for breath by his side. She was an orphan, none knew even from what country she came, though the starry brightness of her large dark eyes, and the sweet accents of her voice, which made music of their harsh language every time she spoke, told of the sunny south. She had been the sole survivor of a vessel which foundered at sea, and adopted by a lone old man, an iron-worker of Guelderland, who had lately come to settle at Utrecht, and who loved her as if she had been his own child.

The boy looked up and smiled at her approach; but it was a dreamy smile which brightened as it met hers, as though all other thoughts melted away before its radiance; and he tried to draw her towards him that she might share his seat.

"No, no," said the girl, playfully eluding his grasp, "I cannot sit still here all this splendid evening."

"Where would you go to, Esmeralda?"

"Let us dance in the sunset, or chase each other along by the river; it always feels so fresh by the water."

Adrian sprang up with a joyous bound, and the old barge-builder dashed the tears from his eyes, as he watched them

depart, for he knew it would be but little longer that he should have his son with him.

How merrily they danced, and laughed, and romped that night, until even the light-footed Esmeralda grew weary, and following her example Adrian sat down upon the ground, and amused himself by playing with the coins in her long hair.

“Why do you wear these?” he asked at length, “I never see any of the other children with their heads dressed after this strange fashion.”

“Possibly not; but I have a dreamy recollection that they were worn thus in my own country: and I never hear them tinkling as I dance without thinking of home.”

“I had forgotten that you are not one of us,” said Adrian, looking into her beautiful face with a mixture of boyish reverence and love; “for aught any one knows to the contrary, you may be a queen!”

“Ah, if I was!” exclaimed the girl, smiling joyously.

“And what would you do then, my Esmeralda?”

“Buy every book that was ever written, so that you might read all day long if you chose. That would make you happy, would it not, Adrian?”

“But yourself, dearest?”

“Ah! I had forgotten myself. I would have masters and study to be wise, in order that you might love me, and never intrude upon you, except you were weary or sick, or when you sent for me.”

“Silly Esmeralda! why I should be always sending for you; even as it is I love you better than anything else in the world.

“Except books,” interrupted the girl, holding up her finger with a merry laugh, “come, confess, Adrian?”

“Well, well, except books then, since you will have it so. And yet I am not quite sure,” added the young scholar, dazzled by the bewildering brightness of the dark eyes which sought his so mirthfully, whether I shall admit any exception at all. But it grows late for you to be out, had we not better return?”

The girl rose up that instant, and went bounding on before

him like an antelope, her sweet laugh now close at his ear, while her cheek touched his, and then growing fainter in the distance as he strove in vain to keep up with her fleet steps, and mingling with the fairy-like tinkling of her long braided hair. As they approached the dwelling of her protector she assumed a more demure pace, and suffered herself to be overtaken.

• What a race you have led me, Esmeralda! •

Poor Adrian! you do look tired; • and she parted the hair upon his flushed brow with her cool fingers, and laughed mischievously: • but you will come in and rest? •

• Not to-night, dear. •

• Well, I shall see you to-morrow. • and she held up her sweet face for the accustomed kiss, which we will not take upon ourselves to swear was not given as well as received; but then they were but children.

The old barge-builder was anxiously awaiting the return of his son, and that night they sat up long, talking of the past, and yet more earnestly of the future, which their sanguine hopes made bright. The following day it was known all over Utrecht that Adrian would never settle down to his father's business, but was about, with his permission, to quit his native place and proceed to Louvain, at which university the old man had been long and secretly trying to get him admitted gratuitously among the students, and was at length successful. Some laughed at the scheme, as such people are apt to do at what passes their comprehension; others thought it would have been better for Adrian to have followed the honest calling of his forefathers, while a few read on the high brow and flashing eyes of the young scholar something of the glory which he went forth to struggle for and to win; but Esmeralda only wept.

There is much real kindness among the poor, whatever may be said to the contrary; and when it became generally known that Adrian was going away to be a great man, as they simply but prophetically expressed it, many a trifling but most acceptable offering aided his father in the arduous task of his equipment, which, plain and frugal as it was, left him no-

thing but his blessing to bestow. But what do the young, the aspiring, want more? Every obstacle is a fresh incentive to exertion—a fresh triumph when overcome; and they are proud with their own hands to hew out a road, and carve for themselves an everlasting niche in the temple of fame!

Esmeralda was worthy of the young scholar; to the last she spoke not of herself, of her loneliness when he should have gone from her, but rather of the joy it would be to her and his father to hear of his success; the deep self-sacrificing love of the woman, mingled with the passionate fondness of the child, and made her careful to be rather the guiding star than the meteor which might tempt him aside from the bright destiny he had chosen, and they parted at length in hope,

The university of Louvain established by John Duke of Brabant, and containing among its professors some of the most learned, and among its pupils the rising geniuses of the age, was a hallowed object in the eyes of the young student; and the deep feeling of reverence with which he stood for the first time before its massive walls, often made him smile to think on in later days. History proceeds to inform us how for a few successive years he toiled on in the pursuit of knowledge, but the phrase is surely incorrect; if it was a toil, let us at least call it a labour of love! What if his cheek paled, and his form withered; if his flashing eyes grew dim, and ached so that at times he was fain to close them for very weariness, had he not got his wish? Was not the burning thirst of his aspiring spirit slaking itself at the living waters of universal knowledge? Was he not holding daily and hourly commune with all that makes the past great and holy, and laying up for himself a treasure of wisdom which life only could exhaust?

The more aristocratic but less talented pupils of the university had long envied the growing fame of the young student, and sought eagerly to lower him in the estimation in which he was so justly held by the professors; but for some time without success, poverty and an intense love of study compelling Adrian to a life of strict frugality and privation.

At length, however, it was discovered that he invariably stole away from the university as soon as it became dusk, and did not return until long past midnight, always taking one direction, and declining on various pretences the company of any of his fellow-students.

• Depend upon it those quiet ones are always the worst, » said Jans Durland. • Who knows but what he may belong to some of those midnight bands of whom the good people of Louvain tell such fearful tales? »

• Nay, his very poverty is his surety on that score, » replied his companion, laughingly.

• Pshaw! a mere blind; what then can account for his regularly absenting himself at such an hour? »

• Why, grave and studious as Adrian is, he may not be insensible to the witchery of some bright-eyed damoiselle, and there are plenty such at Louvain. Take my word for it, Jans, that wherever there is a mystery of this sort, a woman is always sure to be at the bottom of it. »

• Well, I trust it may be no worse. Suppose we were to follow him to-night, and ascertain the truth at once,—at least it would be something to taunt him with. »

• But scarcely honourable, methinks, » replied his companion, hesitatingly.

• Nay, every thing is fair in love they say, and why not in hate? » muttered Jans Durland, gnashing his teeth with rage.

• Well, be it so then, but not to-night; there is a debate to be held at the Town-hall, which I must join; to-morrow I am at your service; and in the mean time, Jans, you may as well accompany me. »

• With all my heart, » replied the student, carelessly; • but I shall afterwards take care that Adrian does not again escape me. »

The debate was most eloquent, although the subject of it matters little to our history; so we shall merely state that it terminated shortly before midnight; and the people after lingering to exchange greetings on a cordial good-night, separated to their various homes. The students of Louvain continued to talk loud and eagerly as they walked four abreast

through the silent streets, occasionally breaking off in the midst of a brilliant argument to shout and yell under the windows of some unfortunate citizen who had contrived to render himself obnoxious to them; or raise a rude chorus in honour of some chosen beauty whose dwelling lay in their road home, until they reached the church of St. Peter, one of the finest religious edifices in Belgium.

It was a bright starlight night, and the streets were white and hard with the frozen snow, and still and silent as the grave, except the hollow whistling of the wind as it moaned and sang through the porticoes of the old church. The students involuntarily hushed their voices, and passed onward with a more subdued step, although none could have told why it was so.

• Stay! • exclaimed Jans Durland, hastily, • either my eyes strangely deceive me, or there is a human-figure standing motionless beneath yonder lamp. No! by heaven I am right! •

• Let us go, • whispered one of his companions, shuddering with fear; • they say that evil spirits are abroad at this hour. •

• Fool! • exclaimed the reckless student, shaking off his feeble grasp, and advancing towards the object of his curiosity, followed by his companions.

A lamp burned dimly in the church-porch, by the feeble light of which a tall figure might be observed bending eagerly over a book. The face which thus partly illuminated, was pale, but earnest, and full of a strange beauty.

• It is Adrian! • exclaimed the students, with one voice, while a crimson flush passed over the high brow of him they had thus suddenly surprised as he turned proudly towards them.

• The mystery is at length solved, • said he, while his flashing eyes sought those of Jans Durland. • I was poor, too poor to purchase candles, and for months have pursued my studies here, or at the corners of streets, wherever there was a lamp by which I could see to read. •

• But the cold, • interrupted one of his companions; • how did you bear that? You must have been perished? •

Adrian laughed wildly as he laid his burning hand on that of Jans, who had pressed nearer to him while he spoke.

"Does this feel like cold?" he asked. "No! there is that within me which defies it, as well as all your sneers and mockery!" But none dared to mock him.

The penitent Jans Durland clasped that scorching hand in both of his, and drew him gently on, while the rest followed wonderingly. From that hour Adrian and he studied together, and were like brothers; while a small sum of money, received a few weeks afterwards from an unknown hand, rendered him, in a measure, independent of his generous friend.

During all this time his intercourse with his father had been very slight, and he contented himself with hearing occasionally that he and Esmeralda continued well. The kind protector of the latter, the iron-worker of Guelderland above-mentioned, was the usual means of communication, his business compelling him to come to Louvain once or twice in the year, on which occasions he always brought some sweet message, or token from Esmeralda to the student. But now, as the time drew near for this periodical visit, Adrian was observed to grow restless and melancholy, and he talked a great deal to Jans of going to Utrecht in the spring, as if trying to persuade himself of the felly of some foreboding feeling of evil which pressed heavily on his heart.

At length the old man made his usual appearance before the gates of the university, to ask for Adrian, the son of the barge-builder of Utrecht. The student flung down his book, and went out eagerly to meet him; but one glance at the pale and agitated countenance of the iron-worker was sufficient to confirm his worst fears.

"Esmeralda is dead!" said he, with great calmness.

"You have heard of it then?"

"Yes, I knew it!—but how—when did it come to pass? Tell me all!"

"Well, one day the poor child left home without saying a word to any one, and it grew late before she returned. It was a wild tempestuous night, and as I took off her wet cloak,

and wrung the moisture from her long hair, I saw that the ornaments with which, in remembrance of her unknown home, she so delighted to deck it, were gone. At length, in answer to my repeated inquiries, she confessed that she had sold the coins to a Dutch trader. God knows what she could have wanted with money !

« Did she tell you how much she got for them ? » asked Adrian, eagerly, and with white lips.

The iron-worker named a sum which at once confirmed all the wild doubts of the young student.

« Go on, » said he, in a hoarse voice.

« Well, from that hour she sickened and withered away ;—cheerful and hopeful to the last, she never seemed to think that she should die ; but when the blow fell, at length bowed her gentle spirit meekly to the will of Heaven, and murmured not at its decrees. »

« But she spoke of me, father, did she not ? »

« Continually ; your name was the last upon her trembling lips, which grew cold in blessing thee ! »

The old man wept bitterly, but Adrian could not shed a tear.

« You think, then, » said the student, after a pause of deep emotion, « that she caught her death on that tempestuous night when she went to sell her little treasure to the Dutch trader ? »

« I am sure of it ; you may remember she was always a delicate flower. »

Adrian said no more, but from that hour a change came over his whole life.

The remainder of this eventful history may be gathered from the annals of his native land. How by his own gigantic talents he raised himself to the high post of Vice-Chancellor in that university which he had originally entered a friendless and obscure wanderer ; was chosen by the Emperor Maximilian, as preceptor to his grandson, afterwards the celebrated Charles V. ; presented by Ferdinand of Spain with the bishopric of Tortosa ; and after his death, elected co-regent with Cardinal Ximenes ; finally, in 1522, on the decease of Leo X. ascending the papal throne.

We are told that in after-life he became singularly rigid and austere in his habits, perhaps in consequence of the struggles and privations of early years; was much given to solitary musings, and seldom seen to smile. Who shall say how often that mighty spirit, in the very triumph of its self-created greatness, looked lingeringly to his humble home at Utrecht—danced once again in his dreams on the banks of the Rhine, or listened to the silvery accents of a voice which never ceased to haunt him.

The only extravagance which we hear of Pope Adrian's indulging himself in, was a passionate love of old coins, which he spared no expense in collecting, although his successor seems to have attached little value to them. Some brass ones in particular, of simple appearance, and wanting even the charm of antiquity, were said to have been discovered upon his person when he died, and on being submitted to antiquarian research, found to be of very modern date.

In the life of Adrian VI. we have a brilliant example of the triumphs that can be effected by the irresistible might of man's own mind and intellect in despite of the accidents of birth and fortune; and a beautiful and touching illustration of the vainness of all this to make us happy. The son of the barge-builder of Utrecht laughed and danced by the river. The poor Student of Louvain, as he studied at the corners of streets, or in the church-porch at midnight, was contented and even joyous; but Pope Adrian never smiled! Wordsworth has condensed every thing we would say on this subject into two simple and exquisite lines, to which it would be superfluous to add a single word:

Oh! 'tis the heart that magnifies this life,
Making a truth and beauty of its own!

The house where he lived at Utrecht is still shown to the traveller under the name of the Pope's House, but is now reduced to the state of a common inn.

(NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.)

AN IRISH INSURGENT OF THE LAST CENTURY.

It is a refreshing task to record an incident so opposite in character to those which too frequently stain the annals of 1798, and the succeeding spring; but, as it is not the only instance of high feeling in an Irish peasant, it must be considered as an occasional trait of character among a people who are not supposed to be over-indulgent to their enemies, however kindly they may be disposed towards their friends.

At the first dawn of a spring morning, in 1799, a fine athletic young man, equipped in the usual frieze garb of an Irish peasant, aroused himself from his lair, in a furze brake, on a hill-side, in the county of Wexford, and, as he sprang on his feet, he hastily brushed away with his horny palms the thorns and seeds which clung to his soiled dress; while, at the same time, he looked around him with anxious searching eyes. But, as no living thing met his gaze, he seized hold of his never-failing coadjutor;—a good, stout, well-seasoned black-thorn shillelagh,—and began to wend his way towards the town of Newtownbarry. His trusty •boxing-stick• he ever and anon clenched in his iron fist, while he gave it a rapid flourish round his head, as if impatient of seeking for a fit subject to exercise its toughness on.

•If I had that black hearted Orange villain, Colonel O—here in my grip, may be I wouldn't give him his tay in a mug, he exclaimed, as he made the black-thorn whistle round his head with the velocity of an Australian's boommerrang. •Och, bathershin maybe I wouldn't!•—and then another flourish of the black-thorn. The cheering influence of the opening day, so animating to all the living creation,

imparted an elasticity to his step, which ever and anon broke a - one, two, three, and cut the buckle - caper. Then he would chant a snatch of one of the mirthful melodies of his country; but, as he journeyed on, a painful thought would, in spite of this buoyancy of spirits, obtrude itself, and check the exuberant levity which a moment before exercised its influence over his stout frame. The blood would rush to his cheeks, and as suddenly forsake them, as he alternately turned his thoughts from scenes of blood and strife to the softer—the better feelings of his nature. His wife!—his children!—where were they? Wandering beggars on the world's wide waste! His home! alas! he had none. The recollection of domestic scenes filled his heart, till the tears became too big for the distended eyelids to contain them. The uncertainty of his children's fate, and of the destiny which awaited them and him, added anguish to his already excited feelings.

When in this state of mind, he gained the summit of a rising ground, where he stopped, and brushed away the tears from his eyes, then, casting a mournful glance on the spot where his dwelling had once stood, his brain reeled at the sight of the heap of blackened rubbish, which told too plainly the fate of his little property,—the destruction of his all.

Darby Kelly had been one of the most active and daring insurgents during the brief and sanguinary strife of 98. He had hitherto escaped the vigilance, and consequently the vengeance of the magistracy, who had offered a reward for his apprehension. In those times, for one who had offended as Kelly had done, to be taken was to be condemned. He was now traversing this bye-road near Newtownbarry, in hopes of meeting with his wife and children, or at least of learning something of their fate; and since the rude unnatural din of arms and civil strife had ceased, and no longer incited brother to rise in mortal combat against brother, he was not without hopes that his errors and offences would be pardoned and forgotten.

These were the objects which had caused him to return to

the vicinity of his former habitation, but the sight of the charred and sooty ruins had given another turn to his resolution. His mind, which since the clash of arms had ceased, had become calm, was now again lashed into fury at the remembrance of his wrongs; and in the anguish of his heart he cried aloud: "the villains, the unfeeling villains, to burn my house, to destroy the shelter its roof afforded to an unoffending woman and her helpless children; to burn the corn which was given by a bountiful Providence for their support! The devil who did this shall feel the strength of my revenge."

He then paused for a moment, as if meditating what course to pursue: his mind soon became concentrated on one object, that of inflicting injury on his oppressors, and he determined to be revenged on Colonel O—, as the author of all his misfortunes. In this state of feeling, his breast swelling with emotion, his brain excited to madness, he proceeded on his journey; when suddenly turning an abrupt angle in the road, he was startled at beholding the apparently lifeless body of a military officer lying in the ditch at the roadside, while a horse fully caparisoned, with its bridle and saddle on, from which the officer had evidently been thrown, was quietly grazing at his side, and also beside him sat a small spaniel, who looked wistfully in his master's face.

Kelly stooped down to assist the fallen officer, gazed for an instant on the swollen and empurpled face which was turned towards him.—Started back with the rapidity of thought—his brow suddenly became crimsoned with rage—his eyes flashed fire—his teeth became clenched with a convulsive effort,—and his whole frame quivered with excitement: his stick was poised in his clenched hand—he glanced around with marks of caution, as if to be assured that no eye was there to witness the deed he was about to commit. "Revenge is now within my reach," he cried, and a cold convulsive bitter laugh shook his frame. He advanced with raised arm, as if about to crush the object of his deadly hatred. He stopped—he paused, as if again to revel in the thought of realizing his meditated vengeance. There lay his

enemy prostrate and helpless beneath him—no eye to bear witness against him. It was Colonel O—, his deadliest—and most unrelenting persecutor—who had burned his little property—who had hunted him as the beagle tracks the hare, thirsting for his blood—whose enmity had unceasingly pursued him till he wandered an outcast and a beggar in his native land. The blood rushed through his veins like liquid fire—he stepped back a pace or two as if to give impetus to the blow he was about to inflict, and again to dwell on the delightful thought of gratifying his revenge. He again paused for a moment—in that moment a mental combat was waging within, compassion was contending with revenge in his bosom for the mastery. One thought of his wife and helpless children turned the scale,—his better nature prevailed,—his thirst for the life of his enemy past,—by a violent effort he cast away his stick far from him,—he could not crush a man so utterly incapable of defending himself, so completely at his mercy. The cloud which had gathered on his brow passed away, as he ejaculated with deep emotion, "I cannot act a coward's part. I cannot harm the gentleman. I cannot take advantage of a defenceless man, though that man, has been the destroyer of my house and property."

Here was the true working of the Samaritan precept. When you are about to commit a doubtful act, pause; when you are certain the act is a virtuous one, give it not a second thought. Accordingly Kelly raised the unfortunate Colonel from the ground, placed him gently against the bank for support,—ran to an adjacent brook, used his hat as a bucket, returned and washed and sprinkled the Colonel's face with water, and chafed his temples till animation returned. By these means the Colonel was presently sufficiently restored for Kelly to carry and place him on his horse. Kelly then, with a magnanimity above common minds, supported him whom he considered as his bitterest enemy, and conducted him in perfect safety to his home. The rest is soon told. The Colonel, who was a violent partisan magistrate, had dined the preceding evening in Newtownbarry, with several other

military officers, and, according to the fashion of the times, «and the custom of war in like cases,» had indulged to excess in the bacchanalian festivities of the evening. In attempting to return home in the extreme darkness of the night, his centre of gravity being «nowhere» he had fallen headlong into the ditch where Kelly fortunately discovered him in his last extremity. It would be unjust not to add that Colonel O—, on his recovery, exerted himself in favour of Kelly, represented his noble conduct to Government, obtained his pardon, rebuilt his cabin, and ever after behaved with great kindness to his preserver.

This anecdote is quite illustrative of the chequered feelings of Irish peasants, who are one moment softened by compassion, or incited by generosity of sentiment, while at the next the most sanguinary deeds are scarcely sufficient to satisfy their cravings for the «wild justice of revenge.»

They are, in fact, a people whose virtues are as a precious jewel in the mine; their vices as the rubbish which surrounds and obscures its lustre.

(UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE.)

OLD AGE AND THE GREEN TREE.

BY W. A. C. SHAND A. M.

« I am weary and mournful, and where is the hand of a friend;
« When the storms of the soul overtake us!
« The Desires!.... and what is there here to desire without end?
« But the Years—the best Years all—forsake us.

LEMONTOFF.

Green leaves! how glad ye seem—
Oh! many an hour of vanished joy ye bring!
Life's tranquil morning—Hope's unclouded spring—
When boyhood's silver dream
Rose o'er our path, like a propitious light,
To make the earth more fair—the skies more bright,

How oft beneath your shade,
In other days, when heart and lip were young
Our voices in the brooding noontide rung
Through dell and winding glade;
And kindred accents to our songs replied,
And, like an Angel, Truth was by our side.

But now no more we seek
The shelter of these over-arching boughs:
No more with wilding blooms we wreath our brows—
Hot tears are on each cheek—
And sighs on lips unused to mourn before,
And grief where smiles were ever heretofore.

Youth and its visions pass—
A swift procession with its bannered show,
And yearning music on the wind—and Lo!
Cold dews are on the grass—
And faltering sobs and trembling feet are heard
Upon the pathway where that pageant stirred.

My dreams are all gone by!
Gone as the cloud that mingles with the skies—
Gone as a vision from re-opened eyes—
Gone as a broken cry
In shoreless ocean lost, when midnight foam
Surges above the sailor's dream of Home.

And therefore, on my soul,
Green leaves! no more a balmy light ye shed—
Away! to decorate the dancer's head,
And crown the mantling bowl,
When Manhood kneels in Passion's early trance,
And Beauty consecrates the frail Romance!

Be ye where Revel waits
Amid the circling throng in stately halls,
When music swells along the pictured walls—
And minions at the gates
Flash the fierce torchlight in the wanderer's face,
Who comes too near the bower of Pleasure's race!

Be mine, sere Autumn leaves!
More fitting emblem of my day's decline—
Of Hope's decay—Passion's exhausted mine—
(The tale that sorrow weaves)—
Be mine to teach my heart man's solemn doom—
Be mine to strew the winter of my tomb!

St. Petersburg.

ELECTRO-MAGNETIC RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVE.

(From the Edinburgh Evening Journal.)

A trial of this very ingenious machine, constructed by Mr. Davidson, was made on Thursday on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, in presence of a number of gentlemen, many of whom were eminent for their scientific knowledge. The construction of the carriage is the first attempt which has been made in this country to apply the powers of electro-magnetism to railway traffic, and from the success which attended this trial sanguine hopes may be entertained that the period is not distant when it will either supersede, in many cases, the employment of steam, or lend a powerful aid to this mighty instrument in all the operations for which it is at present employed. The carriage was impelled along the railway about a mile and a half, and travelled at the rate of upwards of four miles an hour, a rate which might be increased by giving greater power to the batteries, and enlarging the diameter of the wheels. We understand that the carriage was built at the expense of the Railway Company, and we cannot but congratulate them in having the discernment to employ Mr. Davidson, a gentleman of much practical knowledge and talent, by whose genius great discoveries have been made in electro-magnetism, by whom the carriage was projected, and by whose unwearied exertions the practicability of the scheme is almost placed beyond a doubt.

The dimensions of the carriage are 16 feet long by 7 feet

wide, and is propelled by eight powerful electro-magnets. The carriage is supported by four wheels of 3 feet diameter. On each of the two axles there is a wooden cylinder, on which are fastened three bars of iron at equal distances from each other, and extending from end to end of the cylinder. On each side of the cylinder, and resting on the carriage, there are two powerful electro-magnets. When the first bar on the cylinder has passed the faces of two of these magnets, they immediately pull the second bar until it comes opposite them. The current is then cut off from these two magnets, and is let on to the other two. Again they pull the third bar until it comes opposite, and so on—the current of galvanism being always cut off from the one pair of magnets when it is let on to the other.

The manner in which the current is cut off and let on is simply this:—At each end of the axles there is a small wooden cylinder, one-half of which is covered by a hoop of copper; the other is divided alternately with copper and wood (three parts of wood and three of copper.) One end of the coil of wire which surrounds the four electro-magnets, presses on one of these cylinders, on the part which is divided with copper and wood; the other end of the coil presses on the other cylinder in the same manner. One end of the wires or conductors which comes from the battery, presses constantly on the undivided part of the copper on each cylinder. When one of the iron bars on the wooden cylinder has passed the faces of two magnets, the current of galvanism is let on to the other two magnets, by one end of the coil which surrounds the magnets, passing from the wood to the copper, and thereby forming a connexion with the battery. This wire continues to press on the copper until the iron bar has come opposite the faces of the two magnets, which were thus charged with galvanism. On its coming into that position, the current is cut off from these two magnets, by the wire or rod of copper passing from the copper to the wood, and thereby breaking the connexion with the battery. But when the wire or rod of copper leaves the copper on the one cylinder, it leaves the wood, and passes to the copper on the other cy-

linder at the other end of the axle, and in so doing connects the other two magnets with the battery, and they pull the next iron bar in the same manner. At the other end of the carriage there are other four magnets, and wooden cylinder, with iron bars arranged in the same manner.

The battery which is used for propelling the machine is composed of iron and zinc plates immersed in dilute sulphuric acid, the iron plates being fluted so as to expose greater surface in the same space. The weight propelled was about six tons.

(We are glad to see that the value of the electro-magnetic agency, as a moving power, is at length likely to have a fair trial. The plan of Mr. Davidson is precisely the same as that of Captain Taylor, described in vol. xxxii. page 694; but it will no doubt be in the recollection of our readers, that Mr. Davidson claims to have adopted that plan before it was patented by Captain Taylor.—See *Mech. Mag.* vol. 33, pp. 53, 92.—Ed. M. M.)

(MECHANIC'S MAGAZINE.)

MISCELLANEA.

PUFFING.—Some may have imagined, in their simplicity, that Sheridan in the *« Critic, »* had exhausted all the varieties of this multiform art, but experience shows that we had formerly much more imaginative puffers than the modern dramatists. Richard Brinsley never dreamed of a paragraph like the following extract from the bookseller's address to the reader, prefixed to the second part of Dr. Echard's Works, published in 1797—and dedicated to the then Archbishop of Canterbury.

« And now, reader, tell me, art thou so void of all conscience, reason, and thy own benefit, as not to carry home this book? Read but five pages of it, spring and fall, and for that year thou art certainly secured from all fevers, agues, coughs, catarrhs, &c. Champ three or four lines of it in a morning, it scours and clarifies the teeth, it settles and confirms the jaws, and brings a brisk and florid colour into the cheeks. The very sight of the book does so scare all cramps, bone-aches, running gout, and the like, that they won't come within a stone's-cast of your house.

« Hast thou a wife and children, and are they dear to thee? Here's a book for that dear wife and for those dear children, for it does not only sing, dance, play on the lute, and speak French, ride the great horse, &c.; but it performs all family duties. It runs for a midwife, it rocks the cradle, combs the child's head, sweeps the house, milks the cows, turns the hogs out of the corn, whets knives, lays the cloth, grinds corn, beats hemp, winds up the jack, brews, bakes,

washes, and pays off servants their wages exactly at quarter-day; and all this it does at the same day, and is never out of breath.

Were such an omnifarious work to be published in these days of comprehensive compendiums, it ought to be entitled, *Every Body's every-thing Book.*

PROF. VIGNOLES' LECTURES ON CIVIL ENGINEERING. — A DARK DAY.—An interesting account is given of a day of this sort, in North America, in a paper read at a late meeting of the Meteorological Society, by Major Stack. The darkness on the day referred to did not partake of the nature of cloud or smoke, but was a closeness in the air, which appeared to thicken, and to descend from above, till the bright noonday brilliancy was converted into darkness that might be felt. It came on between 11 and 12 a. m.; extreme darkness, half-past 1; at 5 p. m. it was sufficiently clear for persons to return to their occupations, as all labour was necessarily suspended, and the phenomenon soon disappeared.

METEORIC STONE.—Dr. J. Magill (of Cookstown) has communicated an account of a phenomenon that occurred in Harrogate on the 5th inst., from which it appears that at five o'clock, p. m., during a heavy squall, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightening, from the south-east, some persons at work in draining the common in High Harrogate, heard a hissing sound in the air, and almost at the same moment observed a dark object falling at a short distance from them, which, on examination, proved to be a large aerolite, or meteoric stone, similar to those which fell a few years since near Cardiff. On examining it the following morning, in company with Messrs. Thompson, J. M'Caw, and J. Montgomery, they found it had the same appearance as the basalt of the Giant's Causeway, with this extraordinary difference, that it is interspersed with small particles of silver or flint, and what geologists term white Greek stone. The men who first saw it state that it was warm to the touch, but the Doctor doubts that such was the case. It weighs about half a ton.

BLASTING BY GALVANISM.—The following is an extract from the letter of a Dunbar correspondent of the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, dated September 19.—“Mr. Lyon, of Glasgow, the contractor for the new harbour here, has lately introduced that wonderful agent, the galvanic battery, to aid him in his extensive blasting operations. Several explosions of considerable magnitude have recently taken place. The largest contained 60 lbs. of powder, distributed in five bores of great depth. The bores were placed so as mutually to assist each other, and the conducting wires so arranged, that the whole five were fired simultaneously by one battery. It was expected that by this method the effect would be much greater than exploding the shots singly, and the almost incredible quantity of rock thrown down showed the correctness of the anticipation. In another instance, in order to throw down a part of the celebrated Castle of Dunbar, three bores (15 feet in depth) were run obliquely into the rock below the foundation. They were exploded together; and lifted from its bed, in one unbroken and compact mass, a body of masonry weighing not less than 150 tons. These experiments have been conducted by Mr. Robert Thomson, a young engineer in Mr. Lyon’s employment.”

PERMITTED TO BE PRINTED,

St. Petersburg, December 1st, 1842.

P. KORSAKOFF, CENSOR.

TO OUR READERS.

Having now arrived at the last number of our first year, we hope our readers will excuse our trespassing on their time in order to say a few words on the original project of this Review, stating how far this project has been carried into execution, and what ameliorations we hope to introduce in future: we will, at the same time, answer some objections which have been made to us by persons, not only capable of forming a sound judgment on a literary work, but also warmly interested in the future success of this publication; leaving those of that captious and crabbed class who can find nothing good, and are incapable of comprehending the difficulties we have to surmount, together with the ignorant and unlettered, to answer themselves as they best may.

As we announced when commencing publication, and when we solicited the patronage of the public, which we had the good fortune to obtain in so distinguished a manner, the principal object of the St. Petersburg English Review was to be a selection of the best and most popular articles, to be extracted from the periodical publications of Great Britain, embracing

every subject likely to interest the general reader. Imagine then our astonishment and disappointment, when we heard the following objections!—for we have carefully collected the opinions of our readers, and have endeavoured, as far as it lay in our power, to follow that of the majority. Imagine then, we say, one class who allow that the selection of serious articles is good; that we have chosen many of the best and most generally instructive and popular from the more solid publications, and that they were nearly the only articles they should have read in the Quarterly and Edinburgh; but advising us totally to omit all lighter matter—good as they acknowledged our selection to be—and confine ourselves solely to the serious.

Another class assured us that their only object in reading was amusement; that they were perfectly satisfied with the choice we had made, but that they find all these serious articles totally superfluous in a publication of this sort, and that, as a proof of what they advanced, we should find the pages of such generally uncut: stories, novels and jokes being, in their estimation, the only interesting matter. Some of these again wish only to laugh, others to shed tears, and some again—but we hope in small number—that we should choose only those disgusting and monstrous horrors which have already corrupted their taste, and rendered sober common sense itself a mere common-place and every-day sort of affair; who consider human nature, correctly and faithfully delineated, as too cold for their worn-out and vitiated palates, readers, in short, who have had the misfortune to live only in the overheated and demoralizing atmosphere of French novels.

Some again advised us to turn our attention more particularly to the East; China and India being, with them, the grand objects of interest. And the arts and sciences; why do they not form more prominent features in the Review? Is not England the grand source of all discoveries? Again, why no politics? Why none of those interesting diatribes on religion, in which one man has the pleasure of damning all the rest of

his fellow men, merely because they do not happen to be of *his* opinion? Why so little poetry?

Gentle reader, are not all these objections sufficiently stunning to make us quail before the opinion of the public; and do we not run some risk of meeting with the fate of the man and his ass, who, in trying to please every body, pleased nobody, and only got laughed at for his pains? For the worst of all is, that the majority of these objections are in some measure well founded, every one having an equal right to seek matter to his taste. One remark will however serve to excuse many of these objections on the part of our subscribers. In England there are Reviews or Magazines for every class of readers: the more serious will certainly take in the Quarterly and Edinburgh, with perhaps Blackwood; those wishing for information on the East will be readers of the Asiatic Journal. Military and naval men will find what they seek in the United Service Magazine: the scientific, in those numerous publications devoted exclusively to these objects. The reader who seeks only for amusement may be a subscriber to one or more of the many Magazines, and, what is still better, will find matter peculiarly adapted to his taste, be it good, bad, or indifferent, from Bentley's Miscellany down to the Metropolitan. Have we not then fulfilled our original promise, by extracting from all, and thus making our journal a work of general interest and information?

Again, why not a greater number of *original* articles? To this we have but one answer:—the main object of the publication was *selection*, and we think it would be impossible to find, in a foreign country, men of literary talent equal to that now employed in the English periodicals, to which all the great mass of intelligence is so generally directed. Our pages are however open to any contributions the objector may favour us with, and we promise to publish even his own lucubrations, if we can find nothing better in the materials already in our hands.

We have also been accused of publishing articles, which have already been some time in the hands of the public, in the original Review. To this we plead in some measure

guilty, for the arrangements to receive our publications early were not so good as they might have been: but experience will be our friend here, and we hope next year to improve considerably in this respect. Our readers are not however perhaps aware of the delay which sometimes occurs; and we will give as an example, that the number of the Edinburgh Review which appeared in London on the 3rd of October did not reach us till the 28th of November; and we believe we had the first, or nearly the first copy in St. Petersburg.

And poor Barnaby Rudge, which we have the satisfaction to know, nevertheless, pleased so many. How many times did subscribers din into our unfortunate ears, that they had read Barnaby Rudge: that several copies (complete) were already in St. Petersburg, of which they had been fortunate enough to obtain one, before the publication of the last number in London: for our readers must know that one of the tricks of the bookselling trade is to publish by numbers; and some short time before the appearance of the last two or three, when the interest is at its highest point, to print the whole as a complete work, thus inducing those readers, who have more cash than patience, to gratify their curiosity *to see how it ends*, before the next month or two, which the honest publisher had allotted for its termination. Here again we are obliged to plead somewhat guilty. The fact is, we had reduced Barnaby to what we intended should fill the space of the lighter part of four numbers: but by an unfortunate error in the addition of the pages of the original, and in our calculation of the probable quantity yet to appear, we were obliged to carry it through seven numbers, or spoil the whole story, and thus really to omit much valuable matter in the mean time.

We must not omit another, and a very capital objection: "the Review is too dear." And it is too dear; though we hope also here to justify ourselves, and prove that our object in fixing the price was not solely that of putting a certain sum into our pocket annually. When we were arranging the terms of subscription in the first instance, our calculation naturally

turned on the number of subscribers we were likely to have, for a work in a foreign language, published in a foreign country. We knew that in the first years it could not be very great, and were at the same time perfectly aware, that there was a certain number of persons not only warmly desiring the publication, but able to pay the price of a work of which but few copies would be printed, and who would thus support us in every case.—We had calculated on 300 to cover our expenses, and had the satisfaction to find that number considerably increased even in the first year. Suppose that instead of 300, we had 1000—a number which we do not despair of one day seeing—is it not evident that we could either double the quantity of each number, or sell the same work—and it would be our interest to do so—at nearly half the present price? And we hereby pledge ourselves to do one or the other, in proportion as the increase of subscribers will allow our doing so.

We have placed all these objections, thus fully, with our answers, before our readers, for several reasons. First, that they may be aware that we have endeavoured to learn their opinions and tastes generally, which we of course felt it our duty to follow and satisfy as nearly as we could; and we may add that we know we have already done so with considerable success. Our first numbers did not please; but we have heard, with the highest satisfaction, that for some months past the general opinion has been most decidedly favourable to our selection. Secondly, that feeling the difficulty of our task, they may be able to judge whether we have executed it well or ill: and that they may be the better able to do so, we will explain what has been our usual method of editing the Review.

We have each read carefully all the periodicals to which we thought it necessary to subscribe, marking such articles as we considered good, and likely to be of general interest. From these articles, thus selected and approved separately by both, we formed our different numbers, choosing such serious subjects as we found to contain most information, and which we hoped would please the majority of our readers, varying

them as much as possible ; and adding, as lighter matter, the best story in each Magazine. As many are not perhaps aware what these publications are, we should state that their general plan is to devote a certain space of each number to a portion of a novel, or perhaps of two, which run on sometimes for a year or more ; that these novels are generally not of a very high order, rarely meeting with a republication ; then comes a good story, and the rest is commonly trash. The novel of course we could not venture on, because it might begin well, fall off afterwards, and end by being good-for-nothing, which is but too often the case ; and one being thus adopted we might lose a year or perhaps more before we could get out of our difficulty. With *Barnaby Rudge* the case was different : we were already in possession of a part of the numbers, and with Dickens we could not risk much ; in him there must always be a considerable portion of first-rate talent and interest. From the scientific works our extracts could not naturally be very extensive, as our object was to publish only such as were likely to interest the *general* reader ; leaving those who seek for *special* information to find it in the special publication itself.

Still a few words on what we have actually published, and we will no longer run the risk of tiring the patience of our readers. We should not have done so, in fact, at all, but that we consider it best to enter candidly and openly on our objects and intentions. Let us then see what we have really done in this our first year ; confess we have been deficient where we feel we really are so ; and determine to remedy the errors by the experience we have already acquired.

Our intention has always been to devote about half of our pages to serious or instructive matter, and the other half to mere amusement. On casting the eye over the Table of Contents for the whole year, which we have classified for more convenient reference, it will be found that this object has been pretty correctly effected.

In the former part, under the head of History, Biography, Statistics &c., we find two valuable articles on Spain, one on 'the Gypseys,' and the other on 'the Jews' inhabiting that

country : they are both from Blackwood. On English history, we have one article, « England in 1841, by Von Raumer, » already so well known by his former valuable work on the same subject : extracted from the Athenæum. Another, « Pictorial history of England, » from the Edinburgh Review; good of course. From the Quarterly, an article on « Mme. D'Arblay's Diary and Letters, » a severe and well-merited critique : together with « The unpublished correspondence between Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Rutland, » showing that great man under an entirely new point of view. There also are two very valuable articles, « Colliers and the Collieries, » from the Quarterly; « Mendicity, its causes and statistics » from the Edinburgh; both of which we conceived to be of the highest general interest in the then state of England. There is also a review, from the Athenæum, of « Memoirs of Popular Delusions, » a work of great merit; together with « Illustrations of two Roman Sepulchres, » and the « Antiquities and Coins of Affghanistan. » We have also given in the present number an article from the last Edinburgh, « On the government of India, its constitution and departments, » which is doubtless a subject of the highest interest at this moment; and, from the United Service Journal, « A biography of Sir Robert Kerr Porter » whose lamented death here, a few months ago, was a cause of deep grief to all who knew him.

On Medicine we have also extracted two articles of general interest, one on the so-called « Cold Water Cure; » the other on « Animal Magnetism; » both calculated to put the public on their guard against two principal species of quackery. They are from two of the best medical journals. Two cases of Law appeared to us worthy of particular notice : « Who is the Murderer? » from Blackwood, exemplifying a very remarkable case depending on the great and difficult question of circumstantial evidence : and an admirable article from the Edinburgh Review on the « Trial of Madame Lafarge, » showing what would probably have been the process and her sentence had she been tried by an English Jury.

In Voyages and Travels we have had to introduce three new works on China : five articles on America, one of which,

« Incidents of travel in Central America, by Stephens, » reviewed by the Quarterly, contains much new and valuable information on the original inhabitants of that country : and Dickens's new work on America. That indefatigable writer Mrs. Trollope has also furnished us with her « Italy ; » whilst the prince of travellers, Basil Hall, has given us his « Patchwork, » reviewed by the Quarterly. We have extracted from Blackwood an article on « Affghanistan and India, » a subject of such general interest ; and an « Excursion to Port Arthur, » one of our convict settlements ; containing some details on our system of transportation, little known here. There are also travels in Asia, Africa &c.

Our readers will find several Miscellaneous Articles of general interest. « The Women of Italy » have been placed in a totally new light in an article extracted from the Foreign Quarterly. We have also introduced « British Field Sports » from the Edinburgh, a subject probably little known to the majority of our readers, though of such almost universal importance in England. The Mechanic's Magazine has furnished us with an excellent article on « London Fires in 1841, » which we conceive must interest almost every one at this unfortunate epoch of conflagrations. « The Natural in Art, » from Blackwood, we are aware would be attractive to only a certain class of our readers ; but we should think that Murchison's geological visit to Russia, and his treatise on the Black Earth, running through a large part of the Empire, would be of general value.

In articles on English Literature we confess that we have been greatly remiss ; our original intention was to have treated this subject much more fully. This is a defect which we hope to correct in the next year.

Poetry of course could not occupy any considerable space in our very limited number of pages : we have nevertheless introduced an original poet of great talent, and one little known here, Ingoldsby, selecting from his pieces in Bentley's Miscellany. We have been able to show the comic Hood in a new light, in his beautiful verses « The Elm Tree. » We have also to return our grateful thanks to Mr. Shand

for his poetical contributions; and to Mr. Hynam for his translation from Miatleff.

Our space will not allow us to enter at any length upon the lighter part of our selection, novels, tales, &c. We can only assure our readers that we have chosen, to the best of our judgment, those which appeared most worthy of being printed, always selecting from the most popular of our Magazines, the variety of which may be remarked by a glance at our general Table of Contents. They contain many amusing and instructive pictures, moral, domestic, serious, comic and satirical; extending to Italy, China, Spain, India, &c., though principally and naturally embracing generally English subjects. In this part we may fearlessly challenge a comparison with any Magazine, having had the choice of the best from each. Barnaby Rudge we have already mentioned, but we must not forget Morier, who has furnished us with some good pieces; nor the extracts from Bulwer and Cooper. As we already see announced a new novel from Dickens, and another from Bulwer, we hope to gratify our subscribers with early extracts from both.

We would beg our readers themselves to glance over the list of articles on the Arts and Sciences, as also the General Miscellanea; both being classes too numerous to enter upon here, and we trust they will then acknowledge that we have there given a considerable mass of curious and instructive matter. We hope too that the list of English Patents, during nearly the whole year, will have offered, to some at least, a certain portion of interest, as it serves to show the extraordinary activity of some very considerable branches of English commerce and manufacture.

Having thus explained, at some length, the general objections which have reached our ears, and answered them, we hope satisfactorily; and having also spoken candidly and fairly of the result of our labours, we shall now take our leave, earnestly requesting those who are friendly to our undertaking, and satisfied with our endeavours, to endeavour to promote the circulation of our Review in every possible way, and thus enable us to carry on a work which we are very

sure will continue to merit their patronage. We have employed no clap-trap to induce our readers to do this — no long interesting story, left half finished, and to be continued next year — in order to lead them to a second subscription. We can only say that we have done our best, though, with the experience we have now acquired, we hope to do better: and we again renew our pledge either to diminish the amount of subscription, or to add to the quantity of the Review, as soon as we shall find ourselves justified in doing so, by a sufficient increase of subscribers.

S. WARRAND.

T. B. SHAW.

AN ADVENTURE

DURING THE GREEK REVOLUTION.

Twenty years ago I was studying at a German University. Greek insurrection excited a good deal of attention at the time, and many of the professors, as well as the students, were enthusiastic in the cause of the regeneration of Greece, for so the struggle between the Greeks and Turks was then always called. I conversed much with the Germans who had returned from Greece; they had invariably lost every spark of enthusiasm, and uttered dire lamentations over the ingratitude of the Greek race; this ingratitude they owned was more deeply insulting in a country which afforded such execrable commons and bad lodgings as the classic Hellas. Their conversation ended by producing in me a conviction that their accounts were coloured with a sombre hue, in consequence of their absurd expectations of becoming heroes in six months, or rich men in six weeks, having been disappointed. A German who goes abroad to make his fortune is always far more impatient and insatiable than any other adventurer. I have all my life sought after truth in the fantastic mirror of history. The fancy struck me, that the Greek revolution would afford any one, who could venture to live in the tumult, an

interesting view both of history as it really is, and of history as it is represented in the reflection of the historian's mind. Awake to the folly of the German heroes who returned with empty stomachs, but blind to my own, I resolved to terminate my university studies in "the tented field."

In order to arrive on the scene of action only half a *griffin*, I determined to acquire some little knowledge of the language and habits of the people I was about to visit. There was one Greek studying at the university; he was older than I was, and went little into society, for he was silent, and his manners were repulsive. I became acquainted with him, communicated my project of visiting Greece, and engaged him to give me lessons. In a few months I thought myself qualified to venture into the land of heroes. On the morning before my departure from the university, this Greek, whom I shall call Alecco, informed me that circumstances required him to visit Leghorn without loss of time, and that I should meet him at Rome.

Next day saw me on the road, accompanied by several friends, (some of them were choice spirits, whose names are now not unknown to fame). I could say much of my visit to Munich; not then a city so renowned as it is to-day. King Ludwig had not covered it with gilding and glory—nor had Lord Palmerston enriched its liberals with the speculation afforded by loans to Greece. Palmerston himself was still a Tory, and his beloved Armandsparg was the half-starved led-captain of the Prince-royal, not the envied illustration of Whig benevolence; or, as Maurer calls him, Palmerston's nabob. At Venice I met two Greek princes, (Caradja and Cantacuzene were their names,) quarrelling bitterly concerning their respective pretensions to the sovereignty of the state which was to arise out of the Greek revolution. I left them as they had almost resolved to sign a partition treaty: somebody advised them to settle their quarrel in Greece by aiding the people, but both the princes agreed that Prince Soutzos would then overreach them both, for nobody can succeed, quoth the princes, who comes on the field too early in a revolution. I have since heard that these princes, Caradja, Soutzos,

and Cantacuzene, all came too late, and did too little, to become great men in the land.

At Rome I met Alecco. His appearance was changed for the better ; and he proposed accompanying me to Greece. We took the road by Naples, Bari, and Otranto, where we embarked for Corfu. The short sea-voyage converted Alecco from a gentlemanly Italian into a shabby-looking Frank Greek. The terror of King Tom was great, and Alecco disappeared. Before my departure, he returned to tell me that the Greek for whom he had a letter of credit was utterly ruined by the revolution ; but he had not absconded, like a Corfiote count who had been made treasurer of a charitable institution, with its chest full of dollars. Alecco proposed to continue the voyage as my servant. The story appeared very probable—for I then knew nothing of Corfiote counts or Corfiote patriotism—and we proceeded together. Many of my readers have travelled in barbarous lands : some have served in the ranks of a revolutionary army ; both know, that in such circumstances there is little which distinguishes the manner of living of the master from that of the servant. Alecco lived as I did, and was just as much my companion as he had been before his misfortune. We never appeared to have any very decided relish for one another's wit, but we never had a difference of opinion or a dispute—perhaps as we had no sympathy, we never agreed in anything, and consequently were what people call "the best friends possible."

We arrived at Argos some time before Nauplia fell into the hands of the Greeks. A young Englishman, named Abney, attended by his physician, had arrived a few days before me, and armed a body of fifty men. I found him encamped in one of the most dangerous positions of the blockading army ; he had placed himself under the orders of Niketas, and occupied the road between Aghionoros and Chilimodhi. The Turks, from Corinth, constantly made attempts to force this pass, in order to convey provisions to Nauplia ; and the Turks of the garrison of Nauplia, pressed by famine, repeatedly broke through the Greek lines, and escaped to Corinth. It was suspected that these attempts were rendered successful by

bribery—many Greeks were said to be willing to receive the money of their enemies and abandon their posts—but suspicion never pointed out the agents of this treason. Niketas, Andreas, Londo, and several of the Greek chiefs, frequently urged Abney not to remain in the position he had occupied; and when he persisted in retaining it, they sent him a few chosen soldiers to strengthen his little band.

I remained in the camp, but hardly as a soldier, rather as

"One who saw,
Observed, nor shunned the busy scenes of life,
But mingled not; and 'mid the din, the stir,
Lived as a separate spirit."

Alecco remained with me, but I employed a soldier named Demetri as my personal attendant; no gayer, braver, or more active man ever breathed. Demetri and I grew attached, and he was always by my side; even at night he rolled himself up in his capote and slept at my feet. Alecco and Demetri disliked one another, which was perfectly natural, but neither ever made a complaint to me of the other.

It happened that I went to pay a visit to Abney one morning, as his physician returned from Zante with a considerable sum of money. It was a beautiful day in a Grecian autumn; we walked, and talked, and rode, and shot, until fatigue compelled us to remain quiet; and then we enjoyed our supper of barley-cakes and salt Moreote cheese, with as much gaiety as if we had feasted on every delicacy. Rarely is it the lot of any one to spend such a day, and fate never permits a repetition. I hoped that it was possible, for I felt a strange interest in the gallant young man, of whom, however, I knew little more than the name. Before lying down to sleep in our capotes, we took a few turns in the moonlight, and the autumnal air had a feeling of northern coolness, that made our minds naturally recur to England. After a long silence, Abney abruptly addressed me—"You propose going to Smyrna as soon as we get possession of Nauplia. I have a favour to ask. I have a portrait of singular value with me,

which I wish to send to England, for I fear it may get into danger by remaining with me ; allow me to give it to you, with the address of my bankers in London, to whom you must send it in a packet, sealed and delivered to Messrs. Lee and Sons of Smyrna. I promised to execute the commission, and received the portrait. Abney promised to recount a very singular and interesting history, relating to the connection of the portrait with himself. The miniature was that of a most lovely girl, richly set in diamonds of great value ; but the story could not have related to anything Abney could have personally known ; for nearly a century must have elapsed since the portrait had been taken.

We soon retired to rest, and in a few minutes were sound asleep. It must have been about two hours after midnight, when we were roused by a sudden storm. The lightning and hail were terrific, and we were hardly on our feet before a cry was raised that the Turks were in the camp. A severe skirmish took place in the dark ; but it lasted only for a few minutes. The enemy retreated, carrying off their own dead, and taking our horses and baggage, with all Abney's money, which had arrived from Zante. Assistance had arrived quickly ; Niketas himself among the first, and my faithful Demetri, who had come to see why I had not returned to my usual quarters, though they were several miles distant. When the fires were lighted, it appeared that both Abney and myself were severely wounded, and we were laid on a rude bed of carpets together. His wound prevented him from speaking, but he put his hand to my breast to ascertain if the portrait was safe, pressed my hand, and almost instantly expired. His grave is in a little chapel at Aghionoros.

My own wound compelled me to retire to the village of Aghios Georgios. I brooded much over the singular circumstances of Abney's death, and resolved, as soon as my health would permit me to travel, to carry the portrait over to Smyrna to fulfil my commission, even should I return immediately after to Greece. Demetri always affirmed that the assailants by whom I had been wounded were robbers, not Turks, and many circumstances led me to adopt the same opi-

nion. The mystery kept my mind fixed on the events of that sad night. Abney's physician was soon after attacked by fever, and escaped with some difficulty to Zante.

During my illness, Alecco displayed great attention to my wants; he brought me the best foreign doctors who visited the camp, and kept me well-informed on the politics and intrigues of the day. He had gradually become a person of some political importance; but, though he was certainly no coward, he kept aloof from military action. I had not seen him for several days, when he came to me in a great hurry the morning after the Greeks entered Nauplia. The Greek government, at his intercession, had destined me a house in Nauplia, and he urged me to take possession immediately, or it would be impossible to keep the soldiery from occupying it. My horses had been stolen when I was wounded, and I was very indifferent about the token of national gratitude offered to me. Alecco, however, had horses ready, and I set off. In the evening I found myself established in a very dilapidated and dirty, but not inelegant Turkish house. The gates of the fortress were closed before Demetri could enter with my baggage; Alecco had disappeared to pass the night with a conclave of politicians, and I was alone in my palace with a couple of muleteers. I paced the *musafir oda*, with its gilded but tarnished roof, and looked out of my windows on the port, with something of the feelings with which Andrea Doria must have walked the streets of Genoa before

«The ocean waves his wealth reflected;»

and I smiled as I mumbled, not without vanity,

«It is a nation's gift to her deliverer.»

It was late ere I went to sleep, but, as usual, before I closed my eyes, I ascertained that Abney's miniature was safe. Demetri awoke me in the morning by entering with the baggage, and I perceived that the portrait had been stolen during the night: the two ribbands which bound it round my neck and across my breast had both been cut. I communicated my loss to Demetri; we sent to the police, examined the mule-

teers; I summoned Alecco, and he had every *telali* and jeweller examined. Large rewards were promised if the miniature should be found, and it became the subject of general conversation. The search was carried on with unrelaxed activity, and Demetri, seeing that it was the sole object of my thoughts, devoted all his energies to the enquiry. His sagacity, cunning, and activity, astonished me; and he more than once undertook little excursions to find out some of the soldiers who had served with Abney. We discovered more than one robber, but not the one we sought.

Alecco, in the meantime, had grown a person of consequence, though he continued to wear a black German student-looking coat, covered with brown braid and an infinity of browner buttons. He sometimes invited me to his quarters to meet the most distinguished men of the revolution, and though I had conceived a great dislike to my old companion, I often accepted his invitation. I attributed my own dislike to the aristocratic insolence, which feels a repugnance at dining with a man of education who has been a servant.

It happened one day that while Demetri was absent at Hydra in pursuit of a man whom Alecco pretended had heard something about the portrait, Alecco invited me to sup at his house. I intended taking a bath before supper, and Alecco urged me to try a small and elegant bath in a splendid Turkish house, in preference to the large one I had been in the habit of frequenting. When I visited the bath, I found only one person, whom I recognized as a Polish Philhellene lately arrived at Nauplia. The ceremonies of the Turkish bath are generally known. The bath-keeper found an opportunity of seizing me by the throat—the feeling of strangulation was instantaneous, but I saw a woman enter with a dagger in her hand and a large towel. After an interval, I found myself stretched on a cold marble floor, and felt the blood trickle from my side; as I opened my eyes, they fell on the dagger I had seen in the woman's hand lying on the floor, and I heard two persons moving beside me. In an instant I sprang up—seized the dagger, and darted forward through an open door. I found my way to the street door, which was locked,

but I saw the key hanging beside it; as I was reaching it down, the man and woman both arrived armed with Turkish sabres—weapons utterly useless in such untutored hands, so that I easily defended myself with my dagger until I had opened the door and gained the street.

The first person I met, as I rushed naked and bleeding into the public street, was George Mauromichalis, who after filling the office of president of Greece, was executed, at the age of twenty-six, for the assassination of Count Capodistrias, his successor. I seized him by the arm, told him my name, (for I perceived that a naked man was not easily recognized by his acquaintances), and begged him to secure the bath-keeper, who had attempted to murder me. He had always a kind and gallant heart. On this occasion he immediately shouted to the soldiers in sight to follow, and rushed into the bath. As I turned to follow him, I saw the face of Alecco in the gathering crowd; the expression it wore struck me even at that moment as very singular,

The bath was long searched in vain for the culprits. I pointed out the spot where the attempt to strangle me was made, and traces of blood were visible on the lately-washed floor. When the search became tiresome, many of the spectators expressed doubts of my veracity; some thought I had wounded myself to raise a subscription to get away from Greece; others seemed to fancy I might have killed the bath-keeper. I stood naked and almost fainting—even my clothes could not be found, and many seemed to doubt whether I had possessed any worth finding when I entered the bath. George Mauromichalis took my part warmly, and the Maniotes silenced the crowd by asserting I was a great man, for I was the friend of their chieftain. A concealed door was at last discovered and broken open, but, though a few drops of blood were visible on the floor, no trace of any human being could be found, until a Maniote soldier pointed out to his chief a stone in the floor which seemed to have been lately moved. The marble was soon raised—a large vault was seen below—and crouched in a corner we beheld the bath-keeper and his wife. The cavern contained a heap of putrid bodies

covered with quick-lime, and the scarce lifeless body of the Polish Philhellene I had seen on entering the bath. My clothes were found tied up in a bundle; and I own, that even amidst the horrors that then surrounded me, I felt some satisfaction in putting on the richly-embroidered dress, which caused my instant recognition by many of the crowd, who exclaimed, "It is the Englishman! Why did he come here without Demetri or his tchiboukge?" The culprits were dragged away by the police.

The wound I had received was so trifling, that it is strange it should have been inflicted, since to it I owed my life. I returned home, but the party met at Alecco's. He had been himself compelled to set off for Athens on some public business, and left a message for his guests not to mind his departure. In the days of war, such events are too common to be remarked; and, when George Mauromichalis mentioned this to me next day, I could not help saying, that I had seen Alecco's face, with the expression of a hungry wolf, gazing on me as I rushed out of the bath, and that he had not thought fit to come in to help a friend in such a scrape.

I shall not attempt to describe the loathsome discoveries which were revealed at the examination of the bath-keeper and his wife. Many singular robberies were discovered; the bodies of many young Greeks and Philhellenes, who had arrived from Europe to assist in the war, flushed with enthusiasm, were identified amidst the remains in the cavern. They were generally persons having valuable property about them, and who were murdered very shortly after their arrival. The body of a young Englishman, who was supposed to have joined the camp before Corinth, was also recognized. While the police was following up this examination, and endeavouring to trace out the stolen property, in the expectation that it might aid me in recovering the lost miniature, Demetri returned from Hydra. He had secured the person Alecco had sent him to meet; and, by his inimitable sagacity, had discovered that there was an understanding of some kind between Alecco and this man. He at last extracted the secret, that Alecco had planned the attack on Abney's post,

and that Alecco entered my house, and robbed me of the portrait.

I now felt certain that there was an understanding between Alecco and the bath-keeper, and I burned with the desire to bring him to justice, as well as with the wish to recover the portrait. Accidental circumstances had evidently induced the villain to fancy that he was watched, both by Demetri and myself. George Mauromichalis was now summoned to my councils, for his power and political influence might prove necessary to aid me in my plans. After a careful and secret cross-examination of the bath-keeper in the presence of the chief of the police and a distinguished Greek statesman still living, he confessed that Alecco was his accomplice—that Alecco had planned the whole business—and that, the day after my assassination, they were to have sailed to Smyrna together. Next day, George Mauromichalis was compelled to visit Argos on political business. A slight indisposition, and the pain of my wound, kept me in the house. On that very day, the police, urged by some powerful personage, whose name is even now only an object of suspicion to me, hurried over the trial of the criminals. The bath-keeper was condemned to be hanged next morning, and the woman to be strangled in prison at the same hour. I heard nothing of all this until Demetri came in breathless from the coffee-house—to which he regularly repaired at day-break—with the news. I hurried to the gate of the town, and reached the glacis between the putrid marsh and the magnificent fortress of Palamidi, just in time to witness the bath-keeper hung up on a low gibbet, composed of a triangle formed by three short beams. I hastened to address the chief of the police; he told me he had received his orders suddenly, and that the woman had just been strangled in prison. Alecco, it was evident, had found powerful friends, and not a moment was to be lost, if I was ever to recover the portrait. To think of bringing him to justice was clearly ridiculous; he was a far more powerful personage than myself.

I walked slowly along the road towards Tyrinth, and sent Demetri back to Nauplia, to bring out our horses for a ride

to Argos, where I spoke of passing the night with George Mauromichalis. When he arrived, I struck to the right, and gained the road to Ligourio, beyond Aria. Embarking at Piadha, I reached the Piræus before midnight. I requested the custom-officer to send off instantly one of his men to inform Alecco that a messenger had arrived from Nauplia, who desired to see him at the earliest dawn, and to speak with him alone in the house of the custom-house officer. My plan removed all suspicion; Alecco seemed to expect a messenger, and the spot did not raise a doubt, so he sent word that he would meet me. I removed the custom-house officer, and every other person, except Demetri, asserting that our meeting must be private. When Alecco entered the room, he found there was no retreat, for Demetri and I were both in the Albanian dress, with our hands resting on our yataghans. I told him, that I had obtained proof of his possessing the portrait—of his having been the accomplice of the bath-keeper—and of his possessing friends so unprincipled and powerful, that my only chance of obtaining justice, was by taking the law into my own hands; adding coolly, that there might be danger in sparing him, but with my position, and supported by the friends I had secured, there was not the slightest in stabbing him on the spot. He attempted to speak, but I drew my handgiar, which was the signal for Demetri to unsheathe his yataghan, and lay his powerful hand on Alecco's shoulder. The villain was no coward; he looked calmly first at one, then at the other, as if calculating the chances of an attempt to escape; he saw it was hopeless, and, without uttering a word, he took the portrait from his breast. His caution awakened mine; before receiving it, I returned my handgiar, and cocked one of my pistols; then I examined the diamonds to see if he had purloined any. When I had secured the long-sought treasure, we called the custom-house officer, and sat down to drink coffee and smoke together. I kept Alecco in my presence until Demetri had secured a boat, nor would I allow him to take leave before our sails were spread with a fair wind for Hydra.

My intention was to have proceeded, without loss of time,

to Smyrna. Circumstances detained me for many days at Hydra; and one night as I returned to the monastery where I lived, from the house of Jacomaki Tombazi, an attack was made on me by two soldiers. They suddenly left me, but my friend Dr Dumont (now a distinguished medical officer in the service of King Otho) was that very evening assaulted by assassins, and received four wounds, but was spared when the villains saw his face. It was conjectured that I was the person sought after, and that a change in my dress had deceived the assassins. Demetri was furious; he declared that Alecco must have bribed the assassins; and he left me, in spite of all my entreaties, to punish the attempt which had been made to murder his master. From Smyrna I sent the portrait to England. Years after, I became acquainted with its romantic history.

In the spring of 1823 I returned to Greece. Demetri soon joined me. He owned that it had been his intention, when he left me, to slay Alecco the moment he saw him. On his passage to Athens, he found himself in the boat with Dumont's assassins. Every body was delighted with Demetri; even these banditti were charmed by his careless wit. They became his tools, confessed that they had been employed by Alecco to murder an Englishman, and owned that they were not ignorant of Alecco's communications with the Turks. Demetri then conceived the idea of a rich revenge: the delight of having Alecco executed seemed greater than that of executing him. Demetri watched him, surprised his correspondence with Omer Vrioni, revealed his treason to Odysseus, who condemned him to death in a very summary manner; and my former college companion, Alecco, was hung over the empty tomb of Themistocles. A satire, I suppose, both on the classic and romantic schools, for Odysseus detested equally Maurocordatos and Coletti.

(BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.)

THE
LAWS RELATING TO INDIA,
AND
THE EAST INDIA COMPANY:

The last Charter act, passed in 1833, effected material changes in the instrumentality by which England rules the millions of Hindostan. The Company was not only deprived of the monopoly of the trade with China, but was absolutely debarred from engaging in any commercial transactions, and became, from the date of that act, a purely governing body; the directors of which have a strong interest, not merely on the score of reputation, but of a pecuniary nature also, in the wise and equitable administration of the affairs of a country, upon which they and their constituents have been rendered exclusively dependent for their dividends. The making India responsible for these payments, amounting to L.640,000 per annum, in return for which a considerable part of the commercial assets of the Company was applied to the liquidation of funded debts, has been strongly condemned by some,—fondly disposed to believe that it would have been right or practicable to settle all the difficult and delicate ques-

tions at issue between the Company and the Government, by rudely casting the sword of power into the scales in which it behoved the great council of the nation to weigh fairly and considerately the claims of the body, which, however anomalous its constitution, and whatever its sins of omission or commission, had unquestionably won and maintained for England a mighty empire; and was ruling it, at the period when the mode of its future management came under discussion, with great and increasing vigour and success. It is very questionable whether public opinion would have permitted, or the letter of the law would have sanctioned, a measure involving so much national ingratitude as the dissolution, in 1833, of all connexion between the East India Company and the wide regions which its military and civil servants had acquired for the Crown, and had governed so long and so ably. It is certain, in our judgment, that nothing would really have been gained by it, either for England or for India. There are obvious reasons of the highest national importance, why the enormous patronage of India should not be conferred on the ministry for the time being; and ingenuity has not yet devised any plausible scheme by which the servants of the Crown could be debarred from the use and abuse of this superabundant supply of the richest materials for oiling the wheels of government, otherwise than by the interposition of such a body as the Company. As regards India, no one who knows how its affairs have been administered by the servants of the Company on the one hand, and how the comparatively petty business of governing the colonies of the Crown has been executed on the other, can doubt that it would have been a grievous sufferer from a change of agency. In the one case, there has been uninterrupted and signal success, achieved by a succession of able men, with scarcely an instance, in the long course of eighty years, of even partial failure at any important crisis; in the other, there has been almost constant weakness; inefficiency, and dissatisfaction, felt and expressed by all acquainted with the working of the system; and not seldom serious remissness or positive misrule, issuing in more or less disastrous results. Further, it is es-

essential to the welfare of India, that the principles on which it is governed should be fixed on a more stable and enduring basis than the contingency of the maintenance of power by any ministry could afford; that the councils of its ruler should be free, to the utmost possible extent, from the action of English politics; and that the singleness of their view to its interests should not be liable to be distorted by any temptation to make this or the other measure connected with its administration the means of upholding or distressing a parliamentary party. A board chosen in any imaginable manner by the Crown or the people, could not be expected to possess these aptitudes in so great a degree as the directors of the East India Company; and it is obvious that no mere segment of the ministry could so far abstract itself from the whirl and excitement of the home politics of the day, as to make the affairs of India its primary concern. But these affairs might most beneficially engross the attention of the ablest of our statesmen; they cannot, without grievous mischief, be regarded as objects of secondary consideration by any individual or body responsible for their administration. Yet it is certain that they would be postponed by mere politicians to a thousand matters of transitory, but nearer and more urgent interest.

The Charter of 1833 did not alter very materially the practical relations of the Court of Directors to the India Board; but it defined those relations more precisely, and laid down the course to be taken in the event of the controlling authority differing with that court, on any occasion, as to the orders proper to be sent to India. No orders 'relating to any public matter whatever,' can now be issued by the court without the previous sanction of the board: formerly the directors could correspond with any parties *in this country* without the intervention or knowledge of the controlling authority. Nor can the court now make any money-grant without the permission of the board. The initiative in all cases is with the directors, except when they shall omit to prepare, and submit for the consideration of the board, orders or despatches upon any subject, within fourteen days after receiving a

requisition to that effect. But the board is empowered to alter, at its discretion, the drafts of any despatches submitted by the court for its sanction ; and the court are required to sign and forward the orders so remodelled by the board. The court may remonstrate against directions of this nature ; but if they be reiterated, their only means of resistance are passive — namely, a refusal to sign the despatch as required ; leaving the board to enforce its authority by the instrumentality of the Court of Queen's Bench. The issue of such a conflict must depend entirely upon the moral strength of the parties, as resulting from their being severally right or wrong upon some important point of principle, involving considerations higher than any of mere policy — of justice or good faith ; for, of course, the court would not be justified in making a stand on any lower ground, against the power with which the Board of Control is unquestionably vested by the law. In one instance since 1833, the court did take up such a position of passive resistance, and maintained it with equal spirit and judgment ; the board, which was grossly in the wrong, being obliged to recede from its requisition. Such collisions, happily, can seldom occur when both parties are ordinarily honest and sensible, and are not blinded — as can, indeed, under the existing system, rarely be the case in regard to Indian affairs—by any factious motives.

The constitution of the Court of Directors is this. The directors, thirty in number, are elected by the proprietors of East India stock, voting by ballot ; £.1000 stock (worth at present about £.2500) entitling to one vote ; £.10,000 stock to four votes. Six of the directors go out every year, and as regularly return to office at its close, never having to encounter even a show of opposition, except when one or more of the six happen to die, or choose to retire, during the period of exclusion. In that event only, established routine permits new candidates to offer themselves, together with the remainder of the ex-directors, who constitute what is technically the *house list* ; but though such circumstances frequently occur, only two instances have been known within the me-

mory of man, in which an individual, out of office by rotation, has failed to recover his seat.

The directors annually choose a Chairman—or rather a Deputy-Chairman, who becomes chairman after the lapse of a year, as a matter of course—to preside over their deliberations. In the hands of these two functionaries resides the principal power of the court, deliberative as well as executive. They conduct, personally or by correspondence—official or private—all the negotiations of the Company with the Board of Control; and they, with or without one other director, constitute the ‘Secret Committee;’ ⁽¹⁾ to whose exclusive management, in concert with and subordination to the board, all matters ‘concerning the levying war or making peace, or treating or negotiating with any of the native princes or states in India, or with any other princes or states, or touching the policy to be observed with respect to such princes or states,’ which are conceived to be of a nature to require secrecy, are entrusted. The late Charter increased the powers of this committee, by adding to the previous law (33 Geo. III. cap. 52, sect. xix.) the words printed in italics in the foregoing quotation; which, of course, embrace Persia and Russia, and all the states with which British India can possibly be brought into connexion or dispute. In all other respects, the law which regulates the relations of the Court of Directors to the Board of Control, and keeps the court in profound ignorance of the communications of that board with the secret committee, remains exactly as Mr. Pitt made it nearly sixty years ago. Yet one would suppose, from the vehement denunciations of the Charter of 1833, and Sir John Hobhouse, both in and out of Parliament, that the functions of the secret committee were a hideous novelty of the iron age of Whig ascendancy. The truth is, that by the constitution, good or bad, of the Indian administration, as framed by Mr. Pitt, the ordinary members of the Court of Directors

(1) The chairman and deputy-chairman are not necessarily members of the secret committee, the court being authorized to appoint any directors, not exceeding three, to that committee; but we believe that, in practice, they always form a part, or the whole of it.

know no more of the business which falls under the special cognizance of the secret committee than the public at large. All other affairs are conducted partly by the chairman and deputy-chairman, in what are called 'previous communications' (a device to obviate the publicity and inconvenience of collision) with the president of the India Board, and partly by the several committees—revenue, judicial, military, and the like—into which the court is divided. The system actually in operation is strange enough; seeing that every subject of any importance is considered, and, to some extent at least, decided upon by the controlling authority, before it comes even under the cognizance of the body by which, according to the theory of the constitution of the government of India, it ought to be digested and laid before the court; the results of whose deliberations thereon should then be moulded into a despatch, to be submitted, in due course, for the sanction of the board. The practice almost reverses this constitutional order of things, except in so far as the chairman and deputy-chairman, under whose immediate and exclusive orders the drafts of 'previous communications' are prepared, and who are members *ex-officio* of all committees, may be considered to represent the Court of Directors.

We have drawn the best sketch which our present limits will permit, of the constitution of the East India Company as a governing body, and of the mode in which the representatives of its proprietors fulfil their functions. In both, there are palpable anomalies;—so great, indeed, looking only at the theory of the system, as would seem to render it, *a priori*, certain that an organ of government so constituted, and subject to such checks, could not possibly work to any good purpose. We will point out two or three of the most glaring defects—premising that this is a much easier task than the laying down of any scheme which, even in theory, should promise to work better.

In the first place, it appears to be passing strange, now especially that the commercial privileges of the Company have terminated, that the power of electing the rulers of British India should be vested in every person—man, maid, or wi-

dow—who attains by purchase, marriage, or inheritance, a certain amount of stock ; which is just as much the subject of daily transfer from hand to hand, as any part of the funded debt of the government. By this scheme, an individual may have been an elector yesterday, may cease to be so to-day, and be reinstated in the privilege to-morrow, if the necessary share in the Company's stock be bequeathed to him : for in the case of purchase, the buyer cannot exercise his electoral functions for a year. No sort of qualification, beyond the possession of stock, is required. The peer of the realm, the intelligent merchant or tradesman, the retired Indian soldier or civil servant, and the man who has accumulated a fortune, in halfpence, by sweeping a crossing in the streets, are all upon a level as to eligibility and presumed competence. The sweeper—if he be rich enough—may have four votes ; the member of the legislature, the director of the Bank of England, the ex-governor-general, or member of council, only one.]

Secondly, the rule that, after four years' tenure of office, each director shall retire for one year, cannot fail to operate most injuriously on the general efficiency of the court. It often happens that a director's turn for vacating office occurs immediately after he has devoted two years, as deputy-chairman and chairman, to the almost exclusive management of the Company's affairs ; and both as respects the ordinary functions of the court, and the special duties of the secret committee, is, *cæteris paribus*, more conversant with all the important subjects under discussion, or likely to present themselves, than any other member of the body. But the inexorable rule requires that all this knowledge and experience shall lie completely fallow for a year, until, perhaps, by ceasing to be recent, it has ceased to be practically useful ; and the individual whose voice has been most potent in the government of an empire up to the second Wednesday in April, often ceases on that day to possess the smallest authority in its counsels.

Yet in spite of these and other anomalies, nothing is more certain than that, from the time of Warren Hastings to the

present day, the administration of India has been eminently successful. We are no blind optimists. We know well, and we have not hesitated to show, that much that might have been done has been left undone; and that in too many instances the measures of the rulers of India have been unwise in principle. But, after allowing all due weight to these drawbacks and disparagements, the broad fact remains untouched, that an empire has been won and governed, which the whole civilized world regards with admiration and envy, and which none but unwise and ungrateful Englishmen are so blind as to undervalue. Such being the case, it were absurd to doubt that the system from which such results have sprung, must combine in its constitution the elements of the highest practical efficiency. But it were equally absurd to suppose that this vigour resides in such anomalies as we have exhibited, or that it is not grievously impaired by them. It is one thing to see and acknowledge that mighty progress has been made, notwithstanding hindrances:—it is quite another thing to mistake such hindrances for the propelling power. The very remarkable state of things which undeniably exists, has led two very different classes of observers into opposite errors. The one, looking at the marvellous general effects of the Company's administration, at the wide regions which its delegates govern, at the general order and peace which they maintain, and at the great and sustained efforts which they are capable of making, will not believe that there can be any thing essentially unwise or unfitted to the proposed ends, still less of a counteracting tendency, in the machinery by which such mighty results are brought to pass. The other class, of sharper eyes to discern defects, but belonging to the school of the philosopher who 'travelled from Dan to Beersheba, and found all barren,' are so inflamed with indignation at this or the other anomaly in the constitution of the Company, or defect or short-coming in the discharge of its obligations to the people of India, that they can see nothing but wrong and rapine, broken faith and denial of justice, in the whole government of our eastern empire. The truth, of course, lies between the two extremes—between the optimism that

can perceive no evil in a system capable of vast improvement, and the prejudice which regards the rule of the Company as a curse to the natives of India, and looks back with fond regret to the good old times when they were robbed, tortured, and murdered by princes of their own race, or by their Mahomedan conquerors. That they were scandalously misgoverned then, does not affect, in the smallest degree, their right to the best government that we can give them now; but it is equally certain that, after the fullest admission of past errors and present imperfections, the rule of England is a mighty blessing to the people of India.

The Charter of 1833 effected great improvements in the local administration of India. The greatest, perhaps, was the creation of a really supreme government, — in the governor-general and council of India, — vested with exclusive powers of legislation for the whole of the British dominions, and with effectual control over the public expenditure. By this wise measure, a single body was made responsible for the enactment of good laws; and the power of the purse was taken out of the hands of those who never—in the case of Bombay,—or not always—in the case of Madras,—having a local income equal to their local charges, had found it a mischievously easy process to supply the deficiency, by drawing upon the well-replenished treasury of Bengal. The power of legislation was extended with equal benefit. The royal courts of justice, established at each of the three Presidencies, had previously administered the law of England in entire independence—except when the judges thought fit to recognize and register a regulation—of the local legislature. The law of 1833 abated this gross absurdity—which had been productive of much practical mischief from the time of Warren Hastings down to recent times—of placing a court of justice, the interpreter of its own charter, and of the laws which it administered, at a distance of many thousand miles from the legislature which alone it was bound to obey; whilst the local government—to whose legislation its respect was entirely optional, and which it possessed innumerable means of thwarting, insulting, and degrading in the eyes of its sub-

jects—was solely responsible for the peaceful and prosperous maintenance of the wonderful sway exercised by a few thousands of Englishmen over subject millions. The relations of the royal courts to the Company's government are now very nearly what, in reason and prudence, they ought to be; supposing that it is necessary to keep up establishments so large and costly for the sake of the utterly disproportionate service which they render, directly or indirectly, to the people for whose ostensible benefit, and at whose certain expense, they are maintained. Whether there be such necessity, is quite another question.

The charge which the Queen's Courts at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, entail upon India, is very heavy; amounting, according to the latest returns, to £.96,253 per annum, exclusive of the salaries of the Company's law-officers and their establishments, and of the charges of the coroner's office and the police. The service rendered to the community, in return for this large outlay, is extremely small; partly because the territorial jurisdictions of the courts are very limited; but mainly, we fear, as regards the civil department, because the justice which they administer is so enormously high-priced, that none but the wealthy few possess the means of taking advantage of it. To the great bulk of the people, therefore, it is, and always has been, the same as if no such courts of justice existed; except in so far as the *prestige* that accompanies them may be presumed to protect from some of the grosser outrages or wrongs. To the wealthy, these courts have been the instruments of the most exhausting chicanery. It is said, that at Madras almost all the opulent native families have been reduced to poverty by litigation. The wealthy natives of Calcutta, after spending vast sums in the supreme court, have so far profited by experience as to decide most of their differences by private arbitration. From these concurrent causes, the time of the judges is very inadequately occupied; very little civil business is brought before them; and these highly-paid functionaries are often engaged, day after day, in trying petty larcenies, compared with which the

pilferings of the 'artful dodgers' of our metropolis are high crimes and misdemeanours.

If the few Englishmen settled in India are so much attached to the laws, and the mode of administering those laws, which obtain in their native country, as to require that justice should be dispensed to them in this particular manner, under circumstances which render it extremely expensive; or if their fear of the government under which they live induces them to demand special protection from it—it is surely reasonable that they, and not the people among whom they have voluntarily come to sojourn, should pay for the luxury in the one case, or for the security in the other. As regards the natives, we affirm, that whether they be wronged by their rulers or by each other, they can, and do obtain at least as efficient redress—certainly much cheaper—in the courts of the Company, as in those of the Queen. We may state as one proof of this position, that, as far as we have been able to watch the result, fewer decisions of the former than of the latter tribunals have been reversed upon appeal to the Privy Council. The leaning of the Company's courts is decidedly against the executive government in general, and the revenue department in particular. On the other hand, whilst many outrages upon natives have been committed by Englishmen residing in the interior of the country, there is scarcely an instance upon record in which such parties have been prosecuted to conviction in the supreme courts. Not unfrequently, English principals in such outrages have escaped with impunity, whilst their native instruments, subject to the jurisdiction of the Company's courts, have been convicted and punished. The Queen's courts are equally impotent for another principal object of their original constitution. We are not aware that any public servant—though many, in so long a course of years, have been dismissed from their employment with infamy—was ever prosecuted to conviction, in those courts, for embezzlement, corruption, or extortion. The causes of impunity are the same in both cases;—the absurd facilities which the English rules of evidence afford for the escape of the guilty; the partial favour too often shown by

jurymen of British birth or blood to their own countrymen; and the little less than impossibility, that the most respectable native witness should pass satisfactorily the severe ordeal of a cross-examination by an acute English lawyer. There is no case so good and strong that a native does not think it capable of a little improvement by exaggeration, or positive invention; there is no action so open and unequivocal that a native eye-witness may not be driven to hesitate, prevaricate, or contradict himself concerning it.

As at present constituted, the Queen's Courts are comparatively useless, with the additional objection of being exceedingly expensive to a country which stands in the utmost need that every rupee should be applied, with the most careful judgment, to those purposes most essential to its well-being. They ought to be abolished altogether, and a far less costly machinery supplied, for the performance of those of their present functions which are really necessary; or they should be united with the supreme courts of the Company, already established at each of the three Presidencies, and at Allahabad; under a system providing for the administration of a uniform code of laws, dealing the same measure by the same processes, and with the smallest possible number of exceptions, to men of every colour, religion, and blood throughout British India. The last course would certainly be the wisest; and we are happy to hear, upon good authority, that it has been contemplated by those who are best qualified to judge of the propriety of such a change. We should anticipate the happiest results to India from the association of enlightened and liberal English lawyers with the ablest judicial officers of the Company, in a newly constituted supreme court. Such a junction could not fail to result in the interchange of much useful knowledge, and in rubbing off many hurtful prejudices on both sides.

The constitution of the Civil Service—of the agency by which the affairs of this mighty empire are directed, superintended, and controlled—is the grand peculiarity of the system of our Indian Government. From the commencement of the Company's marvellous career—from the time when they

held, by sufferance, a few petty factories on the coasts of that vast continent which they now rule as absolute sovereigns—they sent out a succession of youths, to perform in the first instance the drudgery of weighing muslin, measuring pepper, and engrossing accounts; with the privilege of rising, in an order of seniority rarely departed from, to the charge of the outposts of trade or manufacture, from which the warehouses at the ports of shipment were supplied, and eventually to the council and government; involving the sale of the goods sent out by the Company, and the preparation for the annual investment for the English market. To this class belonged Orme—whose elegant and animated, though somewhat diffuse work, narrating with remarkable fidelity the romantic progress of British ascendancy in the East, is much less known than its merits deserve; and Forbes, the amiable author of the ‘*Oriental Memoirs*.’ In this school also—apparently so ill-fitted to train the founders of empire, men greater far than these—Clive and Hastings, whose remarkable history we have lately surveyed, spent the years of their early manhood. In one respect, indeed, the service of the Company, in its subordinate stations, had at least a negative recommendation as a state of discipline and probation. It was not a service of ease and indulgence. ‘At that time,’ (1768,) says Mr Forbes; who was upon the Bombay establishment, ‘I can safely affirm, I lived in the most sparing manner, a writer’s income altogether not exceeding £.65 per annum.’ Indeed, ‘the generality’ are stated to have had but ‘£.36 or £.40. ‘I never drank wine at my own table, and ‘often went supperless to bed when the day closed, because ‘I could not afford either supper or candles: as the dinner ‘hour was one o’clock, and a writer’s age generally between ‘sixteen and twenty-one, the abstinence was not occasioned by ‘a want of appetite.’

The effects of this parsimony in an unhealthy climate, requiring many comforts and conveniences to render it endurable by Europeans, fell only upon the servants who were thus underpaid, a very small proportion of whom lived to return to their native country;—as long as the Company was

merely a commercial body, and those who managed its affairs in India had no political power, and were kept in check by the parties who possessed it. But the result was very different when ambition, or the irresistible force of circumstances, had rendered the agents of this association of merchants the sovereigns, *de facto*, of extensive provinces teeming with population; and which, though poor in comparison with the wealthier countries of Europe, and utterly unable to render to England the regular annual tribute which sanguine politicians expected from them, were abundantly capable of compensating the actual rulers of the land for the inadequacy of their legal salaries. And no harm would have been done, if a sufficiency for this purpose had been regularly and avowedly raised and distributed: such a step, in fact, if taken immediately on the occurrence of the entire change of circumstances to which we have adverted, would have prevented that shameless corruption and rapine from which it was eventually found necessary to relieve the people, by measures of wise liberality to the functionaries placed over them. This being neglected in the first instance, it was too much to expect that those who negotiated concerning the fate of kingdoms—who presided, with almost absolute power, over great commercial marts—or who collected, on behalf of their distant masters, the revenues of fertile provinces, should rest satisfied with the scanty salaries which the Company had doled out to mere book-keepers and factors. The ‘supperless’ case of Mr Forbes and his contemporaries at Bombay, was no doubt an extreme one, though perfectly true; but it is certain that the ostensible allowances of the civil servants of the Company, for some time after that body became virtually the sovereigns of Bengal, Bahar, and the Carnatic, did not exceed, even if they amounted to, the necessary expense of the barest subsistence. Of course, under such circumstances, these functionaries did not scruple to help themselves copiously to what their inconsiderate masters withheld; and it is no marvel that they did not confine their appropriations, in all cases, within the limits of a handsome remuneration for their services. As an equally certain consequence, these

illicit exactions robbed the people of ten times as much—with incalculable concomitant vexation and suffering—as found its way into the pockets of the European officers of the government. The clear intellect of Lord Clive saw this plainly, and he devised and executed—with characteristic boldness—a scheme for cutting off the sources of the unauthorized profits of the public servants, and for granting them adequate allowances, raised by a public monopoly. But the system was incomplete, and therefore the effect fell short of the object, until the time of Lord Cornwallis. That nobleman placed the establishment upon such a footing, in respect to the salary allotted to each office of trust and responsibility, as left the public servant who should thenceforward grasp at gains beyond the handsome stipend issued to him from the treasury, utterly without excuse; and from that day, amidst great and daily temptations, and far removed, in that tainted atmosphere, from all purer example, the servants of the Company have preserved, as a body, the most unsullied reputation. It is right to add, a share in the credit of a result so happy as well as honourable, is justly due to those who, exercising in this country supreme control over the administration of India, have firmly and invariably visited with the most severe punishment any offence, on the part of public functionaries, involving fraud, peculation, or corruption.

Notwithstanding, however, the entire change in the nature of the duties devolving on it, the constitution of the civil service remains exactly as it was in the days when the preparation and shipment of investments formed the highest functions of its highest members. Even the ancient names of its gradations were, till very recently, retained: up to August 1841, the youth who entered the service as a writer, rose successively to the ranks of factor, junior merchant, and senior merchant. In one point of view, this rigid adherence to the old order of things has been of signal benefit to India.

The mode of recruiting the public service has remained unchanged. A number of young men are annually sent out, not to particular appointments allotted to them severally in this country, but as probationers for office generally, and to

be employed in this or the other department, at the discretion of the local government. There is, therefore, no possibility of entering upon public employment otherwise than at the lowest end of the scale ; and as the emoluments attached to it are not, for some years, more than sufficient to maintain the servants of the government in comfort and respectability, such a line of life in a distant land, and an unhealthy climate, has no temptations to any one who does not intend to adhere to it as his profession, until the devotion of the best years of his manhood shall have been rewarded by the gradual accumulation of the means of returning to his native land. This system is, of course, open to obvious objections. General competition, from which the community reaps such great advantage in all lands governed by their own children, is altogether precluded. The number of those eligible for office is rigidly limited ; and, practically, it often happens that the strictness with which the privileges of the body of public servants is upheld, debars the authorities from giving employment to men who have proceeded to that country upon some private adventure, and whom natural abilities, or intimate acquaintance with the people, have peculiarly qualified to render the most beneficial services to the community. Yet, after making the most ample allowance for these considerations, as well as for the mischiefs resulting from the passions and prejudices of *caste*, necessarily generated by the peculiar position of the civil service, we are decidedly of opinion that, due reference being had to the evils which it precludes, the benefits of the existing system greatly preponderate over its disadvantages. We are, therefore, decidedly of opinion, that to whomsoever the patronage may be entrusted, the present system of recruiting the public service in India should be jealously maintained. But it is quite another question whether that system is followed out as effectually as it might be—whether the most is made of the materials, which, upon the whole, appear to be the best suited to answer the important ends in view. This question, we fear, must be answered in the negative.

Proof of the truth of these statements is to be found on

the very surface of that aspect which the public service in India presents. In every walk of life, where matters are left to regulate themselves—where, consequently, high success is dependent upon eminent merit, and even moderate advancement upon competent fitness—some individuals will be found to have gained the goal in the prime of life; others will reach it with difficulty, or, perhaps, rest content with coming somewhat short of it, after a longer period of toil; whilst a third class, whom nature or their own misconduct have disqualified for the race, will occupy a place in their old age but little in advance of the starting-post. In England, this state of things is common in every profession and calling; and no one wonders, or thinks it a hardship, that those whom nature has not formed to excel, should hold situations subordinate to younger men on whom she has conferred the talent, the energy, and the perseverance which command success. In India, on the other hand, the advancement of the members of the body which administers or controls every branch of the government, is regulated by a diametrically opposite principle. The man who was never intended to rise is forced up; whilst the energies of the individual whom Providence designed to distinguish from the mass are cramped and crippled—if, indeed, their development is not altogether prevented—by the absurd rule which contravenes the general law of nature, and ordains that the active and vigorous shall not outstrip the apathetic and indifferent; and that, with the exception of a very few prizes, offices of the highest practical importance—such as the dispensation of civil and criminal justice, in a district as large as an English county, including the superintendence and control of twenty or thirty subordinate courts—shall be filled with an almost exclusive reference to the age and standing of individuals in the general muster-roll of a service which all have alike entered as boys. That this is no exaggerated representation, a glance at the list of civil servants, under any one of the Presidencies, will demonstrate. Those lists will not show five instances where all the individuals of a certain standing are not judges or collectors at least, if not the supervisors of

judges and collectors. They will not exhibit five cases in which the officer of fifteen or twenty years' standing is on a level, in respect to distinction and emolument, with the generality of those who have been five or six years in the service. Yet it is morally impossible that every person of a certain standing should be fit to be a judge or a collector—fitter than any one of the fifty who entered the service five or even ten years later : it is equally out of the question that of the fifty or hundred who are now placed in situations of high responsibility, merely because they have passed a given number of years in India, there should not be several, who, in any state of things where they were solely dependent upon their own exertions, would have remained till old age in offices of mere mechanical drudgery. The existing system picks two or three of the best out of every hundred, in order to place them in offices, the efficiency of which is essential to the ease or character of the government, and treats all the rest exactly alike.

The consequences are mischievous in the extreme. It is the old story in the main : — '*Delirunt reges, plectuntur Achivi* : ' the people are the principal sufferers ; but the British Government reaps directly and largely the fruit of its own absurdities. Emulation lives only in the hearts of the few competitors for the scanty prizes to which we have alluded. Beyond them, the great body of public servants, many of whom are, of course, possessed of abilities capable of being quickened into most useful activity, regard themselves as members of a sort of professional *tontine* ; and repose in the comfortable assurance that, if they live long enough, and do not absolutely disgrace themselves, they shall grow up in the paradise of promotion, like the bean-stalk in the nursery tale, by the mere force of vegetation. This feeling, doubtless, is strongest in the least worthy ; and doubtless, also—to their honour be it said—there are many in the ranks of the civil service who are stimulated to the energetic discharge of their public duties by higher and purer motives than any which mere emulation—having worldly advancement for its goal—can afford. But it is undeniably a grand political blunder,

that this most cogent incentive is not systematically superadded to those which are derived from other sources.

In truth, it must, we think, be self-evident, that a rule of promotion that might have been, and probably was, well enough suited to regulate the advancement of the clerks and factors of a company of merchants, is utterly inapplicable to the administrators of a vast empire. It is impossible to calculate the amount of public loss that results from it ; because it is impossible to ascertain the quantum of useful ability which the absence of stimulus permits to lie dormant. That it is very heavy, no one will doubt who knows anything of human nature, or of the difficulty of governing a hundred millions of men by the agency of a handful of foreigners ; and, consequently, of the importance of eliciting from such instruments the largest possible amount of useful service.

We have dwelt upon this subject at considerable length, because we have long been sensible of its extreme importance to the interests of British India. The rigid single file in which the public servants are made to advance, has assuredly dwarfed their minds ; except in those rare instances in which talent is accompanied by so much energy as to be altogether irrepressible. Every thing short of extraordinary qualification is levelled, by the absence of encouragement, to the low standard of passable fitness. We know but of one reason—and that one which no honest mind, once awakened to reflect on the subject, would allow to sway it—why the system should be clung to. It *enhances the value of patronage*, as regards the least worthy recipients of it, by rendering the public service of India a *lottery without blanks*, except in cases of scandalous misbehaviour. But the opportunity of entering the lists of competition in such a service is, or ought to be, a sufficient boon to any young man ; it would be amply sufficient to tempt the *élite* of the rising generation to engage in it with hopefulness and energy ; and it is too much to add a virtual guarantee, at the expense of the people of India, that unless there be misconduct of the grossest description, there shall be regular advancement, as a matter of course, to offices which can hardly be designated as otherwise than of

the highest trust and responsibility. The existence of such a guarantee reduces all but the few salient minds to the dead level of mediocrity ; whilst those whom nature, sloth, or bad habits have marked out as drudges, have a claim of right to receive, and do actually receive—if their demerits fall short of absolute incapacity—the general average of promotion.

The Charter Act made a considerable change, or rather a considerable opening for change, at the discretion of the Court of Directors, in the constitution of the Indian governments. It enacted that the executive government of each of the Presidencies shall be administered by a governor and three councillors ; but at the same time, it empowered the Directors to revoke and suspend the appointment of councils. It also made the Governor-General of India for the time being, Governor of Bengal. Under the license given to the court, the Governor of Bengal has hitherto exercised the functions of that office without the aid of a council ; as did also the governor of Agra, as long as that office existed.

This autocracy has been objected to by some, principally, we believe, on account of the additional power which the absence of councils is supposed to throw into the irresponsible hands of secretaries ; who, it is thought, are more likely to lead or mislead one than many masters. For our part, we have always, even irrespective of the saving of expenditure, thought the change an improvement. The subordinate governments have now no powers of legislation, and very little latitude in expenditure ; their functions may, generally speaking, be better, because more promptly, performed by one mind than by many ; the governor acts alone, under individual, and therefore more stringent, responsibility ; and as to the dangerous influence of secretaries, those functionaries, though younger men—a circumstance which is not always, by any means, an objection in India—are, commonly, at least as well selected as the members of council. It would not be difficult to devise a plan which would give them all needful and wholesome responsibility.

The Local Governments transact their business in four departments :—the political, which includes the secret, and is

limited to what in England we term diplomacy ; the judicial ; the revenue ; and the general, to which all the financial business appertains. A fifth—the legislative department—is peculiar to the supreme government. At the several Presidencies, and at the same Presidencies under changes of circumstances, these departments are variously arranged as regards the manner in which they are worked. Thus the supreme government has but two secretaries, one of whom undertakes the political, legislative, judicial, and revenue departments, and the other the general department ; whilst the subordinate government of Bengal, having a vast deal more of detail on its hands—much more, indeed, than it ought, in wisdom, to meddle with—has a separate secretary for the important departments of revenue and justice. The arrangements of departments, and of the business attached to them, are generally wise and efficient—the several governments taking care not to choose secretaries for themselves, as they do judges for the people, according to *seniority* in the service ;—but the division of duties is not altogether free from anomalies. In Bengal, for instance, the superintendence and control of the customs, and of the salt and opium monopolies, belong not to the revenue, but to the general department ; which manages, besides the finance, all the miscellaneous business which does not come under one or other of the more specific heads. Ecclesiastical affairs, steam-boats for sea and river navigation, the post-office, and public instruction, are only a part of its multifarious cares. The government and the people would be far better served, if separate secretaries were appointed to the revenue and judicial departments ; the former relieving the secretary in the general department from the charge of the customs, the two monopolies, and post-office ; and the latter conducting all correspondence connected with the education of the natives. The secretary in the general department might then discharge all the important duties of the Accountant-General. Under the existing arrangements, the Admirable Crichton himself could not fulfil efficiently all the functions of the general department.

The secretary in the political department conducts all the

correspondence with the numerous officers, who, under the title of Residents at the native courts, or of Agents to the governor-general, discharge, in some cases, purely diplomatic functions; and exercise, in other instances, an ambiguous sway—alternating between command and counsel—over princes and chiefs partially independent, but looking up to the British Government, not only for protection against all external danger, but for the mediation of all matters in dispute among themselves, or with powerful tributaries, or with their subjects. The residents and agents do not submit reports merely upon all important matters, but diaries of their ordinary proceedings, showing with whom they have communicated, and the nature of the conference. Those who hold the more important trusts—and some, as the agent for Rajpootana, have many officers, each residing at the court of a petty prince, subordinate to them—correspond directly with the supreme government; the others are subject to the orders of the governor, to whose jurisdiction their respective offices are attached. The subordinate governments, again, report all matters of moment to the supreme government; so that a complete chain of communication is maintained from the lowest functionary engaged in any business of diplomacy—one of whom is stationed at every spot where his services can be useful—to the Governor-General in council. In this department, the state is, and always has been, admirably served. The chief reason is easily told. In the political line, the claims of *seniority* are far less attended to than in other departments. The Company's army contends with the civil service in furnishing the requisite amount of ability; and, what is still more important—the diplomatists of British India are not, generally speaking, so hopelessly overladen with business as the officers, who perform their duties with equal zeal and energy, though with less brilliant results, in other branches of the service. They enjoy, personally, another signal advantage. They do not labour exclusively for the good of others, and for the rewards of their own conscience—though they may well promote the one and earn the other—as those who discharge important duties on the judicial bench, or in the revenue de-

partment. The nature of their functions brings them, in frequent instances, to the notice of their countrymen at home; and they reap, though not a fair share, yet a far larger share than their brethren, of those distinctions which the grace of the Crown, or public opinion, confer on those who are felt to have rendered good service to their country. To all merit displayed on the distant and disregarded theatre of India, such rewards have been dealt with niggard hand. They have been almost absolutely denied to those whose talents and devotion have been displayed in the less shining walks of the public service. In no instance, as far as we are aware, has the highest judicial merit, manifested in the Company's Courts, received any honorary acknowledgment in this country; whilst comparatively petty services, performed in the colonies of the Crown, have been abundantly rewarded! Is this generous—is it wise? The Crown should not look coldly on the distinguished men who serve their country in India, because England chooses to rule that splendid empire through the instrumentality of the Company. It would cost her nothing, it would stimulate to still greater exertions, it would be a graceful compensation for the wealth which the improved state of public morals and feeling forbids the servants of the Government to accumulate in India, if suitable honours, such as would confer rank and distinction upon those servants in the eyes of their fellow-countrymen, were bestowed with judicious liberality upon those best deserving them.

The superintendence and control of the judicial department are exercised principally by the instrumentality of the Sudder Courts—the supreme judicatories of the Company's territories, beyond the narrow precincts of the jurisdiction of the three courts chartered by the Crown. The executive government holds little direct correspondence—and that little only on trivial subjects—with any subordinate judicial functionaries; excepting only, in the case of the government of Bengal, the superintendent of police, whose office does not exist elsewhere. Throughout Bengal, including the lieutenant-governorship of Agra, the provincial courts of appeal and circuit, which formed a material part of the scheme of judicial administration

devised by Lord Cornwallis, have been abolished ; the Sudder Courts now preside immediately over the civil and sessions judges of the several districts into which the provinces are divided ; each of whom, again, supervises the proceedings, and hears appeals from the decisions, of many judges of inferior jurisdiction, proportioned in number to the amount of local business, and ranked in three gradations with respect to their powers and to their official emoluments. The judges of the several districts are invariably civil servants ; the officers who preside in the subordinate courts are principally natives of India, though all properly qualified persons are eligible. Those of the highest rank are competent to decide all suits, whatever the value of property at issue ; and it has been, of late years, the wise object of the government to relieve as much as possible the highly-remunerated district judges from all primary jurisdiction, and to employ them, almost exclusively, in the far more extensively useful work of superintending the proceedings of the numerous subordinate courts, and of hearing appeals from their orders and judgments. Upon the promptitude and efficiency with which these duties are executed, the character of the administration of civil justice absolutely depends. The government has most wisely abandoned the attempt commenced by Lord Cornwallis, to administer justice to millions by the almost unassisted agency of a small body of English judges, whose necessarily high remuneration rendered it impossible to increase their numbers. Of the utter inadequacy of the salaries assigned to the lowest and most numerous class of native judges, (*moon-sifs*,) by whom the great majority of causes are decided, we have already spoken ; but the miserable economy of dispensing justice to the bulk of the people by the agency of underpaid functionaries, cannot be too often or too strongly denounced. With a proper addition to their allowances, they might most beneficially be made the effective instruments of improving the administration of criminal, as well as of civil, justice.

The existing system has one glaring and most prejudicial defect. It is lamentably wanting in the vigour of an active

and watchful executive superintendence and direction. Those functions are ostensibly performed—as we have stated—by the Sudder Courts; the judges of which have, therefore, double and discordant responsibilities. Besides exercising the highest appellate jurisdiction, and hearing judicially, in the last resort, all complaints against the proceedings of all subordinate courts, they ought to maintain a jealous supervision over the official conduct of every functionary attached to the judicial department; availing themselves of every legitimate means of obtaining information with respect to the efficiency of each tribunal, and to the estimation in which the several judges are held by the people. It is the more necessary that this duty should be well performed by the high officers to whom it is assigned; because, in India, there is no public to discharge it on its own behalf. The people are sunk, to a degree of which home-bred Englishmen can form no adequate conception, in sloth, apathy, and moral cowardice. They regard even the grossest judicial venality as a very light offence. No extent of fraud or wrong, committed under the shelter of the forms of justice, appears—when they are not personally the victims of it—to excite in their breasts any emotions of abhorrence or indignation. Their ignorant apprehensions often deter them from complaining of the grossest injustice. There is manifestly the greater need that they should be well protected by those whose especial duty it is to watch the working of the judicial administration. This vastly important duty the Sudder Courts are, in our judgment, from the nature of their constitution, and of their other functions and responsibilities, altogether unqualified to perform. Their obligations are almost absolutely *antagonistic*. They are judges of the last resort; they are a board of justice; they are, or ought to be, keen and jealous inspectors of the proceedings of a host of subordinate judges, scattered through a vast extent of country, and dispensing justice to millions. Being always stationary, they can superintend the proceedings and estimate the character of the many officers dependent on each district court, only through the intermediate agency of the judge of that court. Their knowledge of all those

subordinate to him must be coloured, at least, by his opinions regarding them. If he be blind, it is next to impossible that they should be able to see to any good purpose; but if he be dishonest or corrupt, and in league with inferiors of a like character, they must be absolutely helpless. This last consummation of iniquity is not probable; but, under such a system of promotion of judicial office as we have already described, instances must, in the nature of things, frequently occur, where, from one cause or another, the district judge is a very bad medium of supervision. We could mention an instance in which, within a few months after an English judge, personally above all suspicion, and of considerable merit, had left a district in which he had presided for some years, two of the principal subordinate judges of that district—to whom on retiring he had given certificates of high character—were dismissed from office with infamy, on proof that they had been selling justice for years. It was proved that one of them had been pulled out of his palankin in the public bazar, and flogged by a man to whom he had denied redress, after he had been paid for it. In another case, a board of revenue was compelled to denounce to the Government the open and shameless iniquities prevalent in one of the late provincial courts, situated within two miles of the Sudder Court, of which that court had taken, and appeared disposed to take, no notice.

We have specified these two instances, because they illustrate the two distinct causes of the inefficiency which characterizes the superintendence of the Sudder Court. The first shows—if it needs showing—that a stationary body, operating through local instruments of very unequal fitness—some of whom must be expected to be unsuspicious, some indolent, some inaccessible to the people, some disposed to favour and shield parasites and flatterers—must be very ill qualified to watch with sufficient acuteness and steadiness the proceedings of inferior courts situated at distances of from seventy to four or five hundred miles. The second exemplifies the mistake involved in entrusting the most important judicial and execu-

live functions to the same hands; and those hands trained principally to the patient and deliberate dispensation of justice. It is next to impossible that the same man should be at once a calm and dispassionate judge, and a keen and jealous supervisor. All the qualities indispensable for the first office, are little less than disqualifications for the other. The judge is bound to keep his eyes, ears, and mind closed to all that he might see or hear out of court. The superintendent, to be efficient under the extremely difficult circumstances of the case, as respects the absence of public spirit, ought to be in a constant state of enquiry—accessible to information from every quarter, listening to and investigating every rumour which bears with it a plausible appearance of truth; and prompt to pursue any clue that may enable him to test the efficiency and soundness of the system which it is his duty to watch over. The judge should assume every one to be innocent till he is proved guilty: the superintendent, whilst he judges no one, should make it his business to possess himself of the fullest information regarding the proceedings of all.

Just in proportion as the officers who preside in the Sudder Courts with so much ability, and with so much honour to the British character, are excellent judges, they are bad superintendents of civil and criminal justice. It is unfair to impose duties so incompatible upon any men:—it is vain to expect that they should both be efficiently performed.

The remedy is obvious. The Sudder Courts should be divided, and the discordant functions imposed upon them allotted to different individuals. Such an arrangement would occasion no increase of expense, since there need be no augmentation of the number of officers. It would permit the adaptation of individual qualifications to that department of duty best suited for their useful exertion. It would produce an economy of time, much of which is now wasted in passing backwards and forwards from one sort of business to another totally dissimilar. The judges would be only judges: the superintendence of the administration of civil and criminal justice would be in distinct hands; either of an individual,

which we think decidedly the better plan, or of a board. The efficiency of both departments would thus be much increased. The Government would learn from the court how the judges of the various grades performed those parts of their duties, the fulfilment of which could be tried by their decisions—the grounds of which are always fully recorded in India, whilst the superintendents of justice would watch and report upon all matters of an executive nature—the relations between the institution and the decision of suits, the execution of decrees, the disposal or accumulation of interlocutory and other miscellaneous business; and, pre-eminently, upon the general efficiency and purity of the courts, and the estimation in which they are held by the people. It is not sufficient in any land, but especially not in India, that the fountains of justice should be free from actual pollution; it is essential that there should be an absolute and universal conviction that they *are* pure. This double obligation has not, hitherto, been sufficiently attended to in British India. The government has not unfrequently stopped short, after satisfying itself by an investigation into alleged misfeasance; leaving the minds of the people as full of distrust as before, with the additional suspicion of their rulers being cognizant of, and conniving at, the iniquity.

The department of the land revenue is well attended to throughout British India, owing probably—we must confess our persuasion—to the strong and direct interest which the government has in the efficiency of the instrument by which its treasury is principally replenished. In former times, for some years following the formation of the permanent settlement of the provinces of Bengal, Bahar, and Benares, and, probably, in those districts also of the Madras Presidency into which a corresponding measure was subsequently introduced, it was thought that a scheme so simple might be left to execute itself; and that those public servants who were unfit for more important and difficult employment, might be well able to act as mere receivers of the dues of the state from a body of thriving and grateful landholders. How entirely, and with what a penalty for the mistake, these expectations

have been frustrated, we have before had opportunity to show on more than one occasion, especially in urging the necessity of an immediate survey of the whole area of the permanently settled provinces:—but much of the mischief of past mismanagement is now irreparable. In the districts subject to periodical assessments throughout the Presidencies, we have profited by experience; and whatever other errors have been committed, the state has been effectually protected from the loss of that revenue, upon the integrity and judicious dispensation of which all reasonable hopes of the improvement of British India must be built. The people are not in a state to advance their own condition. The landholders of the provinces, to whom the permanent settlement has insured so large a proportion of the rental, have done little or nothing, in the long course of fifty years, even to benefit themselves—not one in a thousand pretends to feel any care for the interests of his country: on the other hand, the government can do nothing for the people if it have not sufficient pecuniary means for their defence against external and internal enemies, and for complete administrative efficiency. The case is essentially different from that of a country where the people are on a level with, if not in advance of, their rulers, in respect to the knowledge of their own wants, and of the best manner of supplying them—‘where private intelligence always outstrips and prevents public wisdom.’ Yet there are some sincere—but deluded—philanthropists, whose single idea of benefiting British India is centred in the abandonment of the system of land revenue;—as if sufficient means for any, the most economical, government of that country could be obtained from all other sources put together; as if some of those sources were not far worse in principle than that from which the land revenue is derived; and as if it would be practicable to make any sacrifice of revenue in favour of the landholders, without mulcting somebody else to a corresponding amount.

The land-revenue is managed by the collectors and deputy collectors of the numerous districts into which the provinces of British India are divided; subject to the authority of

boards of revenue stationed at Calcutta, Allahabad, and Madras, and of a revenue commission at Bombay. Throughout Bengal, Bahar, Benares, and the north-western provinces, commissioners of revenue, each presiding over four or five districts, were interposed, under Lord William Bentinck's administration, between the boards and the collectors, and the powers of the boards were increased, the commissioners being invested with the authority of the former boards. This measure tended most beneficially to relieve the government from the details of the revenue administration; but it still interferes much too often and too minutely, instead of confining itself to general superintendence and control, holding the boards responsible for the efficiency of the system. But this, as we have stated, is the general vice of the Indian government, equally prevalent, and equally mischievous in all departments, both at home and abroad. It would be easy to make out a list of matters in which the Governor-General in council, the Court of Directors, and the Board of Control, busy themselves, or profess to busy themselves, in any given month of any year, which, to use the words of Junius, 'the gravest of chaplains would not be able to read without laughing.'

Our limits compel us to state briefly, that the other great departments of the revenue of Bengal, the richest by far of the Company's possessions, are managed by the Board of Customs, salt and opium, fixed in Calcutta; by the instrumentality, in the two latter branches, of agents, members of the civil service, stationed at the principal places of manufacture or store. We cannot discuss, at the close of a long article, the principles of the great monopolies of salt and opium. As monopolies they are, of course, essentially vicious; that of salt operating as a poll-tax, almost absolutely irrespective of the means, and consequently of the obligations to the state, of the person paying it; that of opium mixing up the Christian rulers of India, in a manner the most discreditable, with the demoralizing traffic by which British merchants poison the minds and bodies of the Chinese and Malays. It is clear to us that the government should abandon

all concern in the manufacture of this drug, and content itself with levying such an export duty at the port of shipment as would not afford too tempting a premium to the smuggler. There would be loss of revenue in this, no doubt; but there would be great gain of character. Were it not for the unfortunate permanent settlement of the land revenue, which so many extol as the perfection both of justice and of financial wisdom, (as if there could have been no middle course between annual assessments at rackrents, and the limitation for ever of the supply to be derived from the best possible source of national expenditure,) both these monopolies, objectionable from different but equally cogent reasons, might be altogether abandoned; and the transit duties at Madras might, at the same time, be abolished, and all the ports of India be declared absolutely free. Let those who know any thing of the condition of India, and of the effects of a bad system of taxation in any land, weigh these advantages against those which the community derives from the immunities enjoyed by the Zemindars in the permanently settled provinces; for no one pretends that any other class, even of those directly connected with the soil, is a whit the better off in consequence of the limitation of the public demand. Bitter cause have the people of India to rue Lord Cornwallis' mistaken benevolence, which, whilst it shackles the hands of the government, fixes, hopelessly, unequal and mischievous taxes upon the shoulders of the people.

(EDINBURGH REVIEW.)

AMERICAN NOTES BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Having obtained an early copy of Dickens's *America* we think our readers will have no objection to a third extract from this highly interesting work. As those given from the Athenæum were not very favourable to the American character, we have selected one of considerable interest in which this nation is exhibited under a more agreeable aspect. We give his chapter on

BOSTON.

In all the public establishments of America, the utmost courtesy prevails. Most of our Departments are susceptible of considerable improvement in this respect, but the Custom-house above all others would do well to take example from the United States and render itself somewhat less odious and offensive to foreigners. The servile rapacity of the French officials is sufficiently contemptible; but there is a surly boorish incivility about our men, alike disgusting to all persons who fall into their hands, and discreditable to the nation that keeps such ill-conditioned curs snarling about its gates.

When I landed in America, I could not help being strongly impressed with the contrast their Custom-house presented, and the attention, politeness, and good-humour with which its officers discharged their duty.

The city is a beautiful one, and cannot fail, I should imagine, to impress all strangers very favourably. The private dwelling-houses are, for the most part, large and elegant; the shops extremely good; and the public buildings handsome. The State House is built upon the summit of a hill, which rises gradually at first, and afterwards by a steep ascent, al-

most from the water's edge. In front is a green inclosure, called the Common. The site is beautiful: and from the top there is a charming panoramic view of the whole town and neighbourhood. In addition to a variety of commodious offices, it contains two handsome chambers: in one the House of Representatives of the State hold their meetings; in the other, the Senate. Such proceedings as I saw here, were conducted with perfect gravity and decorum; and were certainly calculated to inspire attention and respect.

There is no doubt that much of the intellectual refinement and superiority of Boston, is referable to the quiet influence of the University of Cambridge, which is within three or four miles of the city. The resident professors at that university are gentlemen of learning and varied attainments; and are, without one exception that I can call to mind, men who would shed a grace upon, and do honour to, any society in the civilized world. Many of the resident gentry in Boston and its neighbourhood, and I think I am not mistaken in adding, a large majority of those who are attached to the liberal professions there, have been educated at this same school. Whatever the defects of American universities may be, they disseminate no prejudices; rear no bigots; dig up the buried ashes of no old superstitions; never interpose between the people and their improvement; exclude no man because of his religious opinions; above all, in their whole course of study and instruction, recognise a world, and a broad one too, lying beyond the college walls.

It was a source of inexpressible pleasure to me to observe the almost imperceptible, but not less certain effect, wrought by this institution among the small community of Boston; and to note at every turn the humanizing tastes and desires it has engendered; the affectionate friendships to which it has given rise; the amount of vanity and prejudice it has dispelled. The golden calf they worship at Boston is a pigmy compared with the giant effigies set up in other parts of the vast counting-house which lies beyond the Atlantic; and the almighty dollar sinks into something comparatively insignificant, amidst a whole Pantheon of better gods;

Above all, I sincerely believe that the public institutions and charities of this capital of Massachusetts are as nearly perfect, as the most considerate wisdom, benevolence, and humanity, can make them. I never in my life was more affected by the contemplation of happiness, under circumstances of privation and bereavement, than in my visits to these establishments.

It is a great and pleasant feature of all such institutions in America, that they are either supported by the State or assisted by the State ; or (in the event of their not needing its helping hand) that they act in concert with it, and are emphatically the people's. I cannot but think, with a view to the principle and its tendency to elevate or depress the character of the industrious classes, that a Public Charity is immeasurably better than a Private Foundation, no matter how munificently the latter may be endowed: In our own country, where it has not, until within these later days, been a very popular fashion with governments to display any extraordinary regard for the great mass of the people, or to recognise their existence as improveable creatures, private charities, unexampled in the history of the earth, have arisen, to do an incalculable amount of good among the destitute and afflicted. But the government of the country, having neither art nor part in them, is not in the receipt of any portion of the gratitude they inspire ; and, offering very little shelter or relief beyond that which is to be found in the workhouse and the jail, has come, not unnaturally, to be looked upon by the poor rather as a stern master, quick to correct and punish, than a kind protector, merciful and vigilant in their hour of need.

The Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind, at Boston, is superintended by a body of trustees who make an annual report to the corporation. The indigent blind of that state are admitted gratuitously. Those from the adjoining state of Connecticut, or from the states of Maine, Vermont, or New Hampshire, are admitted by a warrant from the state to which they respectively belong ; or, failing that, must find security among their friends, for the payment of

about twenty pounds English for their first year's board and instruction, and ten for the second. "After the first year," say the trustees, "an account current will be opened with each pupil; he will be charged with the actual cost of his board, which will not exceed two dollars per week; a trifle more than eight shillings English; and he will be credited with the amount paid for him by the state, or by his friends; also with his earnings over and above the cost of the stock which he uses; so that all his earnings over one dollar per week will be his own. By the third year it will be known whether his earnings will more than pay the actual cost of his board; if they should, he will have it at his option to remain and receive his earnings, or not. Those who prove unable to earn their own livelihood will not be retained; as it is not desirable to convert the establishment into an almshouse, or to retain any but working bees in the hive. Those who by physical or mental imbecility are disqualified for work, are thereby disqualified from being members of an industrious community; and they can be better provided for in establishments fitted for the infirm."

I went to see this place one very fine winter morning: an Italian sky above, and the air so clear and bright on every side, that even my eyes, which are none of the best, could follow the minute lines and seraps of tracery in distant buildings. Like most other public institutions in America, of the same class, it stands a mile or two without the town, in a cheerful healthy spot; and is an airy, spacious, handsome edifice. It is built upon a height, commanding the harbour. When I paused for a moment at the door, and marked how fresh and free the whole scene was—what sparkling bubbles glanced upon the waves, and welled up every moment to the surface, as though the world below, like that above, were radiant with the bright day, and gushing over in its fulness of light: when I gazed from sail to sail, away upon a ship at sea, a tiny speck of shining white, the only cloud upon the still, deep, distant blue—and, turning, saw a blind boy with his sightless face addressed that way, as though he too had some sense within him of the glorious distance: I felt a

kind of sorrow that the place should be so very light, and a strange wish that for his sake it were darker. It was but momentary, of course, and a mere fancy, but I felt it keenly for all that.

The children were at their daily tasks in different rooms, except a few who were already dismissed, and were at play. Here, as in many institutions, no uniform is worn; and I was very glad of it, for two reasons. Firstly, because I am sure that nothing but senseless custom and want of thought would reconcile us to the liveries and badges we are so fond of at home. Secondly, because the absence of these things presents each child to the visitor in his or her own proper character, with its individuality unimpaired; not lost in a dull, ugly, monotonous repetition of the same unmeaning garb: which is really an important consideration. The wisdom of encouraging a little harmless pride in personal appearance even among the blind, or the whimsical absurdity of considering charity and leather breeches inseparable companions, as we do, requires no comment.

Good order, cleanliness, and comfort, pervaded every corner of the building. The various classes, who were gathered round their teachers, answered the questions put to them with readiness and intelligence, and in a spirit of cheerful contest for precedence which pleased me very much. Those who were at play, were gleesome and noisy as other children. More spiritual and affectionate friendships appeared to exist among them, than would be found among other young persons suffering under no deprivation; but this I expected and was prepared to find. It is a part of the great scheme of Heaven's merciful consideration for the afflicted.

In a portion of the building, set apart for that purpose, are workshops for blind persons whose education is finished, and who have acquired a trade, but who cannot pursue it in an ordinary manufactory because of their deprivation. Several people were at work here; making brushes, mattresses, and so forth; and the cheerfulness, industry, and good order discernible in every other part of the building, extended to this department also.

On the ringing of a bell, the pupils all repaired, without any guide or leader, to a spacious music-hall, where they took their seats in an orchestra erected for that purpose, and listened with manifest delight to a voluntary on the organ, played by one of themselves. At its conclusion, the performer, a boy of nineteen or twenty, gave place to a girl; and to her accompaniment they all sang a hymn, and afterwards a sort of chorus. It was very sad to look upon and hear them, happy though their condition unquestionably was; and I saw that one blind girl, who (being for the time deprived of the use of her limbs, by illness) sat close beside me with her face towards them, wept silently the while she listened.

It is strange to watch the faces of the blind, and see how free they are from all concealment of what is passing in their thoughts; observing which, a man with eyes may blush to contemplate the mask he wears. Allowing for one shade of anxious expression which is never absent from their countenances, and the like of which we may readily detect in our own faces if we try to feel our way in the dark, every idea, as it rises within them, is expressed with the lightning's speed, and nature's truth. If the company at a rout, or drawing-room at court, could only for one time be as unconscious of the eyes upon them as blind men and women are, what secrets would come out, and what a worker of hypocrisy this sight, the loss of which we so much pity, would appear to be!

The thought occurred to me as I sat down in another room, before a girl, blind, deaf, and dumb; destitute of smell; and nearly so, of taste: before a fair young creature with every human faculty, and hope, and power of goodness and affection, inclosed within her delicate frame, and but one outward sense—the sense of touch. There she was, before me; built up, as it were, in a marble cell, impervious to any ray of light, or particle of sound; with her poor white hand peeping through a chink in the wall, beckoning to some good man for help, that an Immortal Soul might be awakened.

Long before I looked upon her, the help had come. Her face was radiant with intelligence and pleasure. Her hair,

braided by her own hands, was bound about a head, whose intellectual capacity and development were beautifully expressed in its graceful outline, and its broad open brow ; her dress, arranged by herself, was a pattern of neatness and simplicity ; the work she had knitted, lay beside her ; her writing-book was on the desk she leaned upon.—From the mournful ruin of such bereavement, there had slowly risen up this gentle, tender, guileless, grateful-hearted being.

Like other inmates of that house, she had a green ribbon bound round her eyelids. A doll she had dressed lay near upon the ground. I took it up, and saw that she had made a green fillet such as she wore herself, and fastened it about its mimic eyes.

She was seated in a little enclosure, made by school-desks and forms, writing her daily journal. But soon finishing this pursuit, she engaged in an animated communication with a teacher who sat beside her. This was a favourite mistress with the poor pupil. If she could see the face of her fair instructress, she would not love her less, I am sure.

I have extracted a few disjointed fragments of her history, from an account, written by that one man who has made her what she is. It is a very beautiful and touching narrative ; and I wish I could present it entire.

Her name is Laura Bridgman. She was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, on the twenty-first of December, 1823. She is described as having been a very sprightly and pretty infant, with bright blue eyes. She was, however, so puny and feeble until she was a year and a half old, that her parents hardly hoped to rear her. She was subject to severe fits, which seemed to rack her frame almost beyond her power of endurance ; and life was held by the feeblest tenure : but when a year and a half old, she seemed to rally ; the dangerous symptoms subsided ; and at twenty months old, she was perfectly well.

Then her mental powers, hitherto stunted in their growth, rapidly developed themselves ; and during the four months of health which she enjoyed, she appears (making due allowance

for a fond mother's account) to have displayed a considerable degree of intelligence.

• But suddenly she sickened again ; her disease raged with great violence during five weeks, when her eyes and ears were inflamed, suppurated, and their contents were discharged. But though sight and hearing were gone for ever, the poor child's sufferings were not ended. The fever raged during seven weeks ; for five months she was kept in bed in a darkened room ; it was a year before she could walk unsupported, and two years before she could sit up all day. It was now observed that her sense of smell was almost entirely destroyed ; and, consequently, that her taste was much blunted.

• It was not until four years of age that the poor child's bodily health seemed restored, and she was able to enter upon her apprenticeship of life and the world.

• But what a situation was hers ! The darkness and the silence of the tomb were around her : no mother's smile called forth her answering smile, no father's voice taught her to imitate his sounds :—they, brothers and sisters, were but forms of matter which resisted her touch, but which differed not from the furniture of the house, save in warmth, and in the power of locomotion ; and not even in these respects from the dog and the cat.

• But the immortal spirit which had been implanted within her could not die, nor be maimed nor mutilated ; and though most of its avenues of communication with the world were cut off, it began to manifest itself through the others. As soon as she could walk, she began to explore the room, and then the house ; she became familiar with the form, density, weight, and heat, of every article she could lay her hands and arms on, as she was occupied about the house ; and her disposition to imitate, led her to repeat everything herself. She even learned to sew a little, and to knit.

The reader will scarcely need to be told, however, that the opportunities of communicating with her, were very, very limited ; and the moral effects of her wretched state soon began to appear. Those who cannot be enlightened by reason, can only be controlled by force ; and this, coupled with her

great privations, must soon have reduced her to a worse condition than that of the beasts that perish, but for timely and unhopèd-for aid.

• At this time, I was so fortunate as to hear of the child, and immediately hastened to Hanover to see her. I found her with a well-formed figure; a strongly-marked, nervous-sanguine temperament; a large and beautifully-shaped head; and the whole system in healthy action. The parents were easily induced to consent to her coming to Boston, and on the 14th of October, 1837, they brought her to the Institution.

• For a while, she was much bewildered; and after waiting about two weeks, until she became acquainted with her new locality, and somewhat familiar with the inmates, the attempt was made to give her a knowledge of arbitrary signs, by which she could interchange thoughts with others.

• There was one of two ways to be adopted: either to go on to build up a language of signs on the basis of the natural language which she had already commenced herself, or to teach her the purely arbitrary language in common use: that is, to give her a sign for every individual thing, or to give her a knowledge of letters by combination of which she might express her idea of the existence, and the mode and condition of existence, of anything. The former would have been easy, but very ineffectual; the latter seemed very difficult, but, if accomplished, very effectual. I determined therefore to try the latter.

• The first experiments were made by taking articles in common use, such as knives, forks, spoons, keys, &c. and pasting upon them labels with their names printed in raised letters. These she felt very carefully, and soon, of course, distinguished that the crooked lines *spoon*, differed as much from the crooked lines *key*, as the spoon differed from the key in form.

• Then small detached labels, with the same words printed upon them, were put into her hands; and she soon observed that they were similar to the ones pasted on the articles. She showed her perception of this similarity by laying the label *key* upon the key, and the label *spoon* upon the spoon. She

was encouraged here by the natural sign of approbation, patting on the head.

• The same process was then repeated with all the articles which she could handle ; and she very easily learned to place the proper labels upon them. It was evident, however, that the only intellectual exercise was that of imitation and memory. She recollected that the label *book* was placed upon a book, and she repeated the process first from imitation, next from memory, with only the motive of love of approbation, but apparently without the intellectual perception of any relation between the things.

• After a while, instead of labels, the individual letters were given to her on detached bits of paper : they were arranged side by side so as to spell *book, key, &c.*; then they were mixed up in a heap and a sign was made for her to arrange them herself, so as to express the words *book, key, &c.*; and she did so.

• Hitherto, the process had been mechanical and the success about as great as teaching a very knowing dog a variety of tricks. The poor child had sat in mute amazement, and patiently imitated everything her teacher did ; but now the truth began to flash upon her : her intellect began to work : she perceived that here was a way by which she could herself make up a sign of anything that was in her own mind, and shoot it into another mind ; and at once her countenance lighted up with a human expression : it was no longer a dog. or parrot : it was an immortal spirit, eagerly seizing upon a new link of union with other spirits ! I could almost fix upon the moment when this truth dawned upon her mind, and spread its light to her countenance ; I saw that the great obstacle was overcome ; and that henceforward nothing but patient and persevering, but plain and straightforward, efforts were to be used.

• The result thus far, is quickly related, and easily conceived ; but not so was the process ; for many weeks of apparently unprofitable labour were passed before it was effected.

• When it was said above, that a sign was made, it was

intended to say, that the action was performed by her teacher, she feeling his hands, and then imitating the motion.

“ The next step was to procure a set of metal types, with the different letters of the alphabet cast upon their ends; also a board, in which were square holes, into which holes she could set the types; so that the letters on their ends could alone be felt above the surface.

“ Then, on any article being handed to her, for instance, a pencil, or a watch, she would select the component letters, and arrange them on her board, and read them with apparent pleasure.

“ She was exercised for several weeks in this way, until her vocabulary became extensive; and then the important step was taken of teaching her how to represent the different letters by the position of her fingers, instead of the cumbrous apparatus of the board and types. She accomplished this speedily and easily, for her intellect had begun to work in aid of her teacher, and her progress was rapid.

“ This was the period, about three months after she had commenced, that the first report of her case was made, in which it is stated that ‘ she has just learned the manual alphabet, as used by the deaf-mutes, and it is a subject of delight and wonder to see how rapidly, correctly, and eagerly, she goes on with her labours. Her teacher gives her a new object, for instance, a pencil, first lets her examine it, and get an idea of its use, then teaches her how to spell it by making the signs for the letters with her own fingers: the child grasps her hand, and feels her fingers, as the different letters are formed; she turns her head a little on one side, like a person listening closely; her lips are apart; she seems scarcely to breathe; and her countenance, at first anxious, gradually changes to a smile, as she comprehends the lesson. She then holds up her tiny fingers, and spells the word in the manual alphabet; next, she takes her types and arranges her letters; and last, to make sure that she is right, she takes the whole of the types composing the word, and places them upon or in contact with the pencil, or whatever the object may be.’ ”

• The whole of the succeeding year was passed in gratifying her eager inquiries for the names of every object which she could possibly handle ; in exercising her in the use of the manual alphabet ; in extending in every possible way her knowledge of the physical relations of things ; and in proper care of her health.

• At the end of the year a report of her case was made, from which the following is an extract.

• It has been ascertained beyond the possibility of doubt, that she cannot see a ray of light, cannot hear the least sound, and never exercises her sense of smell, if she have any. Thus her mind dwells in darkness and stillness, as profound as that of a closed tomb at midnight. Of beautiful sights, and sweet sounds, and pleasant odours, she has no conception ; nevertheless, she seems as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb ; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, or the acquirement of a new idea, gives her a vivid pleasure, which is plainly marked in her expressive features. She never seems to repine, but has all the buoyancy and gaiety of childhood. She is fond of fun and frolic, and when playing with the rest of the children, her shrill laugh sounds loudest of the group.

• When left alone, she seems very happy if she have her knitting or sewing, and will busy herself for hours : if she have no occupation, she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues, or by recalling past impressions ; she counts with her fingers, or spells out names of things which she has recently learned, in the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes. In this lonely self-communion she seems to reason, reflect, and argue : if she spell a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand, she instantly strikes it with her left, as her teacher does, in sign of disapprobation ; if right, then she pats herself upon the head, and looks pleased. She sometimes purposely spells a word wrong with the left hand, looks roguish for a moment and laughs, and then with the right hand strikes the left, as if to correct it.

• During the year she has attained great dexterity in the use of the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes ; and she spells

out the words and sentences which she knows, so fast and so deftly, that only those accustomed to this language can follow with the eye the rapid motions of her fingers.

“But wonderful as is the rapidity with which she writes her thoughts upon the air, still more so is the ease and accuracy with which she reads the words thus written by another; grasping their hands in hers, and following every movement of their fingers, as letter after letter conveys their meaning to her mind. It is in this way that she converses with her blind playmates, and nothing can more forcibly show the power of mind in forcing matter to its purpose, than a meeting between them. For if great talent and skill are necessary for two pantomimes to paint their thoughts and feelings by the movements of the body, and the expression of the countenance, how much greater the difficulty when darkness shrouds them both, and the one can hear no sound!

“When Laura is walking through a passage way, with her hands spread before her, she knows instantly every one she meets, and passes them with a sign of recognition: but if it be a girl of her own age, and especially if it be one of her favourites, there is instantly a bright smile of recognition, and a twining of arms, a grasping of hands, and a swift telegraphing upon the tiny fingers; whose rapid evolutions convey the thoughts and feelings from the outposts of one mind to those of the other. There are questions and answers, exchanges of joy or sorrow, there are kissings and partings, just as between little children with their senses.’

“During this year, and six months after she had left home, her mother came to visit her, and the scene of their meeting was an interesting one.

“The mother stood some time, gazing with overflowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room. Presently Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling her hands, examining her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her; but not succeeding in this, she turned away as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt, at finding that her beloved child did not know her.

• She then gave Laura a string of beads which she used to wear at home, which were recognised by the child at once, who, with much joy, put them around her neck, and sought me eagerly to say she understood the string was from her home.

• The mother now tried to caress her, but poor Laura repelled her, preferring to be with her acquaintances.

• Another article from home was now given her, and she began to look much interested; she examined the stranger much closer, and gave me to understand that she knew she came from Hanover; she even endured her caresses, but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal. The distress of the mother was now painful to behold; for, although she had feared that she should not be recognised, the painful reality of being treated with cold indifference by a darling child, was too much for woman's nature to bear.

• After a while, on the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to flit across Laura's mind, that this could not be a stranger; she therefore felt her hands very eagerly, while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest; she became very pale, and then suddenly red; hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety, and never were contending emotions more strongly painted upon the human face: at this moment of painful uncertainty, the mother drew her close to her side, and kissed her fondly, when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared from her face, as with an expression of exceeding joy she eagerly nestled to the bosom of her parent, and yielded herself to her fond embraces.

• After this, the beads were all unheeded; the playthings which were offered to her were utterly disregarded; her playmates, for whom but a moment before she gladly left the stranger, now vainly strove to pull her from her mother; and though she yielded her usual instantaneous obedience to my signal to follow me, it was evidently with painful reluctance. She kept close to me, as if bewildered and fearful; and when, after a moment, I took her to her mother, she sprang to her arms, and clung to her with eager joy.

• The subsequent parting between them, showed alike the affection, the intelligence, and the resolution of the child.

• Laura accompanied her mother to the door, clinging close to her all the way, until they arrived at the threshold, where she paused, and felt around; to ascertain who was near her. Perceiving the matron, of whom she is very fond, she grasped her with one hand, holding on convulsively to her mother with the other; and thus she stood for a moment: then she dropped her mother's hand; put her handkerchief to her eyes; and turning round, clung sobbing to the matron; while her mother departed, with emotions as deep as those of her child.

* * * * *

• It has been remarked in former reports, that she can distinguish different degrees of intellect in others, and that she soon regarded almost with contempt, a new-comer, when, after a few days, she discovered her weakness of mind. This unamiable part of her character has been more strongly developed during the past year.

• She chooses for her friends and companions, those children who are intelligent, and can talk best with her; and she evidently dislikes to be with those who are deficient in intellect, unless, indeed, she can make them serve her purposes, which she is evidently inclined to do. She takes advantage of them, and makes them wait upon her, in a manner that she knows she could not exact of others; and in various ways she shows her Saxon blood.

• She is fond of having other children noticed and caressed by the teachers, and those whom she respects; but this must not be carried too far, or she becomes jealous. She wants to have her share, which, if not the lion's, is the greater part; and if she does not get it, she says, *'My mother will love me.'*

• Her tendency to imitation is so strong, that it leads her to actions which must be entirely incomprehensible to her, and which can give her no other pleasure than the gratification of an internal faculty. She had been known to sit for

half an hour, holding a book before her sightless eyes, and moving her lips, as she has observed seeing people do when reading.

• She one day pretended that her doll was sick; and went through all the motions of tending it, and giving it medicine; she then put it carefully to bed, and placed a bottle of hot water to its feet, laughing all the time most heartily. When I came home, she insisted upon my going to see it, and feel its pulse; and when I told her to put a blister on its back, she seemed to enjoy it amazingly, and almost screamed with delight.

• Her social feelings, and her affections, are very strong; and when she is sitting at work, or at her studies, by the side of one of her little friends, she will break off from her task every few moments, to hug and kiss them with an earnestness and warmth that is touching to behold.

• When left alone, she occupies and apparently amuses herself, and seems quite contented; and so strong seems to be the natural tendency of thought to put on the garb of language, that she often soliloquizes in the *finger language*, slow and tedious as it is. But it is only when alone, that she is quiet: for if she becomes sensible of the presence of any one near her, she is restless until she can sit close beside them, hold their hand, and converse with them by signs.

• In her intellectual character it is pleasing to observe an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and a quick perception of the relations of things. In her moral character, it is beautiful to behold her continual gladness, her keen enjoyment of existence, her expansive love, her unhesitating confidence, her sympathy with suffering, her conscientiousness, truthfulness, and hopefulness. •

Such are a few fragments from the simple but most interesting and instructive history of Laura Bridgman. The name of her great benefactor and friend, who writes it, is Doctor Howe. There are not many persons, I hope and believe, who, after reading these passages, can ever hear that name with indifference.

A further account has been published by Dr. Howe, since

the report from which I have just quoted. It describes her rapid mental growth and improvement during twelve months more, and brings her little history down to the end of last year. It is very remarkable, that as we dream in words, and carry on imaginary conversations, in which we speak both for ourselves and for the shadows who appear to us in those visions of the night, so she, having no words, uses her finger alphabet in her sleep. And it has been ascertained that when her slumber is broken, and is much disturbed by dreams, she expresses her thoughts in an irregular and confused manner on her fingers: just as we should murmur and mutter them indistinctly, in the like circumstances.

I turned over the leaves of her Diary, and found it written in a fair legible square hand, and expressed in terms which were quite intelligible without any explanation. On my saying that I should like to see her write again, the teacher who sat beside her, bade her, in their language, sign her name upon a slip of paper, twice or thrice. In doing so, I observed that she kept her left hand always touching, and following up, her right, in which, of course, she held the pen. No line was indicated by any contrivance, but she wrote straight and freely.

She had, until now, been quite unconscious of the presence of visitors; but, having her hand placed in that of the gentleman who accompanied me, she immediately expressed his name upon her teacher's palm. Indeed her sense of touch is now so exquisite, that having been acquainted with a person once, she can recognise him or her after almost any interval. This gentleman had been in her company, I believe, but very seldom, and certainly had not seen her for many months. My hand she rejected at once, as she does that of any man who is a stranger to her. But she retained my wife's with evident pleasure, kissed her dress with a girl's curiosity and interest.

She was merry and cheerful, and showed much innocent playfulness in her intercourse with her teacher. Her delight on recognising a favourite playfellow and companion—herself a blind girl—who silently, and with an equal enjoyment of

the coming surprise, took a seat beside her, was beautiful to witness. It elicited from her at first, as other slight circumstances did twice or thrice during my visit, an uncouth noise which was rather painful to hear. But on her teacher touching her lips, she immediately desisted, and embraced her laughingly and affectionately.

I had previously been into another chamber, where a number of blind boys were swinging, and climbing, and engaged in various sports. They all clamoured, as we entered, to the assistant-master, who accompanied us, "Look at me, Mr. Hart! Please, Mr. Hart, look at me!" evincing, I thought, even in this, an anxiety peculiar to their condition, that their little feats of agility should be *seen*. Among them was a small laughing fellow, who stood aloof, entertaining himself with a gymnastic exercise for bringing the arms and chest into play; which he enjoyed mightily; especially when, in thrusting out his right arm, he brought it into contact with another boy. Like Laura Bridgman, this young child was deaf, and dumb, and blind.

Dr. Howe's account of this pupil's first instruction is so very striking, and so intimately connected with Laura herself, that I cannot refrain from a short extract. I may premise that the poor boy's name is Oliver Caswell; that he is thirteen years of age; and that he was in full possession of all his faculties, until three years and four months old. He was then attacked by scarlet fever: in four weeks became deaf; in a few weeks more, blind; in six months, dumb. He showed his anxious sense of this last deprivation, by often feeling the lips of other persons when they were talking, and then putting his hand upon his own, as if to assure himself that he had them in the right position.

"His thirst for knowledge," says Dr. Howe, "proclaimed itself as soon as he entered the house, by his eager examination of every thing he could feel or smell in his new location. For instance, treading upon the register of a furnace, he instantly stooped down, and began to feel it, and soon discovered the way in which the upper plate moved upon the lower one; but this was not enough for him, so lying down

upon his face, he applied his tongue first to one then to the other, and seemed to discover that they were of different kinds of metal.

• His signs were expressive: and the strictly natural language, laughing, crying, sighing, kissing, embracing, &c., was perfect.

• Some of the analogical signs which (guided by his faculty of imitation) he had contrived, were comprehensible; such as the waving motion of his hand for the motion of a boat, the circular one for a wheel, &c.

• The first object was to break up the use of these signs, and to substitute for them the use of purely arbitrary ones.

• Profiting by the experience I had gained in the other cases, I omitted several steps of the process before employed, and commenced at once with the finger language. Taking therefore, several articles having short names, such as key, cup, mug, &c., and with Laura for an auxiliary, I sat down, and taking his hand, placed it upon one of them, and then with my own, made the letters *key*. He felt my hands eagerly with both of his, and on my repeating the process, he evidently tried to imitate the motions of my fingers. In a few minutes he contrived to feel the motions of my fingers with one hand, and holding out the other he tried to imitate them, laughing most heartily when he succeeded. Laura was by, interested even to agitation; and the two presented a singular sight: her face was flushed and anxious, and her fingers twined in among ours so closely as to follow every motion, but so lightly as not to embarrass them; while Oliver stood attentive, his head a little aside, his face turned up, his left hand grasping mine, and his right held out: at every motion of my fingers his countenance betokened keen attention; there was an expression of anxiety as he tried to imitate the motions; then a smile came stealing out as he thought he could do so, and spread into a joyous laugh the moment he succeeded, and felt me pat his head, and Laura clap him heartily upon the back, and jump up and down in her joy.

• He learned more than half a dozen letters in half an hour, and seemed delighted with his success, at least in gain-

ing, approbation. His attention then began to flag, and I commenced playing with him. It was evident that in all this he had merely been imitating the motions of my fingers, and placing his hand upon the key, cup, &c., as part of the process, without any perception of the relation between the sign and the object.

When he was tired with play I took him back to the table, and he was quite ready to begin again his process of imitation. He soon learned to make the letters for *key*, *pen*, *pin*; and by having the object repeatedly placed in his hand, he at last perceived the relation I wished to establish between them. This was evident, because, when I made the letters *pin*, or *pen*, or *cup*, he would select the article.

The perception of this relation was not accompanied by that radiant flash of intelligence, and that glow of joy, which marked the delightful moment when Laura first perceived it. I then placed all the articles on the table, and going away a little distance with the children, placed Oliver's fingers in the positions to spell *key*, on which Laura went and brought the article: the little fellow seemed to be much amused by this, and looked very attentive and smiling. I then caused him to make the letters *bread*, and in an instant Laura went and brought him a piece: he smelled at it; put it to his lips; cocked up his head with a most knowing look; seemed to reflect a moment; and then laughed outright, as much as to say, 'Aha! I understand now how something may be made out of this.'

It was now clear that he had the capacity and inclination to learn, that he was a proper subject for instruction, and needed only persevering attention. I therefore put him in the hands of an intelligent teacher, nothing doubting of his rapid progress.

Ye who have eyes and see not, and have ears and hear not; ye who are as the hypocrites of sad countenances, and disfigure your faces that ye may seem unto men to fast; learn healthily cheerfulness, and mild contentment, from the deaf, and dumb, and blind! Self-elected saints with gloomy brows; this sightless, earless, voiceless child may teach you

lessons you will do well to follow. Let that poor hand of hers lie gently on your hearts; for there may be something in its healing touch akin to that of the Great Master whose precepts you misconstrue, whose lessons you pervert, of whose charity and sympathy with all the world, not one among you in his daily practice knows as much as many of the worst among those fallen sinners, to whom you are liberal in nothing but the preachment of perdition!

As I rose to quit the room, a pretty little child of one of the attendants came running in to greet its father. For the moment, a child with eyes, among the sightless crowd, impressed me almost as painfully as the blind boy in the porch had done, two hours ago. Ah! how much brighter and more deeply blue, glowing and rich though it had been before, was the scene without, contrasting with the darkness of so many youthful lives within!

MEMOIR OF THE LATE SIR ROBERT KER PORTER,

K. E. K. &c., &c., &c.

It is the melancholy duty of this Journal, too often, to pay the tribute of a few monumental pages to the memories of men, whose lives would deserve a volume to even briefly record. And such a man was the present subject of our memoir. The sudden and lamented death of Sir Robert Ker Porter, at St. Petersbourg, on the 4th of May last, spread a gloom over an extensive circle in this our country, his native land. And not only here, but in all those countries wherever he has been a traveller, or an official resident, the event has been heard with the deepest regret; unostentatious virtues, and ever-active kindnesses of disposition, with a thousand cheering social qualities,—that never owed their blameless vivacity to the excitement of any species of intemperance, no less than his brilliant talents, never failed to delight, and endear him to all within their influence.

He was, as is well known, the brother of Jane and Anna

Maria Porter, ladies, whose literary talents, and retiring characters, have shared the respect paid to his own. One only of these sisters survives. They were the children of an exemplary mother, left the widow of a distinguished British officer of dragoons, of the days of Minden and the Seven Year's War. From his memory, the young Robert imbibed an infant predilection for the Army; but his also prescient admiration of pictures, and genius in the spontaneous use of the pencil itself, proved a counterpoise; and his intelligent mother, anxious to keep him from the field which had made her children fatherless, cherished this safer passion in his breast.

When quite a boy, she placed him in the course of study at the Royal Academy for Painting, in Somerset House, necessary for real proficiency in the art. For neither the mother nor son would have been content with half measures towards any excellence. And he very soon so eminently distinguished himself in the facility and accuracy of his drawing the human figure presented to his view, whether in marble model or in living form, (which is the true ground-work of all real excellence in the pictorial art) that he became an especial favourite with Benjamin West, the then President of the Royal Academy, and of his present accomplished and highly-gifted successor in that dignity, Sir Martin Shee, whose friendship with Sir Robert Ker Porter, through many subsequent years, has never suffered interruption.

As it has been intimated, the young aspirant in the arts, having had a warlike bias, evinced its inextinguishable dominancy, by the choice of his subjects in design; and many greatly esteemed battle-views were painted by him while quite a youth. But when he had scarcely turned his nineteenth year the name of Robert Ker Porter was placed on an imperishable basis, by the public exhibition of his stupendous panoramic picture of the Storming of Seringapatam in the year 1801, which invaluable work was subsequently destroyed by the accidental burning of the warehouse in which it was deposited. But the original small Sketches in oil, three in number, we understand, are still in the possession of his surviving sister, Miss Jane Porter. At the time of this magni-

While in Russia a new career of usefulness and fame was opened to Sir Robert Ker Porter, by his being employed on a particular mission to Persia: during which he took the opportunity to extend his travels in Kourdistan, (the ancient Carduchia of Xenophon,) Media, and Babylonia, making a military survey of almost the whole track of his route. On his return to Europe he published an interesting account of these countries, of classic and biblical research, in two quarto volumes, embellished with engravings from his sketches on the spot, but he reserved the military surveys to the keeping of his private MS. portfolio. Though long an almost domiciliated resident in Russia, from the circumstances of his family alliance there, he repeatedly declined, though respectfully and gratefully, all distinctions from its Imperial Head, who sought to bind him exclusively to that empire. And which patriotic firmness, instead of lessening the favour of the monarch, seemed to increase his confidence in this independent Englishman: who, thus situated, while his princess wife sent a regiment raised on her estates into her sovereign's swiftly gathering army, witnessed the invasion, discomfiture, and terrible retreat of Napoleon's Russian campaign; of which Tale of man's ambition and Heaven's avenging blasts! Sir Robert made daily notes, and afterwards published a narrative, spirited and true to the affair. Its frontispiece is a portrait of Kutuzoff. Its author accompanied his victor-friends over the frontiers of France, and fulfilled some consequent important services connected with the interests of his own country.

His reputation stood high at home and abroad; and, in subsequent years, he was appointed Minister from the British Government to the Venezuelan Republic, at Caracas, its capital, a post which he held for a period of sixteen years; during which he had protected the British interests there, and the personal safety of the British residents, at the times of three successive formidable insurrections, with an energy and happy results which nothing less than the cool unshaken character of a practised soldier, and the firm yet temperate exercise of the ministerial duty, essential to the character of an

experienced diplomatic representative of his country, could have effected.

By such conduct he won the esteem and full confidence of the Government to which he was accredited; and by his personal friendship with its settled legislators he attained great privileges in that then strictly Roman Catholic country, not only for the British people committed to his charge, but for those from other nations, who professed the Protestant faith. First, permission to buy ground, and erect a chapel and cemetery for the burial of their dead; second, a degree of toleration, and third, an intimation that, if he pleased, he might invite Dr. Celeridge, the Bishop of Barbadoes, over from that island to Caraccas to consecrate the sacred structure. It did indeed please Sir Robert right well to send so acceptable a summons to that excellent Prelate. He came; he stamped the first Protestant episcopal foot on that light-excluded soil; and its authorities received him with an honour, and its people with a wonder and a respect—prepared by the bland, truly Christian zeal of his happy inviter—that never will be forgotten by the spectators of the scene.

Space will not admit of more circumstantial details of duties, public and private, performed there by our lamented countryman in a manner that evinced his whole heart was in all their observances. But, we believe, we may be fully authorized in saying, that before he asked permission of the British Government, in the spring of last year, to revisit England on leave, after an absence of so many years, he had completed, with honour, every heretofore object of his Venezuelan mission.

With this happy consciousness he returned to his country last May twelve months, where he met a warm approbation of his official labours; and passed his time, during the three succeeding months, in the long wished society of a dear sister, his sole remaining female relative in England; amidst a social circle of old friends, eager to find him again amongst them. But he had yet another object of reunion at heart, his only child, his daughter at St. Petersburg. And on the 1st of September (the fourth month after his arrival at home)

he embarked with his sister, Jane, for Russia, intending to pass the winter there, and to return to England early in the spring, to be ready, he trusted, to resume his diplomatic career, at whatever time his Government might demand his services—and always, henceforwards, to make this long separated sister his companion.

But, by the awful dispensation of an all-wise Providence, who holdeth the issues of life and death in His own hands, these cherished projects for domestic happiness at home or abroad were not to be realised. His meeting at St. Petersburg with his daughter and her husband was all that a fond father could desire. His recognition by many valued friends of former days, both British residents in that capital and natives of the land, filled his warm heart with delight; and his reception by the Emperor Nicholas, who greeted him with every gracious acknowledgement of the particular friendship borne to him by His Majesty's ever revered predecessor, the Emperor Alexander, might have gratified the ambitious amour-propre of a prouder visitor to that splendid court. But Sir Robert Ker Porter's disposition was unquestionably modest with relation to his own merits; and he regarded both Emperors simply according to their truly august worthiness to hold their high and singular stations in this present momentous crisis of the world, rather than with a mere state or self-gratified obsequance to the station itself. Though he was one whose just and loyal principles were to respect dignities, even as such; but to love the owners, his heart must bow to their virtues. The brightening homage of his soul in such a case always showed itself when in presence of his own honoured and beloved Sovereigns of the former and present reigns; and both Russian Emperors, knowing his truth of character, regarded the sincerity of his similar marks of reverence to them with a corresponding value.

But in the midst of all these mental enjoyments, the severity of a polar winter, acting on a constitution acclimated to warmth alone by so many year's sojourn under the tropical sun of South America, gradually undermined his health, and weakened his frame. The vigour of his mind,

however, continued buoyant as ever; and with hope of a complete renovation on his return to more genial England, he cheerfully made his preparations for re-embarking for her shores by the first homeward steamer in May—this last May. On the 3rd of that month, he went by appointment to take his leave of the Emperor; which he did, surrounded by the Imperial family. The farewell he received was accompanied by an invitation for a revisit, when the just begun new bridge of granite, to unite the two shores of the Neva, should be finished (the foundation piles of which, Sir Robert had witnessed a few weeks before) that he might then see the completion of a work, long at the heart of the sovereign, for the safety of his people; and in which the invited guest had taken no small interest—regarding it as a necessary, yet so difficult, a task to accomplish, that, when done, the wonder of such a structure having been effected on such a river might rival any patriotic work of the Great Peter himself.

Our countryman, while the Emperor grasped his hand during this gracious adieu, smilingly made the promise; and having received the cordial farewells of the rest of the Imperial circle around, he left the room and the palace. Meanwhile, the heat of a summer sun, in a land which has no medium transition between the seasons like our spring, had that morning burst the hitherto winter cloud over the city. Every creature, more or less, feels the abrupt change; but the effect on him we lament was almost instantaneous. During his drive home, which was short, the excessive heat appears to have suddenly thawed the hitherto almost frozen up blood in his veins. For that extraordinary congelation, to his feelings, was always the term in which, whenever he did suffer himself to complain of his sensations, he described them, and their petrifying influence oftentimes on his spirits. And, alas! before he reached the house door, the fearful reaction of the blood set a-flow had gushed with such violence towards his head, that when he stepped from his carriage, which he did without assistance, he was observed to stagger; and then, by the aid of his servants, he walked into the house. But when he had reached the room where his sister was, he neither spoke

nor opened his eyes more. Two physicians were instantly on the spot. Every means that medical skill could apply were used to produce some sign of revival, but in vain. For fourteen hours he continued to breathe, but lay pale and motionless as a statue, and at half past six o'clock, the ensuing morning, his mortal life became extinct. From that direful and afflicting moment, we have heard his sister say, who had never left his side, the scene of all human wishes, unconnected with his memory, closed upon her! She returned to England; but, "the noble tree remained where it fell."

THE BOAR-HUNT.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

I had heard so much of this exciting sport, I was so anxious to partake of the inspiring influence of this noble chase, that I was up and dressed a full hour too soon, awaiting Charles Fitzroy, who had agreed to come over and breakfast with me previous to starting, the powerful exercise we were about to undergo requiring the stamina-conferring preparation of a good meal. At the appointed time my friend arrived. Never had I seen him in such high spirits. After a few moments' pause he confided to me the cause of his joy. Maria Selby had consented to accept his hand. He had cut out at least a dozen envious rivals, and gained the love of one of the loveliest girls that ever visited India. I could not do

otherwise than congratulate him; at the same time I expressed my surprise that he could thus have left her even for a single day. With a look of triumph he assured me that so strong was her attachment to him that she had even consented to be present at the sport; a fact of which he was not a little proud, since it gave him an opportunity of displaying his superior horsemanship (he was one of the finest equestrians in Bengal) in her loved presence.

Presently our horses came round, and we trotted off to the appointed place of meeting. On our way we argued about the distance it was possible to throw our spears. For a trifling bet Charles undertook to send his weapon completely across the river which ran beside us, and which was about a hundred yards wide. I accepted his challenge. He made the trial, and succeeded. The question now was, how to get back his spear. Fortunately we saw at a short distance a man about to cross the stream with his cows. The custom is to drive these animals into the water, which instantly swim across to their usual feeding-grounds, the owner holding on by the tail of one of them, which not only assists him in swimming, but scares away the alligators which here abound. A bargain was soon struck; for the sake of a few *pyse* (pence,) the native undertook to bring back the missile which Charley had so skilfully launched. In a few minutes more he was across the stream, and already held the javelin in his hand. The cows, however, who had willingly gone towards the rich pasture on the other side, sturdily refused to return; so the man was compelled to plunge in, and swim back as best he could. He was just about the middle, when we saw him make a sudden dart forward, almost out of the water, and utter a fearful scream. Again and again he called for help. I was about rushing in to his rescue, thinking he had been seized with sudden cramp, when I was suddenly laid hold of by my *syse*, who, with a face of terror, unable from agitation to speak, kept pointing to the river. Twice the cowherd disappeared, and as often rose, apparently struggling in great agony. A second object now became visible. Once it actually showed its wide jaws above the surface. The water

was instantly stained with blood. I turned away in sickening horror: my pulses almost burst their bonds in terror and disgust. No help could be afforded; no aid could save the poor wretch. The scene was over; nothing but the en-
crimsoned current remained to tell us that we had been the unconscious cause of a fellow-being's death, who, for the sake of a few pence, perhaps to support a wife and children, now left destitute, had met with the most dreadful doom,—had become the prey of the ferocious alligator.

Such an omen at starting was not likely to give us a great relish for our coming sport. When we joined our friends, we were melancholy, and unfit to partake of their noisy merriment; yet, as Miss Selby was present, and had come here purposely to meet Fitzroy, it was impossible to turn back or leave them; so, *coute qui coute*, we mingled with the group, and soon became engaged in the animating chase. Would that my pen could do justice to the inspiring boar-hunt! Its dangers, its difficulties,—the scope it gives for showing dexterity both as a spearman and a rider,—the rate at which you traverse the unfrequented wilds of India,—the excitement when the hog stands at bay, and only yields to the superior address of the bold sportsman, who risks his life in approaching him,—the very horse you bestride sharing in your triumph, though conscious of his peril;—all this, and more, gives zest to a chase, generally acknowledged to be the first in the world.

Charley, however, for some time hung back: the scene of the morning had cut him up terribly. I kept close to him. Having ridden out with him, I determined not to leave him, even though I lost the cream of the sport. Maria Selby, encouraged by her father, under his efficient protection, was at least a hundred yards in advance of us. The ground was uneven. We had to cross several *nullahs* (streams). This our fair *protegée* did with perfect safety, Charles Fitzroy, though unwilling to join her, on account of his low spirits, keeping her always in sight. A second hog had been sprung, and we were going at a rattling pace, when suddenly, as Miss Selby crossed a high ridge, so high as to shut her out

from sight, we heard her utter a loud cry. In a moment Fitzroy's spurs were in his horse's sides; like lightning he dashed after her, and with a sudden bound cleared the bank. A cry of terror—a shout of despair—and in the next instant I was beside him. How shall I paint the scene?—how shall I even touch upon it? She had fallen—Fitzroy's hunter had but too well cleared his leap—he had carried his rider across the ridge—his fore-feet had alighted on the chest of the poor girl, who now lay a corpse in the arms of him who would have sacrificed a thousand lives to have saved hers! while on the other side stood the maddened father, pouring out curses, calling down malediction on the head of his daughter's unintentional destroyer. For a while Fitzroy seemed to doubt the truth of what he beheld: he kept frantically calling to her who now lay dead in his arms. The father's revilings he scarcely seemed to hear. Not a tear dimmed his eyes—his misery was beyond tears. His senses had temporarily yielded to the shock; for he continued calling on her in a frenzy of grief to look up and smile upon him. He suddenly seemed to recollect himself, and at a glance read the whole extent of his misery. He let the corpse gently down, and with a sudden spring wrenched my spear from my hand;—in the next instant he had driven it through his heart! He fell across the body of her whom he had destroyed,—her whom he had loved so well. Their blood mingled in one stream. Their souls, it may be fairly hoped, arose together to a pitying heaven!

(BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.)

SUDDEN FEAR.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

It is curious to remark the sudden effects of fear, the manner in which men of the most acknowledged courage are sometimes paralysed when taken by surprise, when hurried unawares, and threatened by a danger before they have time to prepare for, and meet it.

Mr. C—— was once riding through Epping Forest, then frequently the scene of highway-robberies, caring for no one, fearing no harm, when he suddenly fell in with a couple of as pretty women as any in the county of Essex. The ladies were in the greatest distress. They had just been robbed and plundered by a couple of footpads, armed with pistols and dirks, two men of enormous strength, who had gone off across the country, carrying with them the purses, watches, and trinkets of the fair damsels, whose postillion and manservant had not dared to interfere. C—— had no weapon with him, except his riding-cane; he, however, clapped spurs to his horse, and started off in the direction pointed out. His pursuit was successful. He came up with the robbers, and single-handed seized them both, and lodged them in Chelmsford jail. They were tried, convicted, and transported.

The daring which Mr. C—— displayed in thus encountering and conquering two armed men became the theme of the whole county. His health was drunk at all public meetings. Families who had hitherto been unknown to him, flocked round him, eager to make his acquaintance. Songs were even trolled in honour of his noble exploit. While, on the other side of the question, the poachers and freebooters vowed deep revenge if ever they caught him. His death was said to be solemnly determined on by these gentry; which threat being repeated to our friend, Mr. C——, he determined for the future to follow the example of his neighbours, and never again travel unarmed. Months, however, rolled by, and no attack was made on his person or his mansion. The rogues were evidently afraid of encountering one of such determined courage.

One winter evening, about seven o'clock, Mr. C——, with five other gentlemen, well-crammed into the stage-coach, came to a sudden halt. The door was thrown open, and the muzzle of an individual with a mask, who, after "hoping that he didn't intrude," demanded their watches and purses; when lo! the six passengers, including Mr. C——, although they had pistols enough amongst them to stock a moderately extensive armoury, quietly delivered up their cash and valuables to this single footpad.

The story got abroad; the tale was told with *gusto* by those who had envied C——'s former splendid feat, and additional verses were composed to the songs written on his courage. Jokes were cut at his expense. It was in vain that he raved and foamed. He took the wisest step, and left the county.

I quote this story as a sort of *pendant* to a very simple case of strange analogy, which came under my observation in Bengal.

Tom Philan (so let us call him) was as good a fellow as ever drilled a company of sepoy, or uttered a good pun at a company's mess-table. Brave and generous, like almost all his countrymen, Tom was fool-hardy. In a word, he was a regular out-and-out "Tipperary" boy.

One evening, having exhausted every other topic for betting, we were trying our utmost to see who could jump highest, when Lindsay backed himself for twenty gold mohars to touch the top of a high folding-door. The offer was accepted, and my friend took his spring. He succeeded in accomplishing the task, but as he descended we remarked he had suddenly turned deadly pale, and gasped for breath. The cause was, however, apparent; he had touched with his fingers a cobra manilla, which had been lying at full length on the top edge of the open door. So sudden had been the motion, that the snake had not had time to inflict his mortal bite, but, pushed from his airy position, had fallen on the floor in the midst of us.

A scream burst from almost every lip, and a regular *«sauve qui peut»* took place, many rushing out of the room, and even the house, fancying themselves pursued by the fell reptile. Not so, however, Philan, who happened to be present. He suddenly caught up a riding-whip which was lying on a chair, and advancing boldly up to the cobra, killed it at a single blow, to the admiration of every one present.

On another occasion, returning along the *Bund* at Berhampore, (a high steep bank erected to keep out the river,) which was so narrow on the top, as to allow of only one person walking on it, tolerably well primed with liquor, preceded by his *kidmutgar* carrying a lighted torch, Tom suddenly checked the song he was bellowing out, on seeing his servant throw down the torch, and rush into the stream. By the light of the still burning brand he beheld a cobra capella already dancing on its tail, ready to spring at him, its spectacled eyes beaming like two red-hot cinders, its hood raised, its every joint in motion. Tom did not like the looks of his enemy, but still he scorned to fly; so, drawing his sword, he manfully attacked the serpent. How he managed it no one ever knew, not even himself; but certain it is in about half an hour afterwards he was found lying fast asleep on the body of the snake, the head of the reptile having been cut clean off by a fine stroke of Tom's sabre.

But perhaps the coolest, the most determined, proof of his

resolution, was one that happened a few days before I was introduced to him. Philan, like many others in India, chose to keep up many of his European habits, and amongst others, that of preserving a neatly-fitted-up dressing-room, with a table, to have constantly displayed the silver ornaments and mother-of-pearl-handled razors, contained in a splendid case given to him by an old aunt, when he sailed from Europe. His boots were ranged with care along the wall, his whips hung round, sporting prints studded the *chunam* (a composition, or shining mortar resembling marble,) sides of the chamber. In fine, he had a regular English-looking dressing-room.

Now one morning Tom was pulling on a boot, when he suddenly felt something in it. It was cold and clammy; the chill of its nature struck through the thin silk stocking he wore. It moved, it writhed; it was evidently a snake. Who can imagine, far less portray, the agony of the poor fellow, who at once believed he was a dead man! Some men, indeed I may almost say every one, would have paused under these circumstances, or attempted to have withdrawn his foot. In either of these cases death would have been the instant result. This all flashed, with a rapidity which nothing but thought possesses, across the mind of Tom. The snake was under his foot, evidently pinned down, striving to turn itself in order to bite. He at once saw his only hope. He pulled on the boot with considerable swiftness, and starting up, stamped on the iron edge of the Venetian blinds, continuing to do so with the fury of despair for nearly a minute, to the surprise and horror of his *surdar*, who, unconscious of his motive, thought his master had suddenly gone mad. Then sinking, overcome with agitation and fatigue, on the chair, he ordered the man to pull off his boot. He did so, when out rolled a small green snake, one of the most deadly of its kind, crushed to death, jammed to a perfect jelly.

The man who had accomplished such deeds was justly looked upon as one of the bravest men in India.

I dined, shortly after this last exploit, with Tom Philan at his mess. The dinner passed off with much festivity. Many

had been the proofs of daring recounted to us of members of the corps present, and many the boasts of what they intended to do, when suddenly a young ensign', who was rising from the table, turned round and uttered a piercing scream. We looked back, -- every eye was directed towards the spot on which he had glanced, when, to our horror, we saw an enormous snake slowly crawling towards us. In another instant every soul had risen from his place, and were flying away across the square in front of the cantonment as fast as our legs would carry us. Tom Philan led the van, shouting with fear, as if the monster were already coiled round his limbs. A few minutes' reflection emboldened some of our party to return. We found the reptile already dead, despatched by one of our servants. It was a rock-snake, an animal wholly innocuous. It measured some eight feet long, and was a beautiful specimen of its kind. I begged to have it, in order to send it home to some friends in England to preserve. It was given me, and I returned home with it dangling on my arm, laughing at the cowardice displayed by one, when ably supported, frightened out of his wits in the midst of an armed assembly by a harmless reptile, who had single-handed performed such feats of valour, and destroyed serpents of the most deadly kind.

(BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.)

MISCELLANEA.

TUNNELLING. — The tunnel on the line of the Sheffield and Manchester Railway will be three miles in length, upwards of 600 feet below the surface or summit of the hill at its greatest height, and in rock formation throughout its entire length. The works were projected and commenced upwards of two years ago, under the direction of Charles Vignoles, Esq. Five shafts were opened, at about half a mile distant from each other, for the purpose of proving the formation, of facilitating the driving of the drift-ways, and ultimately, of ventilating the tunnel. Whilst these were in progress, the driftways were carried on from each side, or face, of the mountain; the distance, or length, driven, on the eastern side, extending to nearly 1,000 yards, and from the next shaft 180 yards. The junction between these two portions of the drift-way was effected on the 17th Sept., and the levels, when checked, on a tie-bench, at the point of meeting, had varied but nine decimals, or one inch nearly, and the range was within less than two inches of being geometrically true. When it is considered that this has been attained whilst driving upwards of half a mile through hard rock formation, it must be admitted to be highly creditable to the parties engaged in directing it.—*Dublin Even. Post.*

LARGEST CHIMNEY IN ENGLAND. — On Monday, the 26th ult., the last stone of a fine specimen of chimney architecture was

laid by the spirited proprietor, Mr. Blinkhorn, at his chemical works, Little Bolton. The greatest credit and praise were given by every one who saw this fine chimney, to Mr. Ashton, of Bleakley, who had the construction and management of it. The dimensions are $122\frac{1}{2}$ yards high, 127 feet 6 inches base; 108 feet inside, 24 feet on the top; and it has consumed 800,000 bricks, and 120 tons of stone.

THE MANUFACTURE OF WATCHES.—A select committee of the House of Commons sat upon this subject in the year 1818, and it appears from the report that in 1796 the number of gold and silver watch-cases marked in Goldsmiths' Hall amounted to 201,678; while in the year 1816 the gradual reduction had brought that number down to 102,112, exhibiting a diminution of 89,566, or nearly one-half; and it further appears from the last edition of M'Culloch's *Dictionary of Commerce*, that that number was reduced in 1841 to less than 100,000. In one township alone, in Lancashire called, Prescott, in which the manufacture of the movements of watches was the staple, there were in 1821, 869 families employed in handicrafts, whilst in 1831, from the manufacture of watches being utterly destroyed, that number was reduced to only 540. That which this country has lost, Switzerland has chiefly gained; and it is proved that England is, in this respect, tributary to the Continent—that every year the quantity of foreign watches sold in London and in the principal towns of the three kingdoms, is more than ten-fold the amount of those manufactured in England. This great injury to our manufactures, and loss to our trade, is likely speedily to have an end; a gentleman, who has devoted 20 years of his life to this subject, having made a variety of machines by which an incredible number of watches, of every variety of size, may be made in a day. By one of the machines 300 perfect plates can be produced in a day, by another the same quantity of barrels; by five machines the requisite number of centre, third, and fourth wheels (cressed, polished, and cut) with balances for 300 movements. By another 200 pinions can be cut and rounded; by another the holes are drilled, the tapping, the screwholes, the various

parts in the plate are sunk, planting the depths and escapement, &c., and all with such exactness as cannot be excelled; another for the making and polishing of pivots, &c. Four other machines will be sufficient for making pivots for 50 movements a-day; and to add to these, there are 20 other machines for every description of work connected with the watch-making, and which altogether constitute a set. The inventor has submitted these machines to the scrutinising inspection of the most experienced makers of chronometers and watches in London, and not one has expressed a doubt of the work so produced being incomparably superior to that done in the usual way. Among other distinguished names in the trade we have observed those of Mr. Barwise, Mr. Earnshaw, Mr. Hewett, Mr. Vieyres, Messrs. Frodsham and Co., with about a hundred watchmakers in the country, who, with the Duke of Hamilton and Mr. Howell (of the firm of Howell and James) at their head, are engaged in carrying out the great and national object of restoring this lost and important manufacture to England by means that while they greatly lessen the price, will improve the quality, and entirely undersell our foreign rivals, and be very largely profitable to all parties concerned.

WOMEN OF FORTY AND FIFTY.—The man who is ashamed of his poverty would be proud of his riches, but though many a hobble-de-hoy blushes at looking so young, he makes no boast of his years when he comes to be a graybeard. To women, whose youth and beauty sometimes form their only distinction, it is doubly difficult to grow old with a good grace. None of them can expect to rival a living—I might say an undying—contemporary, who will be known as Middle-age Hallam, even when he shall have accomplished his three-score years and ten.

Women aspire not to any such mediæval celebrity, for to them the middle ages are the dark ages. It was said of a lady, who had just completed her fourth decade, and who played very loudly on the piano, while she never alluded to her age except in a whisper, that she was *forte* upon her piano, but *piano* upon her forty.

LIST OF NEW PATENTS.

Edward Bell, of the College of Civil Engineers, Putney, professor of practical mechanics, for improvements in applying heat in the manufacture of artificial fuel, which improvements are applicable to the preparation of asphalt, and for other purposes. September 29; six months.

Samuel Henson, of New City Chambers, Bishops-gate-street, engineer, for certain improvements in locomotive apparatus, and in machinery for conveying letters, goods, and passengers, from place to place through the air, part of which improvements are applicable to locomotive, and other machinery to be used on water or on land. September 29; six months.

William Smith, of Grosvenor-street, Camberwell, gentleman, for improvements in treating certain animal matters, to obtain products applicable to the manufacture of candles, and other purposes. September 29; six months.

John Rand, of Howland-street, Fitzroy-square, artist, for improvements in making and closing metallic collapsable vessels. September 29; six months.

James Hyde, of Duckenfield, Cheshire, machine-maker, and John Hyde of the same place, cotton-spinner and manufacturer, for a certain improvement or improvements in the machinery used for preparing cotton, wool, silk, flax, and similar fibrous materials for spinning. September 29; six months.

John Ridsdale, of Leeds, for improvements in preparing fibrous materials for weaving, and in sizing warps. September 29; six months.

John Fry Wilkey, of Mount Vernon, Exeter, commission agent, for improvements in carriages. September 29; six months.

John George Shipley, of Bruton-street, Berkeley-square, saddler, for certain improvements in saddles. October 6; six months.

John Oliver York, of Upper Coleshill-street, Eaton-square, for improvements in the manufacture of axles for railway wheels. October 8; six months.

Wilton George Turner, of Gateshead, Durham, Doctor in philosophy, for improvements in the manufacture of alum. October 8; six months.

Claude Edward Deutsche, of Fricour's Hotel, St. Martin's-lane, gentleman, for improvements in combining materials to be used for cementing purposes, and for preventing the passage of fluids, and also for forming or constructing articles from such compositions of materials. October 8; six months.

Samuel Dotchin, of Myrtle-street, Hoxton, jeweller, for improvements in paving, or covering, and constructing roads, ways, and other surfaces. (Being a communication from his son lately deceased.) October 13; six months.

William Edward Newton, of Chancery-lane; patent agent, for certain improvements in the manufacture of artificial fuel. (Being a communication) October 13; six months.

Charles Thomas Holcombe, of Valentines, near Ilford, Essex, Esq.; for an improved mode of using certain materials as fuel; also an apparatus or method for collecting the smoke or soot arising from the combustion of such fuel, which apparatus or method is applicable to collecting the smoke or soot arising from the ordinary combustion of fuel, and also the application of the products arising from the combustion of the first-mentioned materials, as a manure, and for other useful purposes. Six months; October 13.

Robert William Sievier, of Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, gentleman, for certain improvements in looms for weaving, and in the mode or method of producing plain or figured goods or fabrics.—Six months; October 13.

Peter Kagenbusch, of Lyth, in the county of York, dyer, for certain improvements in the treatment of the alum rock, or schist, and in the manufacture and application of the products derived therefrom.—Six months; October 13.

Henry Brown, of Selkirk, manufacturer, and Thomas Walker, of the same place, manufacturer, for improvements on woollen carding engines. Six months; October 13.

Thomas Seville, of Royton, Lancaster, cotton spinner, for certain improvements in machinery used in the preparing and spinning of cotton, flax, and other fibrous substances. Six months; October 20.

James Palmer Budd, of Ystalyfera Iron Works, Swansea, merchant,

for improvements in the manufacture of iron. Six months; October 20.

William Longmaid, of Plymouth, accountant, for improvements in treating ores and other minerals, and in obtaining various products therefrom, certain parts of which improvements are applicable to the manufacture of alkali. Six months; October 20.

James Statham, of West-street, St. Giles's, Venetian lock maker, for improvements in the construction of locks, for Venetian blinds used in carriages. Six months; October 20;

Gilbert Claude Alzard, of Tichborne-street, gent., for certain improvements in bread, biscuits, maccaroni, vermicelli, and pastry, and the mode of making the same. Six months; October 20.

George Hazeldine, of Lant-street, Southwark, coach manufacturer, for certain improvements in omnibuses. Six months; October 27.

James Gardner, of Banbury, ironmonger, for improvements in cutting hay, straw, and other vegetable matters for the food of animals. Six months; October 27.

John Mullins, of Battersea, surgeon, for improvements in making oxides of metals in separating silver and other metals, and in making white lead, sugar of lead, and other salts of lead, and salts of other metals. Six months; October 27.

Rowland Williams, of Manchester, fustian shearer, for certain improvements in machinery, or apparatus for raising, shearing, and finishing velvets, or other piled goods, by power. Six months; October 27.

PERMITTED TO BE PRINTED,

St. Petersburg, December 15th, 1842.

P. KORSAKOFF, CENSOR.

INDEX TO VOLUME IV.

Action, Suit the Word to the.	94
Adventure, an, in the Greek Revolution.	491
Africa. Missionaries in South.	100
Age, Old, and the Green Tree.	473
Alive, the Dead.	74
American Notes for General Circulation.	289, 386, 534
Apparatus, Payerne's, for Diving.	91
Arabs, Waabee.	374
D'Arblay, Diary of Mme.	1
Arthur, Port, an Excursion to.	342
Bagman's Tale, the.	127
Black Earth, Murchison on the.	232
Blasting by Galvanism.	480
Bleeding at the Nose, To Stop.	287
Boar Hunt.	562
Bore, a Grisly.	287
Cement, Stucco Paint.	288
Chapters, Two, of Romance.	287
Charles XII, the Vision of.	179
Chemist's, the, First Murder.	170
Chimney, St. Rollox.	286
China.	421
Confessions, Fitz-Boodle's.	399
Convict Settlement.	342
Correspondence between Pitt and Duke of Rutland.	193
Dead Alive.	74
Department of Indian Government.	503
Discovery, Singular.	94
Diving, Apparatus for.	91
Dockyard, Woolwich.	284

Dory, Hunting John.	305
Dream, Fox-Hunter's.	337
Earth, Black, of Russia.	232
Electro-Magnetic Railroad Locomotive.	475
Elm Tree.	258
Engineering, Vignoles on.	479
Epistaxis.	387
Farewell, a Tender.	94
Fear, Sudden.	566
Fitz-Boodle's Confessions.	399
Fog, a London.	95
Forging Metal, Machine for.	381
Fox-Hunter's Dream.	337
Galvanism, Blasting by.	489
Greek Revolution, Adventure in	491
Grisly Bore.	287
Guitar, Melophonic.	95
Hindustan, Hours in.	157
Honey-Moon, My.	224
Home, Not at.	95
Hunting John Dory.	305
India, Government of.	503
Irish Insurgent.	468
Italy, a Visit to.	323
John Dory, Hunting.	305
Letters, Mme. D'Arblay.	1
Life-Preserver.	91
List of New Patents.. . . .	190, 385, 574
Locomotive, Electro-Magnetic.. . . .	475
London Fog.	95
— Sketches.	246
Longevity of Trees.	96
Louvain, Student of.	458
Melophonic Guitar.	95
Mendicity.	97
Metal, Machine for Forging.	381
Meteoric Stone.	479
Microscope.	371

	579
Missionaries in South Africa.	180
Murder, Chemist's First.	170
Nature.	95
Night, a, Well Spent.	369
Not at Home.	95
Notes, American, for General Circulation.	289, 386, 534
Nurse's Song.	154
Old Age and the Green Tree.	473
Our Readers, to.	481
Payerne's Apparatus for diving.	91
Patents, Lists of.	190, 383, 574
Pile-Driver, Steam.	94
Pitt's Correspondence.	193
Poacher	271
Port Arthur, Excursion to.	342
Porter, Sir R. Ker, Biography of.	544
Puffing.	478
Readers, To Our.	481
Reminder, a.	286
Revenge.	40
Revolution, an Adventure in the Greek.	491
Romance, Two Chapters of.	587
Rutland, Duke of, Correspondence with Pitt.	193
Second Thoughts.	96
Singular Discovery.	94
Sketches in London.	246
Song, Nurse's.	154
Statistics of Mendicity.	97
Steam Pile-Driver.	94
Stone, Meteoric.	479
Stucco.	288
St. Rollox Chimney.	286
Student of Louvain.	458
Sudden Fear.	566
Suit the Word to the Action.	94
Tale, Bagman's.	127
Tapestry.	285
Tchornozem.	282